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108th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JULY 1973

FUTURE POSSIBILITIE IN SOUTH EAST ASIA
General Lord Bourne

THE WHITE COLLAR OFFENDER
Freddie Pentney

WAITING FOR GERHARDIE
Stanley Olson

THE FUTURE OF NORTHERN IRELAND
Merlyn Rees, M.P.

and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

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FUTURE POSSIBILITIES IN SOUTH EAST ASIA

by General Lord Bourne

SINCE the end of World War II and Japanese occupation of most of South East Asia, two major changes have taken place, each of which has had a big effect. First, China became Communist in 1949, and consequently the overseas Chinese have been used as an underground entry for Communist influence. This has in practice meant anti-government Communist movements or even rebellions in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, Malaya, Singapore and Indonesia, not to mention strong influence in other places, for example, Calcutta.

Secondly, four colonial powers have withdrawn from the area. The Americans gave independence to the Philippines after the War, but they retained good naval and air bases. Then, the Dutch did not resume their government of Indonesia immediately after Japanese occupation. Next, the French were defeated by the Communists in Indo-China, and they left after their defeat at Dien Bien Phu in 1954. Finally, the British, who had already left Burma in 1948, gave Malaya its independence in 1957. A twelve year war against the Communists in the jungle, a period of steady preparation and a smooth hand-over to an established civil service machine led to the country becoming independent in the best possible way. Feelings were not only good at the time, but are still so. It is not often that a senior member of the independent government thanks the British fifteen years later, but that happened in Kuala Lumpur last September.

The result of these changes is that, with the exception of Thailand, the area is now composed of about ten newly independent countries. No wonder that there are strains. Indeed it is surprising they are not more severe. ASEAN (Association of South East Asia Nations) is a spontaneous association of local countries, which intend, by co-operating in economic and social fields, to build up steadily a South East Asian 'feeling' with a policy of neutralism. Five countries are members—Thailand, Philippines, Malaysia, Singapore and Indonesia—though they have not yet welded themselves into a powerful organisation they are definitely non-antagonistic, and may well prevent a small scale arms race in South East Asia.

The ex-colonial powers still maintain their interest in South East Asia though not, in the case of France and Holland, a military one. Holland still trades a great deal with Indonesia. Britain used to be the prime force in the Anglo-Malayan Defence Agreement, by which she was obliged to defend Malaya against aggression. Now, with Malaysia, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand, she contributes relatively small contingents and promises to 'consult' in a case of aggression. A very different commitment, but one which is consistent with increasing local national responsibilities. We shall not continue in this Five Power defence arrangement unless wanted. Australia and New Zealand being Pacific powers have always had a special interest in South East Asia, and have contributed economically, as well as efficient naval, military and air force units, for years past. They continue to do so under the Five Power Arrangement (as it is called), though unfortunately the new Labour government in Australia has withdrawn its battalion and artillery battery. (Why they have left 500 logistic troops is inexplicable, because they are just as important.) Incidentally, these forces are small and unobtrusive (you rarely see a soldier on the streets of Singapore), but they represent a guarantee that the area will be protected in case of need.

The United States have demonstrated their interest by fighting for years against the Communist regime of North Vietnam. Although they have left Malaysia and Singapore to the British, they have put large forces into South Vietnam (with naval forces in neighbouring waters and air bases in Thailand) and fought a bitter war. Whether they have achieved their original object of ensuring that South Vietnam should have a government of its own choosing is open to question. One thing is certain, namely that the U.S. continues to be vitally interested in defending South East Asia against Communist aggression.

The most important foreign policy in the area is that of China. Now that she has become a member of the United Nations, and also of the important Security Council, and is entering into relations with the Western World, it is easy to make the mistake of assuming a different Chinese foreign policy. Nothing could be more dangerous. Ever since China turned Communist in 1949, she has pursued a policy of reform at home with a special emphasis on economic strength, and this has taken priority over her foreign policy. Her foreign policy has had the objective of ensuring friendly regimes all around her borders, and has not been aggressive further afield. A good

example of this is Burma, which she could easily have conquered at any time since the British left in 1948. This would give her a port on the Indian Ocean, but evidently she has not wanted it. Another example of her foreign policy was her advance over the high mountains of the Himalayas in 1962 down to the tea gardens on the southern slopes. Calcutta (admittedly with its problems) was within her grasp. Instead she ordered the withdrawal of her troops—a clear case of not pursuing a policy of aggression.

This is not to say that China did not take every advantage from local Communist revolutions, whether these were open and military, like North Vietnam, or underground, as in the Singapore trade unions and schools (schoolboys can be 24 years old); or took the form of guerilla war, like the Malayan Emergency which required a great effort to defeat it in 12 years. The conclusion is that China will continue to support contiguous friendly countries, if necessary with arms and supplies. She will also continue to encourage, at no cost to herself, underground and guerilla movements which give trouble to far-off regimes such as Jakarta or Singapore. In short, a policy of underground Communism.

Russia is, owing to the distance, unable to have a military predominance in South East Asia, and is concentrating instead on trade. Although she maintains warships in the Indian Ocean, she is unable at present to control the Malacca Straits. She has large embassies in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore chiefly for this trade and, with the exception of sending aircraft and army equipment to Hanoi for several years, seems to be pursuing a policy of opportunism—as she does elsewhere all over the world.

The United States sees peace in Asia, including South East Asia, as depending fundamentally on Peking, At last China is a member, and an influential member at that, of the United Nations. No doubt the Kissinger-Le Duc Tho agreement on a cease-fire in Indo-China will virtually depend on the approval of Peking, but there is evidently an unforeseen delay in transmitting the wishes of China. At present Hanoi has the bit between her teeth, with Communist forces in South Vietnam and revolutionary forces in Laos and Cambodia. The United States would much prefer not to have to support these three regimes by Air Force bombings, but in the last resort it is in her interests to stop the Communists from advancing to Bangkok with the succeeding dangers to Kuala Lumpur and to Singapore. The South Vietnamese have been at war for about 20 years, and cannot afford to maintain one million men under arms, but they have no alternative except to fight. It is sometimes forgotten that they have already had a short dose of Communist government (General Gracie and his Indian troops saved them in 1944) and, like the West Berliners, they have no intention of suffering again. Even the North Vietnamese admit that one million South Vietnamese will be murdered. The U.S.A. will hope to save lives and stop the Communist advance by diplomatic means, but the rivalry between Moscow and Peking does not help.

Japan is a long way from South East Asia, and has no military commitments in the area. Nevertheless, she has great influence through commerce and trade. In Bangkok 95% of the cars and trucks and tractors are

Japanese. In Singapore, although there are restrictions, the Japanese have engineered the wharves, the graving dock and the steel works at the new town of Jurong. In short they are well on the way to trade dominance in South East Asia, and have responsibilities which cost them nothing as yet.

Thailand has had Communist penetration in its northern provinces for years. When energetic officials are sent there to put down this revolution, they are inclined to regard their posting as if to a distant foreign country, and to return frequently to their families which they have left behind in Bangkok. Consequently progress is slow. In Bangkok, the government is putting out feelers to Peking. Observing that Saigon is only 300 miles away (the same as Edinburgh from London), this is only prudent. But successful resistance to the Communists cannot be relied upon from the Thais. They have been independent for many years, but they have not fought a battle for a long time. Whilst there are 45,000 American airmen based in Thailand, they will resist stoutly, but if they should leave it becomes an open question.

Burma, since the British left in 1948, is ruled by General Ne Win and his Colonels (they have taken off their uniforms) in a leftist government. This may be the best for Burma (elections are promised when the new constitution has been written) but the fact remains that the country is bankrupt. Seeing that she has 1,000 miles of frontier with China, it is understandable that her foreign policy has always been friendly, if not subservient, to Peking. Burma holds rather aloof from South East Asia in consequence.

Lastly, there is the difficulty between Malaysia and Singapore and its effects upon Indonesia (which has over 100 million Malay cousins) to which Malaysia is inclined to defer. Although Kuala Lumpur and Singapore have a strong common interest in being anti-communist, and although they both co-operate in ASEAN their fundamental interests are different. Malaysia is pursuing a policy of vigorous non-alignment. She has even refused Singapore, her partner in the Five Power Defence Arrangement, to send troops for jungle training at the Jungle Training Centre in Johore. Admittedly, Malaysia was justifiably worried about the 90% Chinese majority in Singapore when she was part of the Federation. It is Malaysian relationships with Indonesia, however, which is the cornerstone of her foreign policy.

Singapore, on the other hand, is chiefly concerned with becoming the leading city for entrepot trade—commercial, industrial and shipping—in that part of Asia. She has been forced by the British withdrawal to set up defence forces of her own. She has raised two brigades, soon increasing to three, four air squadrons and a small navy. But Singapore cannot be pleased at the closeness (based on blood ties) of Indonesia and Malaya. The 'island state' is therefore insistent that when the Americans have withdrawn from South Vietnam, she should retain air forces in Thailand, as well as forces in the Philippines. She is also an enthusiastic member of the Five Power Defence Arrangement, with its HQ and its first commander (an Australian) located in Singapore.

Looking back, I cannot help feeling that, when the British unified Malaya after World War II, they ought to have made Malaya and Singapore one country. The single currency was the chief link. The British, as colonial masters, did not depend upon Malay, Chinese or Indian voting strengths. By now they should be one political as well as one geographic whole. After all, the Communists fighting for twelve years in the jungle did not differentiate between Malaya and Singapore. Both were the enemy. (In fact, the Communist Terrorists in the Johore jungles looked on Singapore as an R & R area!) It is profitless, however, to indulge in hind-sight. The two countries are now suspicious of each other. They would soon come together if there was a real threat from outside. Sooner or later, and in their mutual interests, they will join together in one state.

It is difficult to forecast threats in any part of the world. In South East Asia, with the Indo-China war still going on in spite of the agreed cease-fire, and with the area containing so many newly independent countries, it is doubly so.

The first thing to understand is that, although China may not have aggressive intentions and is still chiefly concerned with consolidating her farming and home industries, the country is still motivated by Communism. Communism does not, as we well know in Europe and Africa and South America, stand still. Furthermore, time is on the side of the Communists in that they can afford to wait. Twenty-five years one way or the other means little to them. Seven years has been sufficient to see the American ground forces out of Asia.

Britain is clearly unable to put large forces into South East Asia and the Australians and New Zealanders are very unlikely to do so. SEATO is no good in an emergency as we have seen over Vietnam. ASEAN, with its emphasis on trade and neutrality, is powerless at present, though it may perhaps become stronger in future. In any case, a policy of neutralism is not a good basis for resistance.

The threat to South East Asia is at present, therefore, Communist and this is divided between:

(a) Underground movements and guerilla attacks going on now — short term.
(b) Open aggression (as in Indo-China) — long term.

In the short term these underground movements do not depend on success by North Vietnam in Indo-China. Already there are underground Communist organisations in the countries of the area. In Malaya and Sarawak and in Burma and in Thailand, there are Communist guerilla movements which are difficult to exterminate, and which represent threats to the governments in power. The best antidote is for the countries concerned to prosper and to expand economically. The Communists are then no more than parasites which can be lived with. In Singapore, for example, increasing prosperity is the answer. In Malaysia the government must not interpret the three to one rule (three Malays one Chinese) too strictly in the civil service, armed forces and police, or the three million Chinese will have a legitimate grievance.

In the long term, much depends on the outcome of the wars in Indo-China, and in turn on the South Vietnamese people. At present, the farmers in the villages and hamlets have been given land, tractors and seeds to such an extent that they are quite prosperous and will vote for President Thieu. If the policy of pacification and Vietnamisation (which I saw in full swing in 1971) continues and if the people continue to vote for President Thieu, then the Communist threat will be held. But it is by no means certain that the Government will also hold off the Communists in Cambodia. If the Hanoi Communist regime is not in a hurry (and they have given no sign of that yet), the Americans are eventually bound to withdraw. But, as Harry Miller put in his recent excellent book on the Malayan Emergency, 'the Communists never give up'. Tunku Abdul Rahman admitted in public that the Communists, ten years after the end of the Emergency, were again a real threat. If they are eventually successful in setting up Communist regimes in Saigon and Pnom Penh, they will then threaten Bangkok and take it over. The outlook for the rest of South East Asia will then be black indeed.

If the western powers then 'consult', as they have engaged to do under the Five Power Arrangement, they will find they have a difficult problem on their hands. Although they will have very large trading interests in South East Asia, (so will the Japanese), they cannot put large forces into the area. Only Indonesia will be able to do that, and she will extract a price—leadership of South East Asia.

The problem would be simplified if Malaysia and Singapore thought alike on defence and foreign affairs. Admittedly, there is no risk of open aggression at present, but there may not be as much time as complacency seems to allow. The best policy for all western friends of South East Asia, and they are many, is to do all we can to help solidify the area, and to remind them of the weakness of neutralism.

There are two ways of defeating Communism and fortunately they coincide with the short-term underground movements and the long-term open aggression. To meet the underground movements it is essential to have a good intelligence system and a law and penal system to match. In British Colonies the police always run the the intelligence through their Special Investigation Branch, and if there were troubles the Army usually based their intelligence on the police system. Consequently, in former British dependencies, it is usually the S.I.B., or equivalent successor, which keeps tabs on the leaders in the trade unions, the schools and other Communist cells, so that the police can take action in good time. It is often conveniently forgotten that if the British had made arrests beforehand, they would have saved twelve years of effort in defeating the Malayan Emergency. It is vital to know your enemy (and his aliases), what he is doing and exactly where he is, so that a good government can act before trouble erupts.

Open aggression may follow underground Communist movements and may have to be faced in the long term. One of the lessons of the post-war world is that no community, except for the two super powers, can afford to be without reliable allies. In Indo-China, for example, no defence

whatever could have been offered by South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, without their American allies. Similarly, the South East Asia countries, which can only raise relatively small forces, must rely on allies. Hence the importance of the Five Power Arrangement, and the necessity for all the five powers to think alike. Hence also the importance of the U.S.A. remaining interested, and keeping naval and air forces in South East Asia.

The conclusion is that all countries in South East Asia should bring their S.I.B. and police systems thoroughly up to date, and should co-operate closely with each other in so doing, in order to be quite sure that they exchange all secret information and can follow the movements of Communist leaders wherever they go. The Five Power Arrangement, though it may not be needed at present, must be kept thoroughly alive and should be welded into a worthwhile basis for reinforcement by all the Allies interested in defending South East Asia in case of need. Lastly, the local navies, armies and air forces of the newly independent countries must be modernised and kept up to strength so that they do not become weak military vacuums, and thus obviously easy to dominate.

This Communist threat against South East Asia is sometimes represented as merely a threat to gain power and, as such, is not much to be frightened of. I feel on the contrary that it is a threat of Communist opportunism and furthermore that the Communists are not in a hurry. We have seen a good example of this in Indo-China in the last few years and how, although the Soviet and China have by no means agreed over method, they have not failed to support Hanoi and to pursue together their long-term objective, namely to establish Communist regimes in Indo-China. They are well on the way to getting rid of their main obstacle—the Americans. They may have further similar ambitions in South East Asia and this article is a warning.

SADLER'S WELLS OPERA: THE ENGLISH RING CYCLE

by David Fingleton

THE first performance of Richard Wagner's complete *Ring Cycle* took place at the Festpielhaus in Bayreuth in August 1876, conducted by Hans Richter. It was first heard in London, sung in German, at Her Majesty's Theatre in May 1882, under Anton Seidl. Ten years later, in July 1892, it was first performed at Covent Garden, again in German, conducted by Gustav Mahler. Three years later the second opera of the cycle, *The Valkyrie,* was performed for the first time in English at Covent Garden in a translation by Frederick Corder and his wife. Lillian Tree sang Brünnhilde and the conductor was George Henschel. It was not until 1908 that London was to hear its first complete *Ring* sung in English, again at Covent Garden. This time it was given in a new translation by Frederick Jameson, and was conducted by Hans Richter, the original conductor at Bayreuth.

Thereafter, however, although the *Ring Cycle* has frequently been heard in London, there have been sadly few occasions when it has been given in English. In the 1922 and 1923 seasons at Covent Garden the British National Opera Company did so, initially under Albert Coates. Then during the 1930s *The Valkyrie,* and some of the other three operas, were performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, still in the Jameson translation, and in 1948 *The Valkyrie* was again given in English at Covent Garden, under Karl Rankl, with Kirsten Flagstad and Hans Hotter relearning their rôles of Brünnhilde and Wotan in Jameson's translation for the occasion.

The 1949 season however saw the shelving of the new Covent Garden company's policy of opera in English, and *The Ring* was given complete, but in German, as it has been at the Royal Opera House ever since. Thus today, almost 100 years since the first *Ring Cycle* at Bayreuth, major London opera companies have only presented it complete, and in English in 1908, 1909, 1922 and 1923. Wagner's operas have always represented something of a Himalayan Range to opera companies, with the *Ring Cycle* regarded as Mount Everest. The problems of staging the complete cycle in English are manifold: most singers of adequate calibre will know it only in German, and will need considerable persuasion, and time, to relearn their roles in English. Even if they do so, the English translation must be sufficiently singable and understandable to make the labour worthwhile. There will be little benefit to a British, non-German speaking, audience if an English *Ring,* through the archaism of the translation, is as incomprehensible as if sung in the original German.

As regular readers of this magazine will know, the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, under their then Managing Director, Stephen Arlen, decided in 1968 to move from their relatively small theatre in Islington to the London Coliseum, centrally placed, with a much larger stage and pit, superior facilities, and holding nearly twice as large an audience. One of

the Company's last new productions in Islington, prior to the move, had been Wagner's *Mastersingers* sung — as is the Company's policy — in English, in Frederick Jameson's translation, revised by Norman Feasey and Gordon Kember. It was conducted by Reginald Goodall who, although at that time little known to the general public, had conducted the première of Britten's *Peter Grimes* at Sadler's Wells in 1945, and had been on the staff as 'Conductor' at Covent Garden since 1946. In 1954 he had conducted his first *Valkyrie* for Covent Garden on tour at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, to great critical acclaim. Similar acclaim greeted that Rosebery Avenue *Mastersingers* in January 1968, and in September 1968 the opera was revived in the company's new home on the altogether more suitably sized stage of the London Coliseum.

Again the rapturous reception, again the talk of a unified, integral concept, both musically from Goodall and dramatically from the producers, Glen Byam Shaw, himself a director of the Company, and John Blatchley. At this point heads came together, and, thanks largely to the energy and confidence of Stephen Arlen, who tragically has not lived to see his great project come to fruition, the decision to stage an 'English' *Ring Cycle* was taken. The producers would remain the same as for *Mastersingers,* Byam Shaw and Blatchley, Reginald Goodall agreed to remain in charge of the music, and Ralph Koltai was commissioned to design it. There would be an opera a year for four years, culminating in the first complete Cycles at the start of the 1973-4 Coliseum season. Meanwhile there would be revivals of each opera, and they would be taken on tour. As far as possible they would be cast from within the Company, and, of course, would be sung in English.

This raised the question of translation. Should they retain the Jameson translation, first used in 1908, revising it where necessary, or would it be preferable to commission an entirely new translation which, whilst adhering to the musical form and style, would be closer to the language we speak and understand today? Happily the management again plumped for the frontal attack, and commissioned Andrew Porter, Music Critic of the *Financial Times,* and one of our most distinguished musical writers, to supply a new translation for each opera.

The first opera of the Cycle to be produced was *The Valkyrie,* perhaps the easiest to stage, and of the four certainly the one having the greatest audience appeal; also possibly the one which stands most firmly alone, out of context of the Cycle. The first night was at the Coliseum on 29 January, 1970, and a week later Andrew Porter wrote an article in the *Financial Times* in which he aired his thoughts on the problems of translation. In this fascinating piece he laid down six points which must guide a translator of *The Ring*:

> (1) No point at all in translating it unless the translation makes audible sense; (2) The *Stabreim* (Wagner's elaborate alliterative patterns) is an essential part of the patterning, of the sound of the score, so keep it wherever possible; but (3) When it leads to affected or tortuous diction, it may well be the worse of two evils; (4) The English, while being easily comprehensible, should try to

> reflect the tone and construction — elevated, rhetorical, often intricate — of the original; (5) The sound of the German, the clash of particular consonants, the ring of particular vowels, which are a part of the music itself, should be preserved; (6) And most important — the English words must fit the music.

In his article Mr. Porter, with becoming modesty, goes on to say that his six points are incompatible, and that 'any translation involves compromise and sacrifice. Phrase by phrase it was a question of what was least grievously lost.' He concludes 'Direct simple diction, and fidelity to the musical shapes were the chief (if not always achievable) aims, so that *The Valkyrie* in English could be understood, and would "sing" well.'

He need not have worried, for his success throughout the Cycle has been remarkable. One has only to go to a performance and experience the uncanny silence and concentration of the audience to appreciate the extent to which people are in the grip of words as well as music. As Glen Byam Shaw and John Blatchley say, 'We never had silence like that doing Shakespeare at Stratford!' Byam Shaw says of Porter's translation 'It has clarity and strength, and is never "high-falutin" corny stuff; the singers can get it over, and the audibility of the words remains high.' Wotan's Narration in Act 2 of *Valkyrie* is a case in point. In German this can easily seem a dull, overlong stretch of *arioso*. In Porter's translation it becomes a spellbinding account of the entire saga.

A keen *Ring*-goer said to John Blatchley after his first English *Valkyrie* 'Do you know that's the first time I ever realised Hagen is mentioned in *Die Walküre.*' Yet there it is, to bear out Erda's prophecy 'When the dusky foe of love gains in hatred a son, the Gods may know their doom is near.' Wotan sings 'From Nibelheim the tidings have come that the dwarf has forced a woman; his gold bought her embrace, and she will bear Alberich's son; the seed of spite stirs in her womb.' No wonder Byam Shaw with such a translation can coach Rita Hunter's Brünnhilde to the point where he can say 'one of the greatest experiences of my life was to see her, absolutely still, riveted like a girl as she listens to her father telling a story.'

For that is what this English *Ring Cycle* is about. It was the great baritone, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who said *Götterdämerung* was 'The Story of a Family.' But the whole *Ring* is that, and with Andrew Porter's lucid, uncluttered, singable translation allied to the immense feeling for theatre that is the gift of Byam Shaw and Blatchley, this great family saga unfolds across the stage. Of Fricka in *The Rhinegold* John Blatchley says 'She's like anybody's wife: jealous, and proud of her sister, Freia' and of her reaction to the behaviour of Fasolt and Fafner '*I'd* be furious if I saw my sister being pulled about by a couple of coalheavers in that way.' Correspondingly of *Siegfried*: 'Like all innocent people, he has a sense of humour.' Alberto Remedios, who sings Siegfried, feels the same way. He thinks German singers tend to play him 'too much as a bully' and he is pleased to hear the audience laugh when he tries to imitate the Woodbird on his home-made pipe — 'The music's laughing too.' When he kills Mime

at the end of Act 2, he does so 'because he's been conned — he brings the sword out impulsively, singing "Hatred's paid by Nothung — that's why I needed to forge it".'

Thus the production seeks to extend the clarifying work of the translation. John Blatchley maintains 'We've never talked of the operas as being stylised — the approach is as to human beings. They may be Gods, but they have human feelings and failings.' Above all, the producers do not see *The Ring* as a *cult* thing, but as perhaps the greatest masterpiece in operatic literature, which deserves and will repay intelligent treatment. They hope that, together with their designer Ralph Koltai, they have shown people 'What Wagner intended them to be shown — and we have been especially faithful to his stage directions where they concern the psychology of the drama.'

Ralph Koltai himself has come in for a measure of criticism as to his 'astral' concept of the work, with his lunar landscapes and symbolic sets. But Byam Shaw says 'Koltai has a style completely his own — it has absolute originality.' John Blatchley adds 'We have tried to be totally true to the world he's created.' Thus in *Siegfried* they justify the 'real' bear in Act 1, followed by the strange, 'space-age' dragon in Act 2: 'One has met a bear, but never a dragon, and certainly not a giant disguised as a dragon.' Byam Shaw sees *Siegfried* as a progression. 'The Forge is realistic, the Forest enters another dimension, and Brünnhilde's summit a further dimension beyond Siegfried's imagination. That's why we keep saying it's rather like going to the Moon.'

Peter Heyworth perhaps best summarised the producers' achievement when he wrote of *The Rhinegold* in the *Observer* in 1972

> There are no theatrical stunts in their joint production, no attempts to pull the wool over the audience's eyes with gimmicks or gadgets. A clear-minded dramatic intelligence illuminates every crevice of this conversational saga, and the characters in it are real, not merely because they are well thought out and performed, but because they are part of an ensemble in which each is inextricably implicated in the actions of the others, as are the themes in Wagner's score.

The achievements of translator, producers and designer would, of course, go for little without musical preparation and performance at a corresponding level. Five years ago few would have believed that the Sadler's Wells Company would be able to cast a *Ring Cycle* from within its ranks, and few who heard their orchestra in the early days at the Coliseum would have imagined that it had the potential for the glorious out-pouring of sound that we now take for granted, be it Reginald Goodall, Charles Mackerras, or John Barker who is conducting them. Fundamentally this is 'Reggie' Goodall's achievement. His Siegfried, Alberto Remedios, says 'It is put on with love and care by Reggie — there is love in his heart for the music. He makes you want to scrub the floor if you sing badly in rehearsal — when you sing on stage you're utterly confident. Without him I'd never have sung Wagner: nobody had any confidence in

me being a Wagner tenor until he chose me for Walther in *Meistersinger.* He gives me the confidence of a colossus.'

Doubtless had I interviewed his Brünnhilde — Rita Hunter — she would have echoed those views. As it is these two British singers are now in regular demand in Europe and the United States, and there is talk of a Remedios-Hunter *Ring Cycle* at the New York Metropolitan in the not-too-distant future. Likewise Sadler's Wells' superb Wotan, Norman Bailey, has been singing regularly at Bayreuth during the past few seasons. Remedios also appreciates the opportunity to do *The Ring* in English — 'It's good for Wagner, and good for Sadler's Wells. On tour in the provinces, theatres were packed and audiences intent for *Götterdämerung,* and there hasn't been an English Siegfried for years. Without English, how can the general public understand *The Ring*? Having done it in English, I look forward to singing Siegfried in German; I'll learn it more quickly, and it'll go deeper.'

It is the total commitment of Goodall's preparation that realises achievement on this level. He has always regarded himself primarily as a coach: rather avoided the pit ovation and the first night curtain calls. Jon Vickers came specially to London to study Tristan with him. Likewise James King for Parsifal. His technique, says John Blatchley, is 'to take the music to bits and put it back together like a jigsaw puzzle.' Goodall admires the older school of conducting, Furtwängler, Knappertsbusch and Klemperer are among his heroes. Structure is all important to him, and he is on record as saying 'the faster you go, the less bloom you get on the tone.' This structural approach may make for an easily paced performance, but if an Act of Wagner conducted by Goodall lasts measurably longer in stop-watch terms than under a more dynamic baton, it rarely seems to do so, and the sheer quality of sound which he draws from orchestra and singers is more than compensation.

There is no question that he has that gift, charisma, of making a performer want to give his all for him. One has only to attend any performance to feel it, tangibly, in the theatre. At the same time much is achieved by sheer meticulousness in rehearsal, so that small parts stand out on equal terms with the 'stars'. Anne Collins' Erda and Harold Blackburn's Fasolt are recent cases in point. Reginald Goodall's health is not strong, and this season's *Rhinegold* following the new *Siegfried* proved too much for him after the dress rehearsal. John Barker, who, as Head of Music Staff, has been present throughout preparation and rehearsals of the Cycle, stepped in on the first night and still got the results. That is the system's strength.

Perhaps more than anyone else, aside from Stephen Arlen who had the courage to decide to do it, this English *Ring* is Reginald Goodall's achievement. It has been built up, an opera a year, since January 1970, and was completed with *Siegfried* this February. There will be at least five weeks of solid rehearsal this summer for the first complete cycles which begin on 31 July and 16 August. John Blatchley says 'We've lived with it for

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THE 'WHITE-COLLAR' OFFENDER

by Freddie Pentney

FROM time to time there is publicity about the problems of a particular group of workers in obtaining suitable employment. It may be because the area in which they live is one where the structure of industry is changing. The closing of coal mines, railways and steel works may make redundant a large number of possibly elderly men in an area where the employment situation is already difficult. Changing fashions, tastes and the level of imports can equally have a considerable effect on the demand for labour. The development areas have attracted new industries to try to absorb some of this labour and so avoid drift and depopulation. There is, however, one group of workers who, whatever the employment situation locally or nationally and regardless of their skills, age or colour, have a permanent difficulty in obtaining suitable employment. These are ex-prisoners and other men and women, particularly in the 'white-collar' field, who have been sentenced by the Courts and who thus have a social handicap.

In recent years the Department of Employment have, through their Disablement Resettlement Officers, provided a specialist employment service for the physically and mentally handicapped. The Acts of 1944 and 1968 require employers of 20 or more persons to employ a quota of registered disabled persons.

The concept behind the formation of APEX Charitable Trust in 1965 was that the principle that it was in the interests of society and the disabled, that they could and should work, should be extended to the socially sick —men and women who are socially and emotionally handicapped as a result of having served prison sentences. The Trust set itself two main tasks. The first was to obtain suitable employment for men being discharged from prison—a time when they are often friendless, frequently separated from their families and almost certainly without belongings, accommodation or jobs. The second task was to build up research so that it would be possible to measure the effectiveness of providing such a service in isolation, for it was felt that not all ex-prisoners could accept such a service without considerable additional support. This work continues in the form of two Projects. Project II obtains suitable employment for the 'white-collar' offender and the sexual offender—two groups who have the greatest difficulty in becoming re-established in employment on discharge. Project III is validating a Computer Prediction Measure which is designed to predict which ex-prisoners may benefit from an employment service in isolation. It was set up from the findings of our work in two London prisons between 1966 and 1969. This article deals with the work of Project II.

The term 'white-collar' covers a very wide range of skills and abilities. It includes professional men (solicitors, accountants, etc.), managerial and executive grades and all types of clerks. Thus, clients can range from a former managing director at one end of the scale to a routine clerk at the

other. Despite the differences in the jobs themselves, the problems of 'white-collar' men with a conviction are very similar. 'White-collar' jobs are frequently ones of trust—which the man has forfeited; many of their skills are those for jobs in which they can no longer be employed for they would be 'at risk'. There are problems with Fidelity Bonding and security checking, whilst those Companies who rely on an aura of honesty and integrity as part of their business approach may feel that to engage an ex-offender would destroy this image. These problems close very many doors as soon as the conviction is revealed or discovered and yet APEX has proved that there are still many posts which such a man can fill to the benefit of the Company and without risk.

It would seem therefore that the problem confronting APEX is simply one of finding out which Companies are willing and able to use a man's skills and which of these have a vacancy—and the man's employment problems are over. There would seem to be no great difficulty in marketing the ex-offender to such an employer, providing he has skills at least as good as all other applicants (if one uses an economic approach) or if he arouses the social conscience of the Company. But this presumes that the man has lost none of his former skills and has not been affected, at least in the sense of being able to undertake suitable employment, by his offence, conviction and imprisonment. A conviction may have other consequences besides imprisonment. The man may be declared bankrupt; a shaky marriage can break up, leaving him homeless; the stigma can rupture relations with family and friends whilst a long and enforced rest from business pressures may atrophy his brain. A combination of these and other factors can cause considerable change in the man within a short space of time.

During his imprisonment he has ample time to consider and plan for his employment future. It is sensible that he should do so, but the prison cell is the most productive dream factory in the world. In a recent report* APEX reported on some of these fantasies. The world of employment is far away from the prison cell. The difficulties of obtaining a job in competition with a number of other applicants is forgotten; the journey to work no longer exists; the length of the working day is very short compared with the eight hours plus day of the office and the pressure of the prison job is negligible compared to one in the City. Additionally, changes in working methods and ideas (Company Law, Factory Acts, financial and tax changes, etc.) do no more than register on his consciousness. His sole contact with the outside world is the newspaper, the TV screen, the letter and the visit. But none of these can replace the experience of working or job-hunting in the community. Thus, fantasies are born and may replace reality. The man who feels that he has gained an insight into prisoners denied to those without a conviction may seek social work. The man who has had a poem or an article accepted by the prison magazine may demand a career in journalism whilst the painter, praised by his Prison

*The Employment Future of the Ex-Offender. APEX Charitable Trust, 9 Poland Street, London, W1V 3DG.

Visitor, may look for an opening in commercial art. Few if any of these men have any knowledge of the training required or the competition to be faced in seeking such a post. Others will study the Situations Vacant columns in the newspapers and assure themselves that they will not have the slightest difficulty in obtaining a post on discharge, for they believe that they are able to undertake most of the jobs being advertised. Where this is simply fantasy and the men have neither the experience nor the skills to turn it into reality their failure to obtain such a post is blamed on society or the employer.

The reality of the situation is that many employers are happy to consider the man with other applicants for a post. However, it is not until one has become unemployed that one realises the length of time between answering an advertisement and starting work. Three months is quite common—and this presumes one is successful at the first attempt! Many ex-prisoners have made more than one hundred applications for employment, whilst at APEX we have sometimes had to make as many as 357 approaches to different employers to place one man! During this waiting period he is possibly living on Supplementary Benefits with a very restricted standard of living and with no clear idea of when he might once again receive a salary. It is not surprising that his initial confidence gradually fades. This shows at interviews and he is compared unfavourably with other applicants. For many men the chances of obtaining suitable employment are greatest whilst their initial confidence enhances the performance at interview. Continued rejection causes some men to give up seeking employment and one man so completely lost confidence that he could no longer face employers—and even found difficulty in going outside his front door. Those employers who will consider an ex-prisoner may well have doubts about engaging a man who is not only an ex-prisoner but who has also been unemployed for a number of months since his discharge from prison. Their view may be that when a man has applied for a number of posts and not been accepted there must be something wrong with him, over and above his conviction. This is not likely to favour his application for a post with a particular Company. Thus it will be seen that it becomes progressively more difficult to obtain suitable employment as time passes by.

The man needs advice and guidance in prison in order that he has a clear idea of the openings likely to be available to him on discharge. This would avoid the build-up of fantasies. In the 'white-collar' field, job finding cannot be left until discharge or the days immediately preceding it if the man is to avoid a long period of unemployment. He must therefore have specialist help to obtain suitable employment if he is not to suffer considerable mental and financial hardship. What is needed is a much earlier start in job hunting and not for it to be left, at best, to the last few weeks of the sentence. It is difficult for a man writing on prison notepaper to apply for jobs; he has difficulty in obtaining permission to attend interviews and so it is unusual for a 'white-collar' man to have obtained a firm job to go to immediately on discharge. To assess the effect of delay in job-finding, APEX carried out a survey of 50 'white-collar' men released from

prison during 1971 and 1972 who had been placed by the Trust. 30 of these men were interviewed by APEX prior to discharge from prison whilst the remaining 20 were referred to APEX by Probation Officers and other agencies subsequent to discharge. The number of waiting days between date of release and date of starting work in the job arranged by APEX for the men interviewed prior to discharge from prison was an average of 24 days. The average number of waiting days for those men interviewed subsequent to discharge from prison was 101 days—a difference of 77 days—days during which the man remained unemployed when he could have been in employment and days during which the community gained nothing and the man lost dignity and hope.

How can these difficulties be resolved? The first step is to look on the sentence of imprisonment as a period of time during which the man can be prepared to take his place again in society. Almost without exception the 'white-collar' man finds that his confinement cuts him off from his professional employment and that he loses touch with current thinking. He becomes mentally and physically soft. There is no reason why this should be so. APEX has suggested that a specialist officer with social work training should be appointed to the Prison Welfare Staff. His job would be to interview each man on reception, assess his abilities and requirements and make a plan, in consultation with the Governor, for the necessary education, training, occupational guidance and whatever else is necessary to enable him to place that man in suitable employment. In the initial stages the specialist employment officer and the prisoner could plan a timetable of background reading, further education, professional courses and work to keep the man up to date professionally and also to fill gaps in his training and knowledge which would otherwise hinder his subsequent placing. Local industry, education establishments and professional bodies could be brought in to help with such preparation. This would have a number of advantages—it would lessen the chances of the creation of a fantasy world; it would make the man more competent in his profession or occupation; it would keep him mentally active and avoid many of the present worries about his employment future. Thus the preparation of the man for discharge is the first stage.

The second stage is the placing of the man. This is something which cannot be left solely in the hands of the man himself for reasons which we have already given. Placing is specialist work and this would be the second task of the specialist employment officer. This would need to be done in liaison with the local Professional and Executive Register or Employment Exchange. The Department of Employment is setting up field trials for a specialist service for the socially handicapped — which will include ex-prisoners. These trials commence during 1973 and we hope that they will be the forerunner of a country-wide service for the socially handicapped by the end of the decade. If this happens the Specialist Employment Officer in the prison would have local support in his attempts to place the man. There would need to be much more flexibility in prison regulations to allow prisoners to attend as many interviews as necessary

to obtain employment. Some employers need to interview a man on two or more occasions and he might well be under consideration for more than one job. In unskilled employment the first suitable applicant is offered the job. In 'white-collar' employment it is usual for the employer to interview a field of applicants; short list and reinterview possibly three suitable persons and occasionally to see the selected candidate a third time before making a firm offer of employment. Continual movement in and out of the prison for training, education and interviews will undoubtedly be difficult administratively but should nevertheless be possible. The first prison rule is to encourage and to assist the man to lead a good and useful life on discharge from prison and I would hope that there could be administrative changes to make this movement less onerous to both parties.

I have briefly attempted to show some of the employment problems faced by the 'white-collar' man during his imprisonment and after his release and how these can be overcome. Whilst the Department of Employment and APEX can provide the structure and some support for the man during this difficult time, we are no more than agents between the man and the employer. Unless employers are prepared to consider ex-prisoners for suitable employment, the structure and support will be of no avail. We should be able, without risk, to increase the number of jobs available to the ex-prisoner. He is debarred from many jobs because of security regulations which do not allow him to be employed—whatever his offence. It is very sensible that national and corporate security should be a prime consideration but one wonders how many posts at present covered by security need such cover. Certain posts may be closed to the man because he would be at risk and posts with responsibility for finance are not suitable, for example, to the embezzler. But there are many ancillary posts where he would not have such temptations. It is obviously wrong to put a man into a position where, if the problems which caused his earlier offence recur, he could offend again. But it is equally wrong to debar a man from a post where he is not at risk. There may be posts where the knowledge of the ex-prisoner would be useful—and one example is in Internal Audit. To employ a former accountant in such a post may bring to light areas where stronger financial controls are needed. Consideration should also be given to keeping Fidelity Bonding for those posts which are sensitive and not unnecessarily to 'block' bond whole departments, thus excluding the ex-prisoner.

It is the community who are the employers and we hope that the success of the men placed by APEX will encourage more and more employers to help. But it is also the community—all of us—who are the losers if the man, by continued rejection and the loss of hope, returns to crime. This is a battle we cannot afford to lose.

[Freddie Pentney is the Director of Apex Charitable Trust.]

WAITING FOR GERHARDIE

by Stanley Olson

ANTON Chekhov once lamented to his friend Ivan Bunin about his literary reputation: 'It's all the time like that: Korolenko and Chekhov, Potapenko and Chekhov, Gorky and Chekhov....' Compared to the novelist William Gerhardie's fate Chekhov had nothing to complain about. Gerhardie does not even have the luxury of being coupled with another writer; he is rarely mentioned, and when he is, it is only to inform readers that *he* is the model for many and more famous writers that have followed him. Neglect seems to have become his second cousin.

Because of this, he has resorted to a particularly Gerhardiesque tactic: waiting. His waiting has a precision about it that a Swiss watchmaker would admire. When active participation in life brought scant results, he resorted to a more vicarious participation. From his flat high atop Hallam Street, London, he surveys the world of his memory, not through the windows, but by his telephone and through the few callers honoured with entry. Once, he was visited by the novelist Kay Dick who, on entering, declared it was an exquisite day. Gerhardie, in a somewhat Oblomovian pose on the sofa, looked to the curtained windows and then over to Miss Dick and asked her to tell him more. Of his new novel, a tetralogy entitled *This Present Breath,* he declares that its strength derives from what he has left out; this too is the case with his life. It disregards an element called the present—the future and the past hold him in limbo.

Somehow a precarious balance is achieved through this tactic of waiting—he grips to the past like a suitcase, waiting for the future to shove him into fame. He is poised somehow between the perpetual past and the chronic future. The present only interrupts the conjuring trick. Once, when being collected for dinner by a lady whom he had never met, he turned to her in grave solemnity before getting into the car, and said, 'I hope you are a good driver. I am just, as you know, in the middle of my novel and I should not like anything to happen.'

Fortunately for him he is not, as he says, 'too modest'. If he were, there might not be enough strength to buoy up his delaying policy. He has had an admirable amount of support in warding off modesty. Yet his career does not build in a series of peaks, but in plateaux. His life began in St. Petersburg, where he was born, as he hastily points out, to English parents, and where he stayed until the Revolution. He was considered the dunce of the family, as Flaubert and Tolstoy were by theirs. After losing their fortune, which survived only at £500, the Gerhardies came back to England. Gerhardie himself had been in England in the early 'teens of the 20th century to take a secretarial course. Instead of pursuing his college duties, he wrote plays, and like Baldridge in his *My Wife's the Least of It* (1938), he could not resist sending them off to top producers, who in turn either returned them, or lost them. In November, 1915, he enlisted and instead of going to the front, he walked the streets of London in khaki, waiting to be

kissed by every girl who saw him. Thinking his dashing figure in want of some more colour, he augmented the irresistible khaki with a few extra buttons, epaulettes, ribbons, and to top all, he bought a second-hand sword in the Charing Cross Road. A year later he was sent to the British Embassy in St. Petersburg, since he knew Russian, as he modestly points out, 'better than anyone else on the staff of the Embassy'. Later still, he was posted with the British military mission in Siberia. Here Gerhardie embarked on his real military career which, in typical fashion, was not to intervene between the Whites and the Reds, but to be invited to countless balls and grand suppers. In time he returned to England loaded with the O.B.E., Order of St. Stanislav, Czechoslovak War Cross, the rank of captain, and became an undergraduate at Oxford. He was only 23.

Three years later his first novel, *Futility*, was published after the hurdle

of thirteen rejections. Katherine Mansfield loved it, in fact found its publisher; H. G. Wells loved it, Edith Wharton loved it, Arnold Bennett loved it. They all loved it, indeed H. G. Wells earnestly enquired after its publication: 'Why was there no shouting . . . shouting to reach the suburbs and country towns?' The fact is that the book had such staunch and prestigious admirers, that potential buyers felt no need to lend their support as well. Gerhardie waited to be carried away by the riots of adulation that would sweep from the bookshops to his bank balance. His subsequent novels—six over the next sixteen years—led not to fame, but a division amongst his critics concerning the best of the lot, and no critic neglected to tell the novelist which was his favourite. The '20s registered Gerhardie's rise in social importance; he was in demand by all the hostesses and was lionised by Lord Beaverbrook. And his book sales declined.

That his ideas and style and fiction techniques have been confiscated by more famous and popular novelists does not bother Gerhardie. He does not suffer from bitterness or jealousy, only from a keen and lively sense of the comic which has sustained him all these years. The admiration his work has fostered in high circles supports his belief in himself; provided the foundation that he has something to wait for.

Because he has slipped from the lips of society hostesses today, he has staged with militaristic acumen a campaign to have at least his name, if not his works, rightfully re-established as one to remember—or one not to forget. The name Gerhardie has saved and plagued him. In 1905 his wealthy merchant father was tipped into a coal sack by the workers in his factory. Just as he was about to be tossed into the Neva River an elderly workman pointed out to his colleagues that they were disposing of none other than the famous English socialist Keir Hardie. When asked about this Gerhardie's father sheepishly admitted that he was indeed the same Keir Hardie and was saved.

Much later in the mid-'20s, after his 'success' with *Futility*, Gerhardie was invited to Edith Wharton's château at Hyères. He first distinguished himself at her house by tossing crusts of bread and butter in the lavatory for fear that their existence in his suitcase might arouse the butler's curiosity—an act which resulted in his being woken up the next morning by the clanging and banging of the plumber who had been summoned to wrench out the swollen bits of clogging bread. Then he embarked on a serious discussion with Mrs. Wharton about the pronunciation of his name. Did she, she asked, pronounce his name with a soft or hard 'g'. 'I said soft,' Gerhardie reports in his *Memoirs of a Polyglot*, 'after which she instantly dropped the "h" in the middle, calling me "Mr. Gerard-y". When I protested she said I couldn't possibly have it both ways: it was either "Gherhardi" or "Gerard-y". The soft "g" with "h" in the middle . . . she dismissed as impossible philology.'

In 1967, at the age of seventy-one he staged his most recent manoeuvre. That year he came across an ancestral spelling of his name which had an 'e' on the end. Gerhardi then became Gerhardie; and he believed this minor, to say nothing of silent, addition would occasion great and renewed interest.

He issued the news discreetly to the newspapers and planted himself beside the telephone. When a few reporters asked for an explanation, he replied with characteristic modesty: 'Shakespeare has a final "e"; so does Goethe, Blake and Dante. Who am I to do otherwise?' 'Well, indeed,' was all the curious reporters could muster. Now that he, or his name at least, was news, the publishers could clamber to get him back into print. The only official response to this upheaval came from his bank: Would he please send a specimen signature?

His campaign for fame was once a public thing. Having retreated into solitude, it has now become a private thing, and the recognition of achievement is relegated to the past and to others. His vigorous waiting is based on the principle that the public will soon tire of what it has lacked so long: namely Gerhardie. This is a somewhat inverse equation of negative optimism, which is a curious thread that winds its way through his novels.

Gerhardie's characters cannot readily be dissociated from the novelist himself. He admits that he extracts from his life, skims off the cream and presents in distilled form elements of his own nature. His heroes are adrift in a three-dimensional world, while they themselves are little more than two-dimensional. They coast on time, feed off it without plunging into it or digesting it. His main characters might best be equated to the solo performers in a concerto. The orchestra's part has been written by the soloist, but he has neglected to write his own. When it comes to his entry, he turns to his fellow performers and waits for them to write *his*. Somehow by omission he manages to inject action with immobility.

In *Futility*, which is based on his Russian experiences, a tutor and a student of this delicate art of active inactivity are portrayed. The tutor is Nikolai Vasilievich, the father of the glorious 'bouquet'—three sisters—which attracted the narrator and drew him into the affairs of the family. Nikolai Vasilievich lives in a cocoon which he himself has spun: 'a gathering of souls dissatisfied with life, yet always waiting patiently for betterment: enduring this unsatisfactory present because they believed that this present was not really *life* at all: that *life* was somewhere in the future: that this was but a temporary and transitory stage to be spent in patient waiting'. Having engendered this policy of protracted patience around him, in his wife, her lover, his two mistresses and their families as well as a whole host of parasites, Nikolai becomes the arch-proponent of the theory. With the continual hope that his defunct gold mines might somehow, some day, begin to produce again, he forms a life-line to the future for his band of waiters. His peregrinations, stimulated by the Revolution, are echoed in their travels close behind him. He travels the length of Russia; they follow. He goes to Japan for a fortnight; they follow—they form a collective shadow wherever and whenever he departs. The sum total of this state of affairs, as Gerhardie concludes, 'is in the nature of a farce.... A good deal of life is a hilarious farce, and yet, in the case of the affiliation with Nikolai Vasilievich's family, it all comes about in a proper constitutional way.' Dreams have replaced reality for all of them. When activity swirls around him—the tactical shifts of the Reds and Whites in Siberia—and finally

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begins to accelerate, waiting assumes a more important function, in fact a purpose. Ultimately, when he is asked what he will do, he replies with conviction, 'Well... I'll wait... I don't think it can be long now.'

The narrator-apprentice becomes ensnared in the tentacles of family complications through his passive love for Nina, who is charming and silly in the extreme. He meets Nina first in St. Petersburg before the Revolution, and later when he is posted with the British Mission in Vladivostock he sees her again, having moved east to be closer to the mines with the rest of the clinging brigade. His love is rekindled and the cerebral love-affair recommences. And this is how he makes loves to her: 'When I closed my eyes I could see Nina, and my drowsy thoughts would linger: "She is *à moi*.... At a handstretch. Always there. But there was no hurry. Oh life... leisurely life...!"' The only thing that augments nothing is concerted nothingness. He calls on Nina, proclaims his love; she listens, and goes dancing with three Americans. If he can't talk to her, then he will talk to her family—the next best thing. He watches himself lose her; tells himself he must act and watches the ship carrying her to Shanghai sail from the quay. All that remains of his love is the memory of the empty dock with the 'dull, dirty water [that] heaved at my feet and the cork from a bottle and some bits of wood heaved upon it'.

The doyen of this postponement technique is Charles Baldridge, the main character in Gerhardie's most recent novel, published a mere thirty-five years ago, *My Wife's the Least of It*. His motto was 'No despair—no presumption' and he needed one like this since the novel deals with a once famous, or rather successful novelist, now down but not out. He had sought to rejuvenate his early success with *Dixie* by altering the formula. When that and other schemes failed, he couched himself, at the age of sixty-one, in a comfortable berth of calm. A youth intervenes and convinces him that *Dixie* might be converted into gold as a film script. Baldridge's scripts on the *Dixie* theme in its various and ever-changing forms are fired off to producers, directors, agents and financiers, all of whom express perennial, yet tepid, interest which keeps Baldridge's spirits afloat. But it does not bring him the money he desperately needs, and he merely succeeds in having his furniture taken away. Advice is tendered all around from the bailiffs to his cleaning lady. Baldridge takes reality by the throat, steals £123 odd and spends Christmas as 'a guest of His Majesty' at Brixton. In a curious Gerhardiesque turn, on his release he finds not a clearing of the fog of poverty, but a host of demands for charity contributions.

An old Gerhardie motto is, or was in the '30s, that if everything fails and shows no hope of reversal, one must take the most logical and decisive step: 'I think in the circumstances the best thing for me would be to get married', as he confessed to his agent in 1931. And so it was with Baldridge. Not only did he marry, but a woman with a vast quantity of money, and she had the misfortune to become mad, leaving it entrusted to Baldridge's unsafe keeping. So the old ploy worked; if one waited long enough, patiently enough, something was bound to happen *to* him.

Both novels have the gloss of uproarious humour. Gerhardie can make

his readers laugh out loud by the unrelenting farce of his situations. But underneath it all is a seething irony that bubbles with pathos and sadness. These two elements join hands and preside in his novels, yielding as a result a smile with tears. Gerhardie's graceful style propels one through his books, but does not for an instant disguise his warmth and generosity. Waiting has taught him kindness, patience has fostered generosity, and both have fused into a gentle and perceptive look at humanity.

[Dr. Stanley Olson, author of *The History of the Hogarth Press*, contributes book reviews to *The Times*.]

SADLER'S WELLS OPERA: THE ENGLISH RING CYCLE

Continued from page 12

four years — it's occupied our minds and feelings, and is our corporate achievement.' Glen Byam Shaw hopes that at the end of the Cycle it will have been for the audience 'as great an experience for them as for us. It has been the greatest experience of my career.' Let us hope that all goes well for all concerned in its preparation, and that when our English *Ring Cycle* is mounted by Sadler's Wells Opera at the Coliseum this August, it will be still greater, yet more memorable in sum, than it has already proved in its parts.

The August issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Anti-Slavery Society in 1973* by Colonel J. R. P. Montgomery, M.C., *Investment in Lesotho* by Sebastian Poulter, *John Clare's Use of Dialect* by Stephen Wade and *The Problem of Migrant Workers* by Patrick Smith, O.B.E.

BANGLADESH—ORIGIN AND PROSPECTS

by Mizanur Rahman Shelley

BANGLADESH was well described by a recent writer as a 'latecomer to the fractious sisterhood of nation-states'.[1] It was, of course, until 1971 a part of Pakistan and thus part of one of the two successor states that emerged in the Indian sub-continent when the British transferred power in 1947. As the eastern 'wing' of the Pakistan state it was separated physically from the western wing by a thousand miles of Indian territory. On the north, east and west Bangladesh is encircled by Indian territory; only a minor length of its more than 1,200 miles land border is common with Burma in the south-east. There is an unimpeded 'frontier' to the south where the Bay of Bengal, itself merging in the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean, washes its sawteeth-shaped shores.

Most of the 55,000 square miles of the country comprise deltaic plains. Two of the mightiest rivers of South Asia, the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, meander their way to the sea across the flat alluvium of Bangladesh. Innumerable rivers, streams and canals crisscross the land. There is a higher and drier stretch of land in the north and a jungle-clad hilly area in the south-east where the highest peak reaches a height of 3,000 feet.

> The 75 million people . . . of . . . Bangladesh are among the poorest of the earth. Their average daily income is no more than 8p a head.
>
> Ninety-three per cent of them live in the rural areas Three out of every four families (on the average consisting of six persons) work in agriculture and each of them tries to eke out a living from an average plot of two and a half acres of land.[2]

The use of traditional organisation and methods keeps agricultural yields regrettably low and Bangladesh has to import two and a half to three million tons of foodgrains a year to feed her fast-growing millions. The country has very limited developed capacity in producers' goods and has to import major basic consumer goods. Its present import needs are estimated to be around 1,000 million dollars a year and its exports 'even under favourable assumptions are not expected to be much more than 450 million dollars'.[3]

All the country's exports are primary products—jute being the single largest earner of foreign exchange. Tea, leather and fish contribute smaller shares to exports.

> Racial classifications made of the Bengali population are exceedingly complex because there are innumerable mixtures of dark Australoid stock resembling the Australian aborigines, the Aryans and other strains. . . . The great majority are Caucasoids belonging generally to sub-types which are shorter and darker-skinned than the sub-types which prevail . . . in Europe. According to popular stereotype, they are non-aggressive and unwarlike, possessed of a dreamy and emotional temperament and prone to mysticism, art, music, erotic poetry and radical politics.[4]

On the religious plane, approximately eighty per cent of the population of Bangladesh are Bengali Muslims. The rest are religious minorities of

whom the most important are the Bengali Hindus numbering more than 10 million (according to the 1961 Census).

Linguistic unity is an essential characteristic of the new Bengali polity which claims to be founded on the basis of a linguistic, secular, territorial Bengali nationalism. (Save nearly half a million of Biharis, Muslim migrants from India in 1947 who speak Urdu, all inhabitants of the country speak Bengali). The bonds of language and culture link Bangladesh with the neighbouring Indian state of West Bengal where some 40 million Bengalis reside. The major difference between the politically separate areas (they once formed united parts of the single province of Bengal in British India) is in the religion of their respective populations. The overwhelming majority of the Bengalis of West Bengal are Hindus by faith. As elaborated later, this factor played a dominant role in making the two regions parts of two different states, Indian and Pakistan, established mainly on the basis of Hindu-Muslim separatism at the time the British transferred power (1947).

Socially, Bangladesh does not have to reckon with a feudal aristocracy. Big land-owners are now few, for most of the big land-lords were high-caste Hindus who migrated to West Bengal in 1947. Successive land-reform legislations and the rapid sub-division of land issuing from the nature of the Muslim Law of Inheritance have made small, uneconomic land-holding the prevailing order. Poor, illiterate peasants constitute the most numerous socio-economic class (nearly eighty per cent cent of the population). Largely issuing from and superimposed on it are the relatively small but rapidly expanding and tremendously influential professional, mercantile and bureaucratic middle classes. This Bengali *Muslim* middle class has grown to its present size and influence in the twenty-four years of undivided Pakistan as a result mainly of the departure of the Hindu landed, professional and business elite in the wake of the 1947 partition. Although denied of its just share in the economy, polity, administration and defence of Pakistan by the West Pakistani-dominated colonial regimes, this class made its presence felt by vocally demanding the legitimate rights and privileges of the Bengalis in Pakistan. It supplied the leaders of the Awami League, the political party that led the autonomy and freedom movements in Bangladesh. *Bangabandhu* (Friend of Bengal) Sheikh Mujibur Rahman drew the most articulate and powerful support from this class in the Bengali struggle for freedom from Pakistan. This class and the students who either belong to it or aspire to and are closely related to it helped him mobilise support in the 1970 elections. Overwhelming victory in that election gave him and his party the mandate to act as legitimate leaders and spokesmen of the Bengalis.

The absence of such a strong and influential Bengali Muslim Middle class in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, it has been justifiably argued,[5] was instrumental in excluding the Muslims from the nineteenth century Calcutta-centric Bengali literary and cultural renaissance and the embryonic Bengali nationalist movement that found a focal point in the 1905 partition of the British Indian province of Bengal.

Lord Curzon's partition of Bengal, declaredly for reasons of administrative expediency, severed West Bengal from East Bengal, the former's

economic hinterland. It also made the eastern half Muslim-dominated in numerical terms at least. The Bengali bourgeois class, at that time overwhelmingly Hindu, made it a 'national' objective to undo the partition. They succeeded. This 1905 partition was annulled in 1911, 'largely as a result of intense and partly terrorist Hindu agitation based on interest and perhaps still more on an extremely powerful sentiment for Bengal as a single motherland'.[6]

Thus the movement, led and dominated by the Hindus, left the Bengali Muslims untouched. By the early twentieth century the Muslims made a limited entry into Bengal politics. Muslim leaders such as A. K. Fazlul Huq and H. S. Suhrawardy drew support from the embryonic Muslim middle class and in the latter thirties highlighted the inherent divergence of outlook and interests between the Muslims and Hindus of Bengal in the economic and social fields.

Meanwhile, on the All India level, the Indian National Congress led by Gandhi was struggling for Indian independence. Gandhi transformed the Congress into a mass organisation. A cardinal canon of his programme for mass mobilisation was appeal to Hindu cult and civilisation. This served to sharpen the edge of Muslim separatism in India. The Muslim separatist movement humbly began in 1906 under the leadership of the All India Muslim League. It gained tremendous momentum by the forties. The failure of the Congress to convince the Muslims of its secular character led to the emergence of what has been called 'Muslim nationalism' and the Muslim League exploited it. 'Indians in general wanted freedom; the Muslims wanted self-assertion. In the last days of the British Raj . . . the struggle was three sided and the creation of Pakistan was its most extraordinary result'.[7]

The 'Pakistan idea' received its first formal expression in a Resolution adopted by the Muslim League in its annual session in Lahore in 1940. The Lahore Resolution (popularly known as the 'Pakistan Resolution') demanded *inter alia* that the 'North-western and Eastern zones of India' where 'the Muslims are numerically in a majority' 'should be grouped to constitute *independent states* in which the constituent units should be autonomous and *sovereign*'.[8]

Seven years on, Pakistan came into existence, but not in full accordance with the Lahore Resolution. During these years Hindu-Muslim antagonism in India reached its peak. Communal violence assumed the proportion of Civil War. The British as well as the combatants agreed that partition was the only practicable way out. The partition of the sub-continent was accompanied by partitions of the two large, 'mixed' provinces, the Punjab and Bengal.

The Bengali Muslim elite, consisting of a thin aristocratic stratum and a small English educated middle class, sided clearly with the Muslim separatists of other regions of India. In Bengal, before the 1947 Partition, the landlords were Hindus, the tenants and cultivators Muslims. The money-lenders were Hindus and the debtors Muslim. Trade, commerce, industry and administration so far as these were in the hands of the natives were mono-

polistic preserves of the Hindus. The vocal elements among the Bengali Muslims 'raised these points tellingly'. As a result, in the elections to the Provincial Legislative Assembly in 1946, the Muslim League captured 96.7 per cent of the 'Muslim' seats. In spite of this, an influential section of the Bengali Muslim leadership under the guidance of H. S. Suhrawardy, at that time Prime Minister of Bengal, tried in 1947 to keep intact the unity of Bengal. With the help of some Hindu leaders they put forth the idea of a 'sovereign Bengal' existing outside Pakistan and India. The Congress as well as the majority of Bengali Hindu leaders and legislators did not support the idea and it was dropped. Thus 'the Hindus and Congress decided upon the partition of Bengal which their forbears so bitterly opposed'.[9] East Bengal (Bangladesh today) thus became one of the five provinces of Pakistan in August 1947. Pakistan as it emerged was described as a geo-political 'absurdity'.

'Pakistan', observed Morgenthau in 1956, 'is not a nation and hardly a state'.[10] It was indeed a curious phenomenon. Its two parts were geographically separated by a thousand miles of hostile territory. Fifty-five per cent of its population inhabited the smaller Eastern Wing (55,000 square miles). The rest lived in the larger territory of the Western part (308,273 square miles). West Pakistan produced wheat and cotton and a relatively smaller quantity of rice most of which the West Pakistanis sent out as wheat was their staple food. By contrast East Bengal's principal products were rice, the staple diet of the population, jute (which became the principal foreign exchange earner of undivided Pakistan) and tea.

There were important ethno-cultural differences between the two wings. West Pakistan was virtually an extension of the Near East and Central Asia tracing the origins of its culture to Near Eastern civilisations.[11] The people of the four provinces of the region spoke different languages but were not generally opposed to the adoption of Urdu—a variant of Hindustani—as the *lingua franca* of Pakistan.

Bengalis, on the other hand, identified their territory closely with South and South-East Asia. They were proud of their language and culture. They resisted all attempts by the non-Bengali dominated ruling elite of Pakistan to impose Urdu as the sole national language. Almost an expression of Hegelian dialectic, Pakistan of 1947 contained in itself the seeds of its own destruction.

'When states are acquired in a country differing in language, customs and laws', wrote Niccolo Machiavelli in *The Prince* in 1513, 'then come the difficulties, and then it requires great good fortune and much sagacity to hold them'. The rulers of Pakistan had neither. The non-Bengali ruling elite, at first principally refugee and then West Pakistani (mainly Punjabi), worked to bring forth a colonial framework in Pakistan. West Pakistan became the metropolitan territory and East Bengal the colony. The political and administrative capital (first in Karachi and from 1960 in Rawalpindi-Islamabad), the headquarters of the three armed forces and the financial capital (Karachi, headquarters of the State Bank and Money Market, throughout) were all in West Pakistan.

West Pakistanis dominated the civil and defence services as well as the commercial and industrial sectors. East Bengal's only strength was in her numbers. If a real federal democratic system had been in operation this numerical superiority might have been meaningful. As it was, Pakistan was a federation only in hope. In the early 'parliamentary' period (1947 to October, 1958) the non-Bengali dominated executive ruled supreme in the absence of an operational constitution. In the second period of Pakistan's short political history, a military dictatorship ran the country. From 1958 to March 1969, President Ayub administered the land with the help of a West-Pakistani civilian-military elite. During the third and last period (March 1969 to 1971) another military dictator ruled as the presiding officer of the same elite.

This political and administrative domination of East Bengal went hand in hand with economic exploitation. By 1969-70 the per capita income of West Pakistan was 61% higher than that of the East. The peak central government expenditure in the East was 36% of the total in 1965-66 to 1969-70. The East's share in private investments was less than 25%. In addition, there was a net transfer of resources from the East to the West as the former's foreign exchange earnings were diverted to the latter to meet its import needs. According to official reports, East Pakistan had transferred approximately 2.6 billion dollars to West Pakistan over the period 1948-49 to 1968-69.[12]

'Over the years, and perhaps especially in the second half of the nineteen-sixties, there was a growing sense of political and economic injustice among the people of East Pakistan'.[13] As a result, the Bengalis sought to bring about a radical transformation of political and economic power within Pakistan. They found their leader in Sheikh Mujib, who articulated Bengali aspirations in his Six Point programme for autonomy. The programme, which was presented publicly in February, 1966, outlined a situation of maximum political, economic and administrative autonomy for the Eastern Wing within a confederal Pakistan.

The Bengalis found constitutional and democratic scope for voicing their total support for this programme in the general elections—the first and last in undivided Pakistan—of December, 1970. These elections were held under the auspices of the military regime of General Yahya Khan who had taken over from President Ayub in March, 1969, in the wake of civil uprisings in both wings of the country. Yahya declared his intention to transfer power peacefully to the elected representatives of the people. His scheme recognised the numerical preponderance of Bengalis in Pakistan. Sheikh Mujib's Awami League scored a resounding victory in the election of December, 1970, capturing 167 of the 169 seats earmarked for East Bengal. Thus the Awami League had an absolute majority in the proposed all Pakistan parliament of 313 members.

Nevertheless Yahya and his West Pakistani military-bureaucratic advisers refused to hand over power to Mujib, on the plea that he had not obtained the support of West Pakistani Bhutto's People's Party which had won majority electoral support in West Pakistan, though less decisively than had the Awami League in the East.

This attitude held through the course of an unsuccessful talk in Dacca in March, 1971, between Yahya-Bhutto on one hand and Mujib on the other. In the end the military junta opted for armed confrontation and on the night of March 25, 1971, struck. Sheikh Mujib was taken prisoner in his Dacca home and a reign of terror was unleashed by the Pakistan army on the unprepared and unarmed Bengalis.

From March 25, 1971, Bengalis learned at a high cost the force of Machiavelli's observation: 'War is just when it is necessary. A resort to arms is beneficent when there is no hope in anything else.' (*The Prince.*)

Unprepared and ill-equipped as they were, the Bengalis (Bengali elements of the Pakistan armed forces then posted in the East, Bengali men of the para-military East Pakistan Rifles, armed police and some students in the lead) fought back, soon organised an 'exile' government and a guerrilla force, the *Mukti Bahini*. They found, in neighbouring India, help and sanctuary. They continued to fight the immensely better equipped and trained Pakistan forces. In the meantime the represssions of the Pakistani military authorities pushed many millions of Bengali refugees across the border into India. Technically this had the effect of drawing India directly into the struggle. The final struggle, however, was triggered off by the Pakistani rulers. On December 3, 1971, the Pakistani Air Force carried out raids on air-bases in Northern India, and thus started the 'Bangladesh' War between India and Pakistan. The twelve-day war produced the decisive defeat of the Pakistan Army in the East which surrendered to the joint command of the Allied Indian and Bengali Liberation forces on 16 December in Dacca. Bangladesh stood liberated.

In substance, the Bangladesh struggle for independence was not anything like the Biafran affair in the present century or the revolt of the American South in the last. In spirit and quality it was more akin to the Algerian War of Independence or the liberation struggle of the Latin American colonies of Spain. But the case of Bangladesh was complicated by the fact that it was not a territory conquered by the (West) Pakistanis. It became a part of the Pakistan state by consent. Moreover, the Bengalis formed a majority of the population of Pakistan. Yet they found it necessary, for reasons stated earlier, to challenge the foundations of the very state in whose establishment they had taken a leading part. In fact, though not in origin, Bangladesh had become a colony of (West) Pakistan. That was the prime reason and justification for the Bengali struggle for national liberation.

Members of the international system did not appreciate this fact. They chose to defer to the traditional tenets of the system: respect for the territorial integrity of an existing state and non-intervention in its internal affairs. While popular opinion, articulate and vocal in many instances, supported the Bengali struggle for liberation, the governments remained officially uncommitted, acting in the fashion of the case-hardened bureaucrat, unable and unwilling to modify the rules even when life and reality so demanded. In the end, it may be argued, realpolitik came to the rescue of the Bengalis.

India's decisive intervention hastened the liberation of Bangladesh. That

intervention, as Indian leaders themselves admit,[14] was effected largely on considerations of India's national self-interest. The structure of her relations with Pakistan on the one hand and with China and the Soviet Union on the other had important bearings on her role in the struggle for Bangladesh.

With the emergence of India and Pakistan as independent states in 1947 there occurred a 'metamorphosis' of Hindu-Muslim rivalry from 'intra-mural competition to interstate conflict'.[15] India accepted partition but not the 'Two-Nation Theory' (that Hindus and Muslims were two separate nations) on which Pakistan claimed to have been based. Pakistan, on her part, continued to remain fearful and suspicious of India's 'expansionist and aggressive' intentions. This distrust made security from India the chief concern of the foreign and defence policies of Pakistan. She sought security first by joining the collective security systems (CENTO and SEATO) sponsored by the U.S.A. and the West to contain communism. In this period (1953-1960) she also entered into bilateral military pacts with the U.S.A. In the early sixties, as the global setting changed with the U.S.A. becoming lukewarm to collective security systems, Pakistan began the latter phase of her search for security. She developed a set of bilateral equations with the U.S.A., the Soviet Union and China. This was an exercise in 'triangular tightrope walking'. Pakistan's relations with China became close and amicable in the sixties, following the beginnings of Indo-Chinese enmity, formalised by the Sino-Indian border War of 1962. India, on her part, retained friendship with the Soviet Union. Between the two existed an excellent 'working relationship' that began in 1955 and improved and strengthened as the Sino-Soviet rift got well under way and Indo-Chinese relations turned sour.

On account of their own relationship of escalating conflict, both China and the Soviet Union consider South Asia a primary focus of their foreign policies. The Soviet Union's growing concern at China's bid to increase influence in Asia and the Third World led her to evolve and implement a policy of progressive involvement in South Asian affairs. From the late sixties she has been trying to find support from Afghanistan, India and Pakistan for a Scheme for Asian Security (known as the Breznev Plan) with the ostensible aim of containing China.

Initially the Soviet Union made attempts to solve the Bangladesh problem within the framework of Pakistan. She tried to get both India and Pakistan to agree to such a course. But when the obstinacy of the military rulers of Pakistan forced a choice on her she chose India. She gave her full moral and diplomatic support to India as the latter set herself to untie the knot in Bangladesh. In August, 1971, she entered into a 'Treaty of Peace, Friendship and Cooperation' with India. This was interpreted as a warning to China not to intervene on the side of Pakistan. The Soviet Union also exercised her 'veto' in the U.N. Security Council in December, 1971, to stall the Council's moves to bring about a cessation of hostilities in the sub-continent. This allowed the Indian-Bangladesh forces time to march into Dacca and bring the war to a victorious finish.

The United States of America, by contrast, backed Pakistan. At the

relevant time she was in a process of disengagement from Asia in general and South Asia in particular, in accordance with the Nixon Doctrine. Her newly evolving China policy, moving towards some degree of detente with Communist China, seemed to play a significant role in shaping her negative response to the Bangladesh struggle. Pakistan acted as auxiliary courier and link in the early phase of Sino-American *rapprochement* in 1971. President Nixon's adviser, Henry Kissinger, went to Peking secretly in July, 1971, from Pakistan and in a Pakistani plane. Some Indian commentators believe that, while this might have had something to do with the Nixon Administration's decision to back Pakistan, the U.S. posture was a continuation of her policy of 'sustaining and maintaining an artificial parity of power' between India and Pakistan.

China did not support the Bengali liberation struggle. She viewed the process in terms of her national interests and chose to overlook the national character of the Bengali struggle. Her response appeared to have been coloured by her fear of Soviet 'forward encirclement of China', her strained relations with India and amity with Pakistan, the enemy of an enemy (India).

Neither the U.S.A. nor China, however, backed Pakistan with the firmness and decisiveness with which the Soviet Union backed India and Bangladesh. The nature of their South Asian policies and perhaps the indefensible moral and military position of the Pakistani military rulers were responsible for this attitude.

Bangladesh now exists as a new member of the nation-state system. Recognised by more than ninety countries (including all the Great Powers save China) she is a member of the specialised organisations of the U.N. The membership of the U.N., however, has been denied her because of the Chinese 'veto'. China no longer questions the legitimacy of the new state, as she did earlier, but still withholds diplomatic recognition, as does Pakistan. China now insists on the implementation of the 1971 U.N. Resolutions (calling for a repatriation of the Pakistani prisoners of war) as precondition for the entry of Bangladesh into the U.N.

As a result of the birth of Bangladesh, the South Asian scene has been fundamentally transformed. On the sub-continental stage there are now three, instead of two, major actors. Pakistan 'the challenger' has been reduced politically, economically and militarily and 'India has emerged as the principal power in South Asia'.[16]

Whether all these will lead to regional integration through cooperation in the sub-system of states that is South Asia is for the future to reveal. Much will depend on the tact, farsightedness and ability of the ruling elites in each of the three larger states. Meanwhile, Bangladesh with her poor and war-ravaged economy, crushing burden of population, largely uninstitutionalised nationalism and underdeveloped political system, will continue to remain the Achilles heel of the South Asian region. For the guardians of the global systems, no less than for her immediate neighbours, she should remain of continuing concern not only because she presents a soul-rending spectacle of immense human misery but also because her great

weakness may wreck all plans of peace and stability in a sensitive part of the world.

Notes:

[1] Michael Hornsby, Fear of Domination, *The Times* (London), March 26, 1973—Special Report on Bangladesh.

[2] Azizur Rahman Khan, The Plan, *Ibid.*, p. iv.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Donald N. Wilber, *Pakistan, its People, its Society, its Culture,* New Haven, Connecticut, 1964, p. 67.

[5] See Amlan Datta, The Case for Bangladesh, *World Meet on Bangladesh,* Gupta and Radhakrishna (ed.), New Delhi, 1971, p. 6. Also: Sankar N. Maitra in *Bangladesh: Crisis and Consequence,* N. M. Ghatate (ed.), New Delhi, 1971, p. 6.

[6] H. V. Hodson, *The Great Divide,* London, 1969, p. 274.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 9.

[8] Resolutions of All India Muslim League, December 1938 to March 1940, published by its central office, pp. 47, 48.

[9] Hodson, *op. cit.*, p. 275.

[10] Hans J. Morgenthau, Military Illusions, *The New Republic* (Washington D.C.), March 19, 1956, pp. 14-16, quoted in *Bangladesh Documents,* Ministry of External Affairs, New Delhi, 1971, p. 4.

[11] Wheeler, R. E. M., *Five Thousand Years of Pakistan,* Lahore: University Press, 1951.

[12] Report of the Advisory Panel for Fourth Five Year Plan, 1970-75, Vol. 1, Planning Commission, Government of Pakistan, 1970.

[13] Peter Lyon, Bangladesh, *World Survey* (London), No. 49, January, 1973, p. 9.

[14] See Indira Gandhi, India and the World, *Foreign Affairs,* October, 1972.

[15] Wayne Wilcox, India and Pakistan, *Conflict in World Politics,* Spiegel and Waltz (ed.), Cambridge (U.S.A.), 1971, p. 259.

[16] K. R. Narayan, New Perspectives in Indian Foreign Policy, *The Round Table* (London), October, 1972, p. 454.

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THE FUTURE OF NORTHERN IRELAND

by Merlyn Rees, M.P.

THE continuing story of Northern Ireland is full of turning points—Bloody Sunday, Bloody Friday, political strikes—some in the event more crucial than others. One such turning point was the assumption of Direct Rule by the Heath government which marked the end of 50 years of Stormont rule, and the appointment of Mr. William Whitelaw as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland.

Another was the publication of the White Paper, *Northern Ireland Constitutional Proposals,* in March 1973, and the subsequent Bill which spelt out the future constitutional status of the province; 'power-sharing' between the representatives of the communities on the new executive; a Charter of Human Rights; and an all-Ireland institution for co-operation between North and South. It was this political approach by the government which ensured the 'bi-partisan' attitude of the Labour opposition which resulted also from a common awareness of the nature and seriousness of the Irish problem about which a wrong word could lead to misunderstanding and to a loss of life.

The next turning point will be the assembly elections held on 28 June, 1973, on the basis of the Single Transferable Vote — as in the Irish Republic and as in Northern Ireland in its early days. Whatever the demerits of this system, or its many near cousins, might prove to be in Great Britain with its coalition parties, in Northern Ireland with its sectarian and sociological divide between the communities, it is one way to liberate differing views and to promote coalition government.

The 28th of June, 1973, should tell us more about the hopes and aspirations of the people of Northern Ireland than the arid Nationalist versus Unionist arguments of the past. The result will also tell us who are the real leaders in the province where, since the break-up of the old political landmarks, there have been too many self-styled 'leaders'.

Despite the understandably highly emotionalised atmosphere of the province in the face of destruction and death—by June 1973 over 800 deaths since the troubles began—I have felt during my many regular visits to the province that there did exist a majority for moderation across the sectarian divide. This view received some firmer confirmation from the *Fortnight* and *Sunday Times* poll published in May 1973 which showed 'a clear shift to the centre parties and almost total support for making the White Paper proposals work'.

Subjective feelings and polls are not enough but if the election results do reveal a majority for moderation then there really will be a turning point awaiting its chapter heading in the history books. It would greatly facilitate the Secretary of State's role in providing an executive with shared power.

The powers given to the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland in the new constitution make him and his successors extremely powerful—a cross

between a monarch, a colonial governor and a commander-in-chief—and in the short run I have no complaint against this; Mr. Whitelaw does it well. In the longer run, and if and when the new constitutional processes are worked from within the province, the powers of the Secretary of State will have to be broken up and shared. One of his vital roles at the moment is to facilitate power sharing. It is the most difficult he faces.

The election of moderate parties would be a great breakthrough but personal animosities between elected leaders exist and coalitions easily break in the wake of the political crises which face all governments. The Secretary of State will need the wisdom of Solomon to facilitate coalition discussions. It would be better if the party leaders had their discussions and made deals with each other. It will be too easy for the Protestant and Catholic Irish to avoid the realities of their opponents' positions and avoid overall responsibility by resting on the Secretary of State. We have much colonial experience of the weakness of representative government. I have no evidence that any party in the North has done a pre-election deal as happened in the Irish Republic where, in the recent Dail-Eireann elections, Fine Gael and Labour won not because of a great swing of opinion but by a pre-election coalition pact on second preference votes. If this were to be the case in the North it would facilitate the post-election power-sharing discussions.

Under the arrangements made under the new constitution, the Secretary of State and the political leaders will have until March, 1974, to consult and talk. The Secretary of State will want to move quickly. It may be that some of the new political leaders will want to be more leisurely either through desire or because they will follow the leadership stance of too many in the North—from behind their troops.

It is too easy for British politicians isolated, as we too often are, from basic political argument by the social class basis of our parties, to criticise Northern Irish politicians who face an almost continuous primary election. In the end, however, political leaders have to give a lead and July, 1973, will be the time to use the political momentum that undoubtedly will exist.

Power sharing is best left at this point. Suffice it to say that if it can be evolved there is much to do in those areas—agriculture, education, health and social security, industrial development—which are some of the transferred powers in the government's proposals.

Much has been done in these respects over the years but far more could be achieved with the involvement of all in the community. The Trade Unions have much to offer here; far too little praise is given to them for the work they have already done.

With regard to education it is worth noting that in the *Fortnight-Sunday Times* poll referred to earlier, there was 'almost total support' for 'integrated education'. This is not the time to discuss the merits and demerits of this proposal and it is a matter for Northern Ireland, but I simply observe that educational change in this way would open up a great debate, reminiscent of nineteenth century Britain.

In education and other fields there is much for politicians to do in

Northern Ireland, and if this were all there was to the matter there would be little to worry about. One could write a scenario of devolving power gradually to Northern Ireland and on a larger scale than in the old Stormont.

Politics, however, have been and still are about the border, about re-unification, about the thirty-two counties—and practically nothing else. It is the major issue.

The troubles of the last three years have changed things even in this respect. There are few who now talk glibly of an immediate thirty-two county Ireland—except from the remoteness of the U.S.A. or Australia. In a recent House of Common debate, Mrs. Bernadette McAliskey (née Devlin) said: 'I stand on record as having said repeatedly that we do not want a united Ireland at this precise moment because the kind of united Ireland that I want does not lie on the other side of the Border.' Paraphrasing my memories of meetings with the Provisional I.R.A. in 1972, I recall views on 'declarations of intent' on unification rather than immediacy—from that point their policy departed from political reality and ignored the reaction to their own campaign of bombing and sniping. The leaders of the elected representatives in the Republic have always made clear their long-term objective of unity by consent and similar views have been expressed by the Social Democratic and Labour Party in the North.

Consent has been the important word in resolutions discussed at Labour Party Conferences and has motivated my work as opposition spokesman on Northern Ireland. It was the word used in the Downing Street Declaration and is used again in Clause I of the Northern Ireland Constitution Bill.

The important way forward is not however through further Border Polls. The last one told us what we knew. The result of the next poll in ten years may be different, but simple majorities are not going to alter the status of Northern Ireland. Those who believe that of itself a majority for unification would be accepted by the present majority in the North should look at those of the present minority who do not accept the result of the 1973 Border Poll.

The way forward is through co-operation between the North and the South of Ireland—and implicit in such co-operation would be a recognition of the North by the South. It is the job of a British government to provide the means for such co-operation to take place.

In the Discussion Paper, *The Future of Northern Ireland,* of late 1972, the government did talk of the 'Irish Dimension' as had Mr. Harold Wilson in his 'fifteen point speech'. In the White Paper the government were more precise when they said:

> Following elections to the Northern Ireland Assembly, the Government will invite the Government of the Republic of Ireland and the leaders of the elected representatives of Northern Ireland opinion to participate with them in a conference to discuss how the three objectives set out in the Paper for Discussion may best be pursued, that is:
>
> (a) the acceptance of the present status of Northern Ireland, and of the possibility—which would have to be compatible with the principle of consent—of subsequent change in that status;
>
> (b) effective consultation and co-operation in Ireland for the benefit of North and South alike; and

(c) the provision of a firm basis for concerted governmental and community action against terrorist organisations.

These objectives are inter-related. If and when firm agreements are reached, consideration can be given to the means by which they should be formally adopted as between sovereign states. But, consistent with the principle of consent, the first stage clearly must be discussions involving all the parties.

The Constitution Bill lacks precision on this All-Ireland aspect, largely because the Irish government has yet formally to be involved, but provision is made for discussion on transferred matters betwen the North and the Republic. There is much scope for economic co-operation, particularly in the field of regional development where the E.E.C. procedures could prove to be helpful. Economic matters are an excellent basis for pragmatic co-operation.

The actual form of an All-Ireland institution will emerge out of the discussions to take place later in 1973. The hope for the future arises out of the words of the Taoiseach of the Republic in May 1973, when he said:

a council could be a means for reconciliation, if it has substantial functions which engage the common interests of North and South and thereby encourage them to work together to common advantage. That is why we would be ready to entrust important interests of our own to an effective Council.

But this does not mean, and I emphasise this very strongly, that we see a council as a Trojan horse to deceive the North, or as a device to lure it towards an eventual unity which it does not accept. We do not deny our aspirations. But I believe I speak for a wide range of opinion here when I say that we are more anxious to see a process of co-operation, of growth towards reconciliation, get under way than to set a timetable or try to determine in advance exactly what the end result would be. To speak of growth is, indeed, to envisage a process which would not be exclusively within the control of either party to it and which would have no fixed and predetermined outcome.

The third objective for an 'Irish dimension' laid down by the British government was concerned with 'government and community action against terrorist organisations'. This is vital for, while the political changes embodied in the White Paper approach will weaken the support for terrorism, it will not eliminate it because to many it has become a way of life. Much of the murder and killing has more in common with Al Capone than with patriotism.

The U.K. authorities have their own and, in the short run, more significant responsibility on law and order, but increasingly there will have to be joint discussions on the matter with the government of the South. At the very least the two parts of Ireland will have to co-operate to eliminate the traffic in arms across the border and into Ireland as a whole.

As far as the responsibility of the Westminster government is concerned it is important that they should not lose sight of the objective of returning to civilian policing in the North. The requirements for this should be early on any agenda of discussion of the new Executive when it acts as an advisory committee to the Secretary of State on his law and order responsibility.

To withdraw in a fit of anger at the impossible Irish or on the analogy of Palestine or Cyprus would be a grave mistake. It would lead to bloodshed much larger than we have yet known. It is vital, however, to keep clearly

in mind the long-term aim to reduce the number of British troops. This aim would serve also to concentrate the mind on another fundamental principle that we on this side of the water must never forget—the Irish question will only in the end be solved by the Irish themselves.

It is our job to create the conditions for this to happen and in my view the White Paper proposals are a step in the right direction. They can lead to further such steps if the Assembly elections show that majority for moderation which is in Northern Ireland but rarely reveals itself.

It is no use ignoring the facts of history, however, and it must be faced that the elections may show the opposite, or provide groups of moderate political forces who will not work together and thus prevent any step forward at all.

The next steps in Northern Ireland could in effect therefore lead in a different direction from that which follows from the premises of the White Paper. If this gives satisfaction to those who support the I.R.A. or the U.D.A. and Vanguard—they must also face the fact that the end product in Ireland could be very different from the apparent logic stemming from their own beliefs.

All that can be said now is that the Assembly elections will be a significant signpost as to the direction we are likely to travel. 28 June, 1973, will be regarded as yet another turning point in the continuing story of Northern Ireland.

[Merlyn Rees, formerly Under-Secretary of State in the Home Office, is Labour Member of Parliament for South Leeds and Opposition spokesman on Northern Ireland affairs.]

WHAT DO ROSLA CHILDREN WANT AND NEED?

by L. F. Lowenstein

IT may be of special concern to deal with ROSLA (Raising of School Leaving Age) type children or those who are remaining in school, perhaps against their wishes, because of pressures from outside which make them want to leave school. We don't always know what ROSLA children want or need; we can, however, consider what *we* think they want or what *we* think will be useful to them when they have taken their appropriate role in society. There have been some general agreements on the following being special needs of ROSLA children:

1. There should be an emphasis on the avoidance of either complete structure or complete lack of structure. Some children benefit from a high degree of structure in curricula, as, for instance, children who lack a sense of security, and also those of lower intelligence. There are others of superior ability and different temperament who require a certain leeway in the type of structure surrounding them.
2. It may well be that structure should be reduced for the brighter child and be somewhat more firm and organised for the less bright or able.
3. It would probably be useful to adopt a more abstract teaching approach with the brighter and a more concrete one for the less able.
4. It will be important to teach children how to relate to one another and this means having teachers who are suitable in relating to this type of child. Such relationships depend on respect for the child and being capable of being respected by the child. It means tolerance, the ability to lead and to have facts and ideas as well as teaching ability. It is also very important to understand the child through the knowledge of his background.
5. Such children should be offered some choice as to the course that they wish to take and the type of learning which is likely to be useful to them. The courses should be geared on the whole to vocational and leisure-time interests. Things that are done or learned in the school should have intrinsic interest; that is, immediate gratification, which is what many of these children seek.
6. There should be long-term gratification or satisfaction through external examinations and qualifications. These should be obtained from the relevant subject matter which is being studied by the child and should have the same value as academic subject matter. In this way the child will gain the impression that what he is learning is as important as that learned by more academic children. Indeed it is useful for academic children also to be involved in taking required courses in non-academic directions. This is possibly more likely to convince the less able child that what he is doing is worthwhile.

The ROSLA teacher has a number of problems which need to be considered. There is uncertainty as to the role that he is required to play. He is not sure whether to adopt an autocratic or democratic-type attitude

vis-à-vis such older children who have, to some degree, lost their reverence, respect or affection for the teacher. This depends a great deal on his own personality, the type of class he has and the personalities he meets in that class. The teacher may be uncertain as to methods of presentation, i.e. whether it should be structured or unstructured. He may be faced with children who disagree with him because they disagree with authority generally and the teacher must train such children to demonstrate their disapproval within bounds of civility.

The teacher can help by being a model within the class, so that the children are more likely to emulate him. He may also find it best to avoid extremes of authoritarian or permissive behaviour. He should be capable of communicating with the students in groups and individually and have a sense of depth as well as a sense of humour and be able to assess the needs of such children so that he can motivate them. He should aim at attempting to make each child feel responsible, by being allowed to play a particular role in the class or in the school according to his ability and needs. Such a sense of responsibility should be given recognition quickly and effectively. A certain amount of small-group teaching is probably useful, similar to the tutorial system in the sixth form or at university. Additionally or alternatively, senior pupils might lead discussions among the younger children. Both group and individual counselling are likely to be useful in respect of personal problems and career guidance.

Just as one is likely to go astray without goals, aims or standards, so one may fail to reach one's objective or fail to make progress without a suitable method of procedure. Once the child has been identified as needing help by the teacher or parent, the next step is a thorough diagnosis of the problem, so that specific procedures may be devised for remedying them.

Very often this is left to chance, rather than solved thoughtfully and systematically. Many parents and teachers simply don't know what to do or what to aim for.

There are five major causes of behaviour problems in children. These are heredity, parental or home features (over-authority, over-indulgence, lack of child/parent involvement, inappropriate models), a bad neighbourhood, inappropriate teaching environment, and the dehumanised society.

It is immediately apparent that tackling the difficulty in any one of these areas will almost inevitably lead to improvement in the other spheres.

The section on prevention and treatment will therefore follow, in part, the analysis of what produces difficult children, while seeking a solution for the problem. Little can be said about hereditary tendencies which produce problem children, since this aspect of the problem is not amenable to modification within our present knowledge. We must begin with the physical and mental health of a mother in order to assure the birth of a healthy child. There are also retrospective factors, such as the psychological health of *both* parents, their relationship with their own parents and with one another, and, of course, their attitude to the birth of a child and their eventual behaviour towards it. Later, the neighbourhood and the school must be considered and the impinging of an ever-widening environment.

The diagram which follows presents schematically a simplification of the problems and solutions. The child and his problem must be viewed from the accompanying directions:

1. The home or family, and providing him with treatment there.
2. The child or school, and providing the appropriate remediation there.
3. The community or society.
4. Calling in the specialist.

It is fully realised that the following suggestions are ideal rather than realistic for the majority of currently employed teachers. Comparatively large classes, competition for promotion, lack of training, lack of appropriate remuneration, are but some of the factors which militate against teachers being capable of substantially playing the roles about to be suggested. None the less, such roles are made even more important as a result of ROSLA.

With the greater emphasis on specialisation, there is often an understandable reluctance among teachers to become involved in work not clearly felt to be their responsibility. The danger of over-specialisation in any area, especially education and social work, is only too obvious but may be illustrated by the following conversation between a headmaster and a social worker.

Headmaster: I have a problem in my school. I wish you could look into family ——— as soon as possible. The boy has been very difficult in class and I think it has something to do with the home, rather than what is happening in the class. Could you visit them and let me know what is wrong?

Social Worker: I don't know the family. Maybe one of my colleagues does, but anyway I wouldn't be able to visit them for at least a week with my present case load.

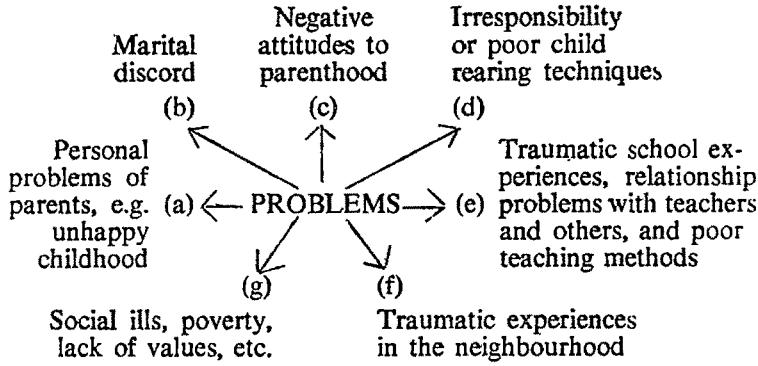
Headmaster: That's too long. I need help now. It's a pity you don't know the family or you would realise how important it is for someone to visit them immediately.

Social Worker: Sorry I cannot help you right away but I will ask the advice of the Senior Social Worker to see if he can suggest anything.

This is not an infrequent situation or conversation to be encountered and should lead to a number of questions:

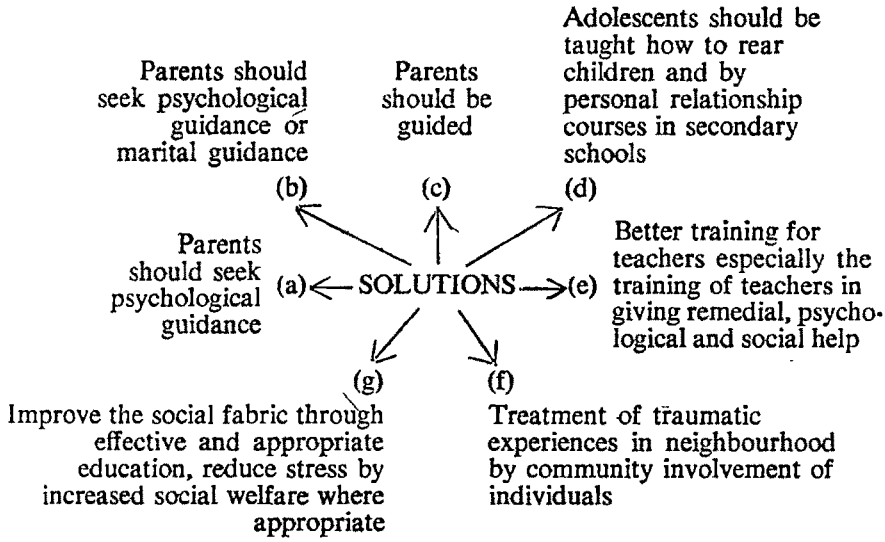
1. Why can't someone do something quickly while it is most important and effective for something to be done?
2. Why does the teacher feel reluctant to visit the family and attempt to assess the problem himself?
3. Why are teachers themselves untrained to deal with this kind of problem?
4. Why should it be necessary to involve a large number of experts when it may be possible for one or two individuals to act effectively because they know the problem, the child and the family?
5. What are some of the potential communication problems when too many experts descend upon the problem, the home and the family, and is there anyone to co-ordinate the help that is being given?

Home and Family Centred (a), (b), (c), (d)



Community or Society Centred (f), (g)

Home and Family Centred (a), (b), (c)



Community or Society Centred (f), (g)

6. What is the effect on the child and the family when several 'experts' descend on them?

A workable and worthwhile alternative might well be for the teacher to expand his role from teaching to social work. There are certain advantages in teachers knowing not only the child they teach, but the parents and neighbourhood as well. Equally, it is important for parents to be made aware of what the teacher and the school are doing. For this reason parents should be invited to the school whenever possible or at least know they have the right to visit the school whenever they feel there is a need or merely to establish communications. It is obvious to anyone in education that it is often the very parents who should make the effort to communicate and co-operate who avoid such contact. It is imperative in such circumstances that the teacher visits the home. Such visits frequently succeed. Only the hardest core of parents fail to respond to the teacher who is making this kind of effort on their behalf.

There are, of course, many other approaches that a courageous, enterprising and dedicated teacher can take, such as making school itself into a focal point of social and community activities. It never ceases to amaze one how many good reasons some schools can give for performing this type of function—or for *not* doing so! The result of such efforts can be little short of miraculous. The credit must be given to the individual teacher whose personality and techniques make a success of such endeavours.

Formal parent/teacher evenings, attended by the already co-operating members of the community are not enough. Something else must attract the reluctant, recalcitrant or defensive parent into the school. If the very important lessons teachers wish to communicate are best conveyed *via* a social evening, by providing bingo, dances, etc., then let this be the media.

A close co-operation between the home and the school, as most teachers know, makes the job of teaching easier and more rewarding. Many teachers would welcome such an expanded role, some are already involved in it but would welcome more training and more time in order to fulfil this function. In order for this to happen classes must be smaller, there must be adequate training, encouragement and a general policy to see that these aspects of the teacher's role are carried out. The specialist social worker can thereby use his time and particular expertise to concentrate intensively on fewer but more difficult cases.

'Behaviour modification' is the lay-term for well tried psychological treatment procedure of behaviour therapy. As a result of the success of this method with certain clinically disturbed individuals it has been applied with some enthusiasm to educational and behavioural problems.

Using positive reinforcement, it seeks to condition socially useful behaviour in individuals presently practising deviant or inappropriate behaviour, where other methods of a more usual nature have already failed. In association with positive reinforcement, punishment or negative reinforcement is sometimes used with discrimination in order to weaken negative or inappropriate behaviour simultaneously, while attempting to condition positive behaviour.

Most teachers practise, without being necessarily aware of it, a number of behaviour modification techniques which could be cited as being particularly important in producing desirable behaviour. Firstly, most teachers interact with children and therefore form a relationship with them. Teachers instinctively realise the importance of praising desirable behaviour and ignoring some of the lesser infractions of rude or disruptive behaviour. They are also aware of the importance of rules and regulations provided the reasons for these have been made clear to the children in the first place.

Teachers, everywhere, have long sought the means of applying a theoretical framework of psychology to the realistic teaching situation. They have often found, sometimes at great cost, that theories learned in college, when applied to the classroom, result in failure. As in the proverb 'Once burnt twice shy' they tend, after such an experience, to shy away from applying psychological theories or principles, falling back on traditional methods.

Teachers, like parents, and anyone responsible not merely for the academic, but for the temperamental development of their charges, are faced very often with a most difficult choice of action. Some teachers teach their pupils not merely how to read but how to behave. They help those who lack confidence or self-control and who have inadequate relationships with teachers and other children.

A poor teacher, on the other hand, frequently produces the very affliction he is meant to ameliorate. This occurs when the teacher either does not understand a child, his problems and his background, or fails to acknowledge his own professional inadequacy.

Children and adults vary tremendously on what constitutes for them a reinforcement or reward. It has been discovered through research that children from the lower socio-economic backgrounds respond better to extrinsic reinforcement than intrinsic reinforcement. They particularly respond well to material or token reinforcement. Children with a middle-class background, because of their greater affluence possibly, respond better to verbal reinforcement, such as praise or gratitude.

It may also be important to determine the degree of reinforcement since excessive reinforcement is well-known to be no reinforcement at all. Providing it comes in small quantities, and is sometimes varied, it is likely to bring about or encourage behaviour which is desirable. A child's age must also be considered, as well as his level of maturation. The older child will require much more meaningful reinforcement, in the form of being given greater independence and responsibility.

Also, it is important to remember that reinforcement techniques work only when associated or paired with desired behaviour. This is generally called 'shaping' behaviour. It is important that no reinforcement be given when the child is acting in an inappropriate or negative manner. Thus, the child who is aggressive and generally anti-social may be rewarded initially when he greets a member of staff or another child, however casually, or when he smiles and offers to be helpful and co-operative.

The second important rule when applying reinforcement is to apply it frequently, and immediately after the completion of the desired activity.

Thus, the child who is extremely talkative in the classroom must be rewarded immediately when, for any period of time, however short, he is busy working rather than talking. Otherwise it may well be possible that just as the reward is about to be presented, the child is actually being disruptive by talking loudly and out of turn. This will strengthen the negative behaviour one is attempting to eliminate rather than strengthen the positive behaviour we are attempting to inculcate.

Some mention has already been made of the need to reward behaviour which approximates to the type of goal behaviour we are seeking to develop. This is frequently termed 'shaping' behaviour. This type of approach cannot be used with every form of response. Hence, we cannot reward a child for mildly attacking another child when previously he has been attacking this child with a great deal of viciousness. It can, however, be used when we are attempting to develop a behaviour pattern which ultimately will be positive and constructive. The child who has formerly disliked reading or any introduction to books may, initially, be rewarded for picking up a book, even when this does not lead to any form of reading activity. Gradually a child will be rewarded only when the book is opened and still later, when some effort is made to concentrate on the picture and, eventually, on the letterpress.

It is vital, regardless of how many steps are selected, that the child in question is capable of reaching each particular point on the scale with some certainty of success. Any complete failure which is encountered is due to poor programme development and it will be necessary to discover sub-steps which may need to be inserted in the programme.

Of course, the child who finds pleasure in reading and studying does not need to be praised or rewarded for pursuing what is to him a satisfying end in itself. Alas, he may be in the minority in his class during the compulsory extra school year. Hence the importance of considering the above proposals with a view to benefiting his less academically minded fellow-students.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Middlemarch. George Eliot (with an introduction by Robert Speaight). Pan Classics. 45p. *A Lot to Ask.* P. H. Newby. Faber. £2.20. *In the Country of the Skin.* Peter Redgrove. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 2.25. *The Breast.* Philip Roth. Jonathan Cape. £1.50. *Transparent Things.* Vladimir Nabakov. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £1.75. *The Riverside Murders.* Kingsley Amis. Jonathan Cape. £1.95. *Come Winter.* Evan Hunter. Constable. £2.20. *Sunday Girl.* Lee Langley. Heinemann. £2.10.

In the valuable series, Pan Classics, a reissue of *Middlemarch* preceded by a scholarly and intuitive Introduction by Robert Speaight, is particularly welcome. It is just one hundred years since George Eliot's most acclaimed novel, *Middlemarch,* was published in a guinea edition following a somewhat sporadic serialisation in Blackwood's magazine. During the issue of the novel in instalments, George Eliot's life-partner, George Henry Lewes, had written to the faithful and appreciative John Blackwood mentioning that his wife's new novel would be running to more than the usual 'library' length and adding 'you have more than once spoken of the desirability of inventing some mode of circumventing the libaries and making the public buy instead of borrow . . . '

As a result of his suggestion, *Middlemarch* came out in eight five shilling parts instead of the more usual four, and these were purchased in considerable numbers. The instalments were copiously reviewed as they appeared—which was before George Eliot had even completed the novel; although after a leisurely period of gestation she finally wrote and revised some eight hundred pages in approximately eighteen months. Receiving this mammoth offering piece-meal, the critics were often cautious and sometimes radically wrong. A complaint of 'undue melancholy' and uncertainty over the intrinsic balance of the plot condition some early judgments as well as an apparently genuine antipathy to certain of the characters. When, in 1873, the guinea edition appeared, these misgivings were allayed and with a few qualifications the critics acclaimed *Middlemarch* as George Eliot's finest novel.

If *Middlemarch* was enormously popular with the reading public a century ago, it could also be claimed that it stands equally high today, and for at least two reasons: first, George Eliot's 'topographical' power; in other words her attention to the detail of background which renders landscape as important as character; and secondly, ability to cement the many sub-plots of the novel into a solidly structured edifice by means of finely judged 'connections', as the late W. J. Harvey so aptly labelled the unerring sense of linking and timing which transforms the unrelated into the relevant. George Eliot had a genius for selecting symbolism and imagery to suit her theme . . . 'Has anyone pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of pre-matrimonial acquaintanceship ' or . . . 'Young love-making—that gossamer web!' *Middlemarch* is undoubtedly a 'web'—although a solid one—of the frustration people experience when attempting to make something significant of their lives from small opportunities. Ironically, the writer who drew so broadly on her own observations and philosophies

is still being forced by contemporary critics into a 'creative straitjacket' by the remorseless search for prototypes of her most widely debated characters. Re-assessing *Middlemarch* in this well produced reissue, the reader may well become convinced that the creations of our most gifted novelists can never be shoe-horned into a tight, repressive procedure of 'copying'.

Turning to *A Lot to Ask* by P. H. Newby, another strikingly 'selective' writer, one is left with much the same conclusion although it would be hard to find two novels which more adequately demonstrate the sweeping changes of treatment and subject matter brought about in a single century. Edward Arthur Poumphrey begins by being as ordinary and uncomplicated as any factually-conditioned reader could wish. He is a success on 'the Board' and hopes shortly to be adopted as candidate for a 'safe' Conservative seat. It might have been tempting to settle for a near farcical vignette of the Parliamentary back-corridors of political intrigue, but obviously the comedy of these unprincipled comings and goings is only a very small part of P. H. Newby's concern. When a seemingly run-of-the-mill conversation on a 'plane between Poumphrey and a total stranger presents problems of mistaken identity, a more subtle and complex purpose emerges.

Was this man, Collinson, really Collinson, or merely Poumphrey himself indulging in some kind of wishful thinking dialogue with himself? And could the mysterious telephone call threatening to assassinate him indicate that Poumphrey is indulging in a 'death wish'? Almost certainly these are the explanations. For all his apparent opportunities for material self-advancement, Poumphrey is mentally a sick and tortured man, obsessed by the need to clarify his own attitudes and emotions. It occurs to him that one means of achieving this end might be to discover the whereabouts of the mother who deserted him in his infancy, and subsequently re-married. The reunion between the middle-aged, paunchy 'son' and his eccentric 'mother' is shrewdly effective. Obviously, in real life, it would have been simple to establish whether the redoubtable 'Mrs. Abel' was or was not the author of Poumphrey's being but once again, probability is not the author's objective, but rather to suggest that the long-missing 'mother' is yet another projection of Poumphrey's confused sub-conscious. Meanwhile, in contradiction to this intrusion of fantasy, Poumphrey's wife, Jinny, a politically minded woman who dabbles in 'causes', Mitty, his shadowy girl-friend and his mistress, Elaine Grice, the wife of a rival politician, remain unrepentantly earthy. Yet alas, as Poumphrey's delusions gain mastery they merge with him into the shadowy world of the manic depressive. It is unfortunate that, despite terse, vigorous dialogue and P. H. Newby's unerring ability to handle provocative situations, the interest and value of the novel diminishes with the rapid progression of Poumphrey's mental disease.

The question of whether or not the deranged mind can be compelling and various enough for the basic theme of a novel may also be debated by readers of *In The Country of the Skin* by Peter Redgrove. Here the central motivating force—he is too shapeless and all-pervading to be described as a 'character'—is undergoing shock treatment and never even approaches the accepted definition of 'sanity'. Peter Redgrove, author of a number of published volumes of poetry, has said *In The Country of the Skin* should be read and considered as a 'poem', and intermittently passages of free verse are included; yet it is as a novel that it must be judged. He himself, as the 'blurb' reveals, endured a course of such treatments as a cure for 'incipient schizophrenia' and the ritual of administering them is described in horrific detail. But, as with P. H. Newby, the documentary approach was never remotely a part of the author's purpose. His prose floods

the reader's sensibilities like the deafening cascade of a waterfall.

The images are acute and stimulating.

> Twilight sucks the lupins. Her dining-room table shines like a marshland. The airy mountaintops are spread with spotless linen. Her ghost has no heart and irons the towels. It is a shell-shaped space, she sets her hair in a shell-shape. I met her shadow with the long hair flowing, in the lane. It stood aside for me, sighing inconsolably.

It is tempting to speculate on the novel Peter Redgrove might write were he to make even modest concessions to the standard requirements of fictional 'plot' and 'character'.

Were it not for the example of Franz Kafka, with his startling short story, *Metamorphosis,* about the humiliation and suffering of a man who turned into an insect, Philip Roth's novella, *The Breast,* might well rank as one of the most extraordinary novels ever published; for it concerns the transformation of an ordinary, young, virile American into an enormous female breast. This would seem to offer far fewer possibilities than *Metamorphosis.* Kafka's character was a three-dimensional person, seen in close relationship with his family circle. Philip Roth's victim, Professor Alan Kepesh, a lecturer in English at a New York University, is glib and artificial, knowing all the answers,—or so he smugly assures himself—keeping a close watch on his physical and sexual fitness. Yet he proves to be defenceless against the horrors of a 'massive hormonal influx' and 'hermanphroditic explosion of the chromosomes'.

He has been vouchsafed merely the early warning of a light tingling pain in the region of the groin before alarming physical changes get under way with the remorseless onslaught of an incurable disease. His young mistress, Claire, the only woman who has leavened the arid intellectualism of his approach to life with some measure of warmth and stability, stands by him loyally, comforting the obscene monster he has become. But to no avail. Soon, he is confined permanently to hospital; blind as well as immobile, preferring the ministrations of a hospital nurse to the faithful Claire. Mentally, he is, incredibly, still alert; ruminating on Rilke, Swift and Gogol, believing that some day he will be competent to record his experiences in the form of a memoir. The reader of this extravaganza may be left wondering why, in childhood, it was possible to accept unquestioningly the transformation of pumpkins into coaches and princesses into frogs while requiring in adult life some scientific explanation of what is essentially the same unexplainable process. Surprisingly, despite the excessive demand for a willing suspension of disbelief, *The Breast* provides some flashes of genuine humour and makes for compulsive reading, mainly on account of a highly professional manner of presentation.

Turning from the beleaguered world of the mentally and physically afflicted to *Transparent Things* is like emerging into a cool, green shaded salon. Vladimir Nabakov's new novel is his first full length work of fiction since 1969, apart from the reissue of *Glory.* Some twenty years ago, one novel of his steady, satisfying output, *Lolita,* acquired sensational fame for its then daring theme—the love of a mature man for his 'teen-age stepdaughter. This was unfortunate for it tended to deflect attention from the many excellencies of a long and diverse novel. *Transparent Things* is infinitely different; brief and concentrated, consisting of the carefully sifted impressions of a man revisiting a Swiss resort where, as a boy, he spent a frustrating and unhappy summer holiday with his recently widowed father. Nothing outstanding happens, none of the characters is particularly notable, yet for accuracy in recording childhood emotions and delicacy of approach, it could scarcely be faulted.

Ever since his first novel, *Lucky Jim,* was published in 1954 and was enthusiastically welcomed for its young 'anti-hero', so setting the seal on a new 'movement' in fiction writing, Kingsley Amis has presented himself through a varied output of novels, short stories, poetry and *belles-lettres* in the best tradition of the litterateur. *The Green Man* was a ghost story. *The Riverside Murders* is a detection thriller. This 'thirties story of a fourteen year old boy, who is fortuitously in a position to identify the murderer, is remote from the elaborately plotted 'whodunit' of the Dorothy Sayers school. Along with the clues and red herrings come the convincing background and unstereotyped characters demanded by the modern reader of crime novels. Peter Furneaux is a somewhat precocious schoolboy whom girls tend not to take seriously. Whether in real life he would have been prepared to unburden himself of his frustrations to his middle-aged neighbour, Mrs. Trevelyan, is debatable. However, into what seems at first view to be a run-of-the-mill study of adolescence, staggers the murder victim, stunned and bleeding, at Peter's feet. There are, from the police point of view, several suspects, mostly with unconvincing alibis. The boy's own observations inevitably place him in danger of 'elimination', yet he is saved in the nick of time by sheer good luck and his own astute reaction to the personality of this very unlikely criminal. It could be argued that *The Riverside Murders* wobbles between psychologically-motivated portrayals of some very off-beat characters and the standardised requirements of the conventional thriller: and serves to underline the difficulty of combining the two formulas. What matters more, in the face of Kingsley Amis's clever and originally documented story, is that such considerations acquire only a secondary importance.

Evan Hunter is a writer who has enjoyed considerable success with a number of his novels. Several have been made into films, best known of which are *The Blackboard Jungle* and *Last Summer.* His new novel, *Come Winter,* is a sequel to the last named and the reader really needs to have read *Last Summer,* or at least to have some understanding of its plot—which concerned the raping of a young girl by two of her boy companions during a seaside summer holiday—to appreciate the undertones of *Come Winter.* Peter and David, the two boys in the previous story, together with Sandy, another member of the original party, club together to have a ski-ing winter vacation on their own. The purpose of *Come Winter* is not so much to analyse in retrospect the bizarre happenings of the previous holiday, as to work out what kind of people the present trio have become. The portents are not reassuring. They appear brash, materialistic and almost pathologically devoid of sensitivity or deep feeling.

'At least as funny as a broken leg'
'I have no interest whatever in broken legs'
'Me? I have a morbid fear of broken legs . . .'
'I have a morbid fear of turtles'
'To me a broken leg is a broken promise. . . .'

Into their strange closed world of 'runs' and 'records' on the ski-slopes others in the resort intrude themselves. For instance, two allegedly comic figures, Fedmerman and Schwarz. The former suffers a hideous ski-ing accident to which the young people react with a callous indifference to his suffering. Alternately snapping and exchanging bleak endearments, swearing, drinking and making love, they resemble precocious children playing out their uninhibited little games without parental or other adult supervision and present a singularly unattractive and unconvincing face to the world, in marked contrast to the lofty magnificence of the mountain scene. *Come Winter* is shortly to be made into a film and the laconic, economical dialogue seems to have been written with this end in view.

And finally, *Sunday Girl,* by Lee Langley, also about young people or rather, one young person, Suzi, a successful journalist with a Sunday column in a national newspaper. Like Evan Hunter's youthful characters, she has few illusions or inhibitions. Yet she is infinitely more likeable and rejoices in a genuine spontaneiety and warmth of spirit. This is Lee Langley's second novel and displays the same brisk, unsentimental approach to life as her first book, *The Only Person.* Lee Langley is the recipient of a recent Arts Council grant and, with her excellent sense of 'contemporaneity' (her word) she is definitely a writer to watch, despite a certain frothiness of style and approach.

Also received:

The Devil in the Tower. Johan Fabricius (Longman's Young Books. £1.60). This is one of the most attractive in the new series of books published by Longman for the 'young' reader: a group of widely varied folk tales, all with the macabre underlying theme of an attempt by the 'devil' to prey upon defenceless human beings with no means of warding off the evil intent, other than their own intrinsic virtue; and because of this attribute many of the characters are successful. Johan Fabricius, already well known as the author of numerous books both for grown-ups and children, is here seen in his most successful and effective vein and is well served by his illustrator, Adrie Hospes.

Shaft Among the Jews. Ernest Tidyman (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.00). Ernest Tidyman is already well known for his films, *The French Connection* and *Shaft,* and as winner of an Academy Award, so that *Shaft Among the Jews* should find a ready public for readers who prefer their detection fiction tough, sometimes lewd, and consistently jerky. The famous 'black' detective is shrewd and fearless in his excursion into the world of unscrupulous diamond merchants. The author's avowed contention that 'fiction is the logical extension of fantasy on the basis of reality' is well demonstrated and may suit a public not necessarily geared to the 'crossword puzzle' type of crime novel, but rather to one harnessed to grim actuality.

Darkness at Noon. Arthur Koestler (translated by Daphne Hardy) with a new postscript by the author (Hutchinson £2.00). Of this important novel of the French pre-World War II political scene the late Kingsley Martin wrote: 'One of the few books written in this epoch which will survive it'. This valuable reissue is one of the Danube Edition of Arthur Koestler's collected works.

This Time Next Year. Anne Stallworth. Peter Davies. £2.50. A smoothly told story of the dreams and aspirations of an Alabama family, aptly named 'The Birdsongs'. Emotional interplay, personal relationships and the changing seasons and requirements of the farm make up a pleasing patchwork with occasional deeper undertones.

NON-FICTION

RUTH AND MOSHE DAYAN

Or Did I Dream A Dream? The Story of Ruth Dayan. Ruth Dayan and Helga Dudman. Steimatzky's Agency, Tel Aviv and Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.25.

Ruth Dayan started as a farmer's wife and went from that hard life to accompany her husband Moshe Dayan on his upward career, eventually to become Minister of Defence. The whole world was at their feet: they lived in the constant glare of publicity. Then she gets a divorce and starts a new life of her own. No wonder she rubs her eyes and asks: 'Or did I dream a dream?'

Death permeates Mrs. Dayan's book. In almost every chapter some young Israeli dies in battle, or in an ambush, or through an accident or from a disease. This is understandable, as the book covers the period of thirty years in which the Jews of Israel were involved in no less than five wars (even one would have been one too many).

In the Israel War of Independence of 1948, some 5,000 Israelis were killed. Nahalal alone, where she and Moshe had been farmers, had only seventy-two families, of whom no less than twelve lost a son. In the Sinai Campaign, five more young men were killed; in the Six-Day War luckily only one. Her mother-in-law—Moshe's mother—Devora Dayan, once wrote: 'There is no more terrible thing than parents who have to bury their children'.

Ruth Dayan's book is intensely personal and feminine, yet retaining a great sense of fun. She describes her tactical use of tears to get herself out of many difficult situations. Her conscience still troubles her: for example, the theft of fruit from other people's trees when she and Moshe were passing by; or secretly searching Captain Orde Wingate's personal baggage on Hagana orders—to find only a Bible. She describes the birth of each of her three children and their progress through life. (Their daughter Yael, who became a novelist, was one of my own students at the Hebrew University.) But the book has one complication —the story moves backwards and forwards in time. It starts with a long introduction by Helga on the contemporary Ruth and then goes back to her early life. Even here, the time flow is distorted: she is married on page 25 and born on page 30. As there is no index, no footnotes, no bibliography and no glossary, the narrative is somewhat confusing for the reader to follow. Nevertheless, it is one of the best autobiographies I have read and an important contribution to the history of Israel.

Both Ruth and her husband were the children of early settlers who themselves played leading parts in the development of the country. Life in those early days was highly mobile. Ruth, having been born in Haifa in 1917, lived for a while as a child in the cooperative village of Merchavya, south of Nazareth. When her father went to London with his family to take degrees in law and political science, she spent seven years as an English schoolgirl (Her English, in consequence, has always been much better than her husband's.) She returned to Jerusalem in time for the serious riots of 1929, but later went to the girls' agricultural school at Nahalal, also near Nazareth, where her future parents-in-law lived as farmers. It was at Nahalal that she met Moshe, and they married in 1934. Even that proved to be complicated, as Moshe had patriotically gone through an earlier fictitious marriage with 'Wilhelmina' to prevent her being deported to Germany as an illegal immigrant to Palestine under the Mandate. A divorce was first necessary for Moshe; but where was Wilhelmina? It was Ruth who eventually tracked her down—an odd assignment.

Once married, Ruth continued her mobile life. She accompanied Moshe to England: he had intended to study agriculture at Cambridge. That did not materialise but he stayed on in London to learn some English. They bought two secondhand bicycles at ten shillings each from the Caledonian Market to save money on transportation. They were entertained by various wealthy London friends of her parents: 'We must have seemed very peculiar as we tied our bicycles to the railing of the underground station at Piccadilly for a dinner invitation to some elegant establishment like the Princes Restaurant'.

In 1936, Moshe and Ruth went back to Palestine to help found the new agricultural settlement of Shimron, near Nahalal. In addition to hard life on the

land, and living in wooden huts, this was during the Arab Rebellion when life for Jewish settlers was more than usually dangerous. Moshe was soon sent by the Hagana for training as a British Mandatory supernumerary police constable. From there he was drafted to Orde Wingate's famous counter-insurgency night-squads, where he learned much from that erratic genius.

Moshe was one of a Hagana group arrested for illegal arms training and was sentenced in 1939 to five years in Acre Prison (now an Israel national monument). It was a hard time for Ruth. Luckily, with the advent of World War II, Moshe was eventually released after only two years' imprisonment. Almost immediately he took part in the British invasion of Syria under Vichy occupation. Moshe, then hardly known outside the Hagana, was deputed to join a mixed Australian and Hagana group that would go ahead of the British main body and prevent the blowing up of a vital road bridge by the Vichy French. Everything went wrong: the main body was delayed: when Moshe's group was sniped at from a nearby police station, the group stormed it, only to find that it was full of French Senegalese troops. It was in this engagement that, while Moshe was reconnoitering and looking through his binoculars, they were shattered by a bullet and destroyed one of his eyes. It has given him intense pain and discomfort ever since, for which many of his peccadilloes may be forgiven—his furious driving at the wheel of a car; his recent foolhardy archaeological digging on his own which nearly cost him his life.

After he lost his eye, his military—and even civilian—future was seriously in doubt. Ruth's chapter on this period is rather poignantly entitled 'Who Will Hire a One-Eyed Man?' The black eye-patch, now one of the world's symbols, Moshe could well have done without. But his military experience and personal intrepidity under fire had marked him out as a coming man. Ben Gurion, then Prime Minister (who appears through Ruth's book as a sort of Olympian God who descends from time to time to order the fate of Man) appointed Moshe in 1952 to be Chief of Staff of the Southern Command. Then, in rapid succession, he became head of the Northern Command, head of 'G' Branch at GHQ and, by 1953, Chief of Staff of the whole Israel Defence Force. He held this post for five years, during which he not only directed the Sinai Campaign but revamped Israel's whole military machine. He then acquired a great personal reputation both inside and outside the IDF which he has never lost.

Meanwhile, Ruth began to develop interests of her own. There is a most interesting chapter entitled 'Charisma in the Jungle' on the period of nearly a month that she spent with Dr. Albert Schweitzer at Lambarené in Gabon. But it has been in the development of the arts and crafts in Israel, and the marketing of their products both in Israel and abroad through the Maskit Company, that she has at last come into her own. She writes well about her visits to Arab craftsmen on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, and of her trips on business to the United States. She also gives a moving account of the departure for Israel of the thirty Jewish Yemenite families from Wadi Bayhan, near the southern tip of the Arabian peninsular, and their unique relationship with their Arabian ruler—Sherif Hussein Ben-Nader Arzaeli.

Ruth Dayan handles the account of her divorce with dignity and understanding; there is not a trace of self-pity. The report on the ceremony itself is, however, somewhat harrowing.

And here we return to the first line of her book: 'You can divorce a husband but not a legend', which accounts for the great public interest in her book, both in Israel and abroad. It first appeared in Hebrew and a series of long excerpts from it were heard by a large audience over the Israel radio. The English edition

of the book will, I hope, now bring her and her husband's fascinating lives to an even wider audience overseas. EDWIN SAMUEL

MARLBOROUGH, THE SOLDIER

Marlborough as Military Commander. David Chandler. Batsford. £5.

Marlborough, unlike Alexander the Great and Napoleon, was one of those 'Great Captains' who assumed high command in middle life; he was all of fifty when he took command of the armies of the Grand Alliance in the War of the Spanish Succession, and withstood the rigours of ten successive major campaigns with no breaks except the short winter months, and even then he was involved in diplomatic affairs and local politics. His stamina must have been exceptional by 18th century standards, and his military record was unique for in the words of Robert Parker, an early biographer: 'he never fought a battle he did not win, nor besiege a town he did not take'. Moreover his military career came to an end in 1712 not through any worsening of his powers of command (his last campaign in 1711 was one of his most brilliant) but through political intrigue. Marlborough must be regarded as one of the great soldiers of all time, not merely on account of his talented war record but because his efforts directly inspired the emergence of the British Army to international stature and indirectly influenced the related development of the Royal Navy without which the expansion of the British Empire would have been impossible.

The author considers that to assess any military leader it is essential to set him firmly within his military context, otherwise a distorted image can emerge. Hence there is a highly instructive chapter on the art of war in the 18th century with an evaluation of Marlborough's contribution to that art. Wars at that time involved at the highest level the formulation of national policy and war aims, followed by the planning of campaigns, the outlines of operations and battle plans, the actual fighting methods employed at unit level, and finally logistics. This last is an immense subject comprising every aspect of administration and support, especially the movement, equipment, and support of armies in the field. Between 1702 and 1712 Marlborough, as Captain-General of the Allied forces, was concerned with all phases of the war at all levels—he had to be diplomat as well as soldier, and such were his qualities that he performed both to perfection. His *Ueberblick* of the entire political and military situation, shared by few if any of his contemporaries, enabled him to move his army in 1704 from the Moselle to south Germany to achieve the great victory of Blenheim, thus safeguarding the integrity of Austria. Marlborough was constantly thwarted by his allies and in point of fact the Blenheim campaign was the only one of his own devising, when he managed to fool both friend and foe alike. In view of the delays, doubts, and frustrations occasioned by Holland, Austria, Baden, Hanover, and Prussia it is remarkable how much he actually accomplished, for he rarely enjoyed true freedom of action.

As a strategist he proved farsighted because he was able to grasp the essentials. In battle his aim was not only to defeat his enemy but to inflict the maximum of damage as he invariably did except at Malplaquet. His method was to seize the initiative by attacking first, in contrast to later years when the British generally awaited the enemy before counter-attacking. He insisted that infantry, cavalry, and cannon should co-operate closely in what today would be termed combat groups. As an administrator he was unequalled, having an eye for detail. On the famous march in 1704 from Coblenz to the Danube he arranged for a new pair of shoes to be provided for every man on reaching Heidelberg.

Finally there was the morale factor which, according to the author, 'cannot be overrated, for here, if anywhere, lay the ultimate secret of Marlborough's success'. He secured the affection of his soldiers by his good nature, care for their provisions, and vigilance not to expose them to unnecessary danger. No French commander could equal his moral supremacy which enabled him to make calls on the men's endurance, as during the forced marches before Oudenarde or during the *Non Plus Ultra* operations of 1711. *Marlborough as Military Commander* is an exceptionally fine book, clear, dispassionate, and thorough, written in a lively style and enhanced by the inclusion of excellent sketch maps, diagrams, and paintings.

S. F. WOOLLEY

THE THEBAID: ALLEGORY OF THE EMOTIONS

Statius and the Thebaid. David Vessey. Cambridge University Press. £7.80.

Dr. Vessey is already known to readers of the *Contemporary Review* as a writer for whom the message of the classics rings out in other eras. Here, in this critical study of an epic of imperial Rome which 'inspired the devotion of Dante, Chaucer and Spenser', we are introduced to a monumental poem of Silver Latin, which we are rightly told 'must be read as an elaborate and sustained allegory of the emotions'. To present the *Thebaid* succinctly as a key work in the European literary tradition was a daunting task. This has now been finely fulfilled for the benefit alike of classicists, of medievalists, and of the general reader whose main concern is necessarily the contemporary world.

In the *Loeb Statius* is a quotation about the poet's 'tenderness, mysticism, and piety—in short, his Christianity'. Similarly, for Dante the importance of Statius as a 'healer of wounds' in Purgatory is profound (*Purg.* 25, 11.29 ff). Remembering that the publication date of the *Thebaid* was 90-91 AD (V.p.55) we may well reflect that this was barely a decade after the writing of the synoptic Gospels of *Matthew* and *Luke* and therefore search for significant parallels. In this connection, the age of Domitian (V.p.35), unlike our own, accepted deification of man while he was still living in this world. Emperor worship was indispensable. 'Statius was not merely called upon to flatter a monarch; he had to worship a deity in human guise.'

What the pagan world accepted less readily than Christianity (and on this side clearly Statius and the Christian evangelists are alike) was the supreme value of Mercy as 'an attribute to God himself'. The well-known Altar of Mercy or Clemency (V.pp.309 ff). would have seemed natural enough to the Good Samaritan of the Third Gospel. In such passages as this (V.311) 'we can see why Dante saw in Statius a convert to the Christian faith'. Another parallel with the New Testament is provided in the *Thebaid* by the saviour-gods, Egyptian Osiris and Persian Mithras, with 'a hope of future redemption'. and by the Athenian saviour-hero Theseus, the world's peace-maker, 'terrarum pacator' (V. pp. 135/6, 313).

Yet in spite of the 'pathetic' passages Statius strikes many a critic as overfond of the horrible and the shocking. It is not for nothing that in Chaucer's *House of Fame* (1455-63) Statius is represented upon an iron pillar (the metal of Mars) painted with tiger's blood (at Thebes the tiger was regarded as sacred). As Dr. Vessey well remarks (p. 147) the propensity noted by the Dutch Snijder 'is a characteristic of Statius' art which, however repellent, has to be accepted, just as one must accept the horrors of Elizabethan and Jacobean tragedy'. As has been said by an Italian scholar, excesses such as these, deprecated by us today,

formed the normal means of expression. To readers of taste and refinement (cf. V. p. 306) the description of slaughter in the *Thebaid* may easily prove horrific and nauseating. But in our world today bloodshed and the macabre through the mass media have become household entertainment: so Statius need not shock!

What is so skilfully revealed by Dr. Vessey is the universal conflict within man himself, 'illuminated as well by the retelling of an ancient Greek myth as by the writing of contemporary history' (p. 57). The attentive reader is made to feel that in this epic, not of sin but of redemption (p. 316), is much of perennial worth and of interest for the re-appraisal of the present through the ancient past.

R. E. WITT

'THE RUSSIAN CONNECTION'

The Fellow Travellers. David Caute. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5.75.

In his latest work, David Caute presents the reader with a highly descriptive and impressionistic account of those Western intellectuals who, over the period from the early 1930s until 1968, carried a torch for the Soviet Union while yet remaining outside the Communist Party. Though initially readable, as the book progressed I found my mind wandering as a result of the high level of generality and lack of analytical treatment of the behaviour of these 'remote control radicals'.

'The Fellow Travellers', we are informed, were emotionally, intellectually and geographically 'distanced' from the social system they attempted to identify with. Indeed, Mr. Caute conveys the impression that the relationship of the fellow travellers to the Soviet Union can be best understood in non-ideological terms. Their commitment to communism was qualified in that they doubted its feasibility in the West. They are viewed as products of disillusionment—the failure of the Western democracies to embody the ideals of the Enlightenment. Indeed, Mr. Caute subtitles this wordy account 'A PS to the Enlightenment', a view I find myself in accord with.

It was a faith in the power of reason, scientific knowledge and the rational approach to problem-solving which captured the imagination of the fellow traveller. In embracing the scientific ethic, the attraction for Western scientists and planners towards the Soviet Union was immense. Their colleagues were accorded high status and had a clearly defined role and distinct social identity. It is here, I feel, that much of the appeal lay for intellectuals from both sides of the cultural divide—the humanistic and the scientific. Russian society was a social laboratory for the scientist, and presented the writer and artist with a large, ready-made, if not captive, audience. Their prestige was high ; the rewards, in terms of recognition, equally great. But the promulgation of 'socialist realism' by the CPSU's Central Committee, led to the disaffection of many literrateurs in the West, and incarceration or worse for their Russian counterparts.

Yet, with few exceptions, the Western fellow travellers, while embracing the ideals of the Enlightenment, resisted the call for violent revolution in their respective nation-states, holding that a socialist, rationally planned society could be effected gradually and painlessly. As Caute rightly points out, for the fellow traveller the important question is not so much the degree of commitment, but its intrinsic content and appeal. However, this point is not made with any force until approximately half-way through the book and then left undeveloped.

Mr. Caute presents the reader with innumerable pen portraits of German, French, British and American fellow travellers. By focusing on the individuals

involved, he has missed the opportunity to examine in any depth the structure and functioning of the various groupings and fronts which developed, largely, so we are led to believe, due to the efforts of the organisation supremo, the eminence rouge of the CPSU in the West, Willi Munzenberg. In fact, the reader is presented with a series of 'fellow travellers-tales' encompassing Germany, Britain, France and the USA, yet with only slight treatment of the motives that impelled them into politics.

There seems to me to be a number of crucial distinctions which Caute either leaves unmade or fails to develop. For instance, that between 'insiders' and 'outsiders'—in terms of the political sphere; between 'instrumental' and 'expressive' involvement in politics; whether the fellow travellers sought to intellectualise politics or politicise intellectuals; whether their vicarious support of the CPSU was a result of theoretical conversion or direct experience.

Though the author is aware that the fortunes of the fellow travellers ebbed and flowed in accord with official Comintern policy, there is, I feel, inadequate attention given to the prevailing social and political climate at those times when their fortunes were both highest and lowest. While he adequately impresses the reader with the positive attractions of the Soviet Union—in terms of the appeal of socialist scientific humanism, he neglects the other major attraction, which was the leading role of the USSR in campaigning, in the mid nineteen-thirties, for a united front against Fascism.

The fellow traveller, at least *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union, Mr. Caute informs us, is now extinct—the death blow delivered with the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia,—although he suffered severe injuries in 1939 (the Russo-German Pact), and 1956 (Hungary). However, he feels that the 'remote control radical' will be resurrected with the emergence on to the international scene of Red China. While, no doubt, China's abandonment of total, if not splendid, isolation may encourage and promote the need for acolytes in the West, Mr. Caute considers the fellow traveller very much a creature of the Old, not the New, Left. The latter are characterised as 'Leninists, with a new, half anarchist face', more likely to fully embrace Chinese Communist ideology—at least if the lesson is learned by the Chinese from the Russian experience. This is not the place to speculate about such developments. It is not an attraction towards a nation as such which is of significance, rather the ideas symbolised therein. In this sense 'fellow travelling' is alive and well.

As it stands, *The Fellow Travellers* is a most useful account of the problems faced by the intellectual in his attempt to move from a peripheral to a more central position in the political arena, and to identify a form of behaviour worthy of a much fuller analytical treatment.

R. A. WILFORD

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Other Side of the Hill (Cassell, £3). The late Sir Basil Liddell Hart's well known book on 'Germany's Generals, their Rise and Fall, with their own Account of Military Events 1939-1945' has been usefully re-issued. It was first published in 1948 after Sir Basil had ' "explored the other side of the hill" by personal interrogation of the German military leaders — while their memory of events was still fresh and before their impressions were affected by post-war knowledge or trends'. In 1951 he published an enlarged and revised edition; and we now have a new impression of the second

edition. Discussing the Allied Invasion in 1944, Sir Basil says that unlike Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, the Commander-in-Chief, Hitler 'expected an invasion of Normandy' and not in the Calais area. Should that view now be modified in view of the material set out in Sefton Delmar's recent book, *The Counterfeit Spy*?

The First World War (Macmillan, £5.00). This is a new volume in the Documentary History of Western Civilisation series, which 'has been conceived as a means of restoring the immediacy the events of history held for their participants'. This addition is edited by Professor Jere Clemens King, of California University, who has contributed a useful Introduction, discussing in particular the causes of the first world war. He has divided the book into three parts, namely on the conduct of operations, attitudes towards the war, and diplomacy. The documents consist mainly of publications by persons personally involved. For example, on the Battle of the Marne the Editor uses Marshal Joffre's *Personal Memoirs,* and the battle of Verdun comes from Marshal Petain's account. On the Battle of Jutland, the source is from Viscount Jellicoe's *The Grand Fleet, 1914-16.* T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is used for the Arab Revolt. For the misery of war, the Editor includes extracts from Robert Graves' *Goodbye to All That,* war poems, and German students' war letters. To illustrate America's mixed approach to entering the war, the Editor publishes addresses by two Congressmen, Joe Henry Eagle and William L. La Follette. There is finally an extract from Maynard Keynes' *The Economic Consequences of the Peace.*

Guide to Literary London (Batsford, £4). Mr. George G. Williams, assisted by Marian and Geoffrey Williams, has produced a useful and informative guide to the vast number of literary links and associations in London in the form of a series of tours, each illustrated by a map. He accepts that 'complete freedom from error would be a minor miracle'. Unfortunately even freedom from error historically can still puzzle and frustrate the visitor. In his tour of the Temple, he refers to James Boswell, Jr. (1778-1822), as having 'lived and died at No. 3' Garden Court. The present Garden Court building, erected in the 1880s, has no No. 3. He refers to Oliver Goldsmith as having lived at No. 2, 'opening on the library staircase'. The bombed Middle Temple library was rebuilt in a different part of the Temple after the war. There are a few steps left leading to a garden seat but no longer to any library. The map does not assist, and so the tourist could be confused. It is right to say that there is an enormous amount of valuable information.

Scales of Justice (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £2.75). Collection of 20 reprinted pieces from the *Sunday Express* by barrister, Fenton Bresler. Intentionally popular treatment, but authoritative, carefully researched and, in most cases, contrives to add something new and interesting to accounts of classic criminal causes ranging over seven decades. Mr. Bresler writes with skill, selects his facts with discrimination and argues persuasively. Invariably, he discovers something worth saying and says it well. Particularly effective is the personal touch provided by the author's visits to the scene of the crime and, wherever possible, discussions with survivors actually connected with the case. An entertaining series of criminous excursions in the vein of the late William Roughead, beloved of Henry James. (R.W-E.).

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THE PROBLEM OF MIGRANT WORKERS

by Patrick Smith, O.B.E.

IN July 1972 a sealed lorry supposed to be transporting sewing machines broke down and was found to be carrying twenty-eight Mali nationals who were going to France illegally, after passing through Italy and Tunisia. The fate of these wretched men on their uncomfortable journey can well be imagined and also the urge which made them undertake such a hazardous venture. It is only one of scores of attempts at illegal immigration which have come to light.

Migratory movements, of course, have marked the history of mankind from time immemorial and have contributed to the development of the nations. However, it was the birth of the nation states that produced long-distance migration and mass movements on a large scale. They were helped by the development of modern transport facilities. To take but one example: during the seventy years 1846-1915, no less than 31 million immigrants entered the United States alone. These migratory movements had not only religious, political and economic causes, but also, in the case of slavery and forced labour were brought about by physical constraint and coercion.

The First World War and its aftermath led to enforced movements, such as the transfers of minorities; for example, well over half a million persons were transferred between Greece and Turkey. There followed the introduction of formalities and severe restrictions, the necessity for passports and the setting up of quota systems such as those established in the United States under the 1924 Immigration Act which was only repealed in 1965. It was also during this post-First World War period that international action relating to migration began to develop.

By the time the Second World War broke out tens of millions of human beings were forced to move as a result of hostilities, government action, including deportation, or because of political and racial discrimination. In 1946, shortly after the end of the Second World War, there were nearly ten million displaced persons, as they were officially known in occupied Germany. More than half of them came from the former East German provinces and a further quarter came from Czechoslovakia whence they had been expelled. Between 1945 and 1948 Poland, under agreements with

various countries, was the scene of huge transfers of population: half a million left the country — they were mainly Ukrainians, while four times that number — the estimates put the figure at between 1,700,000 and 2,000,000 — were transferred to Poland or repatriated from former Polish territories or neighbouring countries. During the same period Israel, which until 15 May, 1948 was part of Palestine under British mandate, received almost a million immigrants nearly half of whom were under 24 years of age. By the end of 1948 the number of Arab refugees who had left Palestine in successive waves had reached 750,000, and by 1957 the figure had almost reached the million mark. In South East Asia the 1947 partition between India and Pakistan led to the flight of more than 13 million persons.

The end of the Second World War also encouraged the flow of migration currents for economic reasons. Between 1946 and 1957 emigration from Europe to other continents totalled well over six and a half million; more than three-quarters of that number came from six countries: United Kingdom (1,800,000), Italy (1,400,000), Spain (570,000), Netherlands (565,000), West Germany (480,000) and Portugal (320,000). These migratory movements were directed essentially to North America (44%), South America (27%), and Oceania (18%) as the official statistics show.

During the same period continental migration began to expand. In Europe, France received 700,000 European migrants, the United Kingdom 600,000, Switzerland 250,000 and Belgium and Sweden 200,000 each. In the Americas the United States took in nearly 800,000 migrants from other countries of the continent (including 360,000 from Canada and 260,000 from Mexico) while Argentina received 210,000 nationals of other Latin American countries (including more than 100,000 from Paraguay). In West Africa Ghana was the main attraction for migrant workers. It received nearly 400,000 immigrants from Upper Volta, the Ivory Coast and Togo who together made up about 40% of the country's wage-earners. And in Southern Africa, there were 165,000 workers from Mozambique in the then Union of South Africa by 1953.

Such a brief historical review shows that the character and type of migratory movements vary considerably at different times and in different regions of the world. They are conditioned by a complex combination of political, economic and social factors. Experts at the International Labour Office in Geneva, who have spent years studying and analysing the facts, contend that the growing population factor is often only one of its elements. They have prepared a detailed study of the whole problem of migrant workers at the present time which will be examined in great detail when the International Labour Conference holds its 1974 session in Geneva.

In this I.L.O. analysis it is made clear that Western Europe has experienced the largest increase in migratory movements. The number of foreign workers in these highly-industrialised countries has been steadily soaring during the past eleven years. Today there are some seven million foreign workers and a further four million dependents in Western European

countries. Of these France and Switzerland have the highest percentage of aliens. Recent distribution figures for seven of these West European countries is as follows: Federal Republic of Germany 2,350,000 foreign workers; France, 1,700,000; United Kingdom, 1,560,000; Switzerland, 900,000, Belgium and Sweden 220,000 each and the Netherlands, 125,000. These workers come principally from Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia, though there is also a large flow of immigrants to Europe, especially to France, of workers from North Africa. In France alone they number one million and they are now spreading to the Federal Republic of Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands and even to Spain and Italy. They include large numbers of seasonal workers who often stay longer than intended.

In the rest of Africa there are many migratory movements particularly in the West and South, quite apart from the refugees caused by the recent political upheavals who are estimated at some one million human beings. Southern Africa presents a picture *sui generis*. Nearly 200,000 migrant workers are recruited under a strictly controlled system for the South African mines, and a further 100,000 for Southern Rhodesia.

In two of the neighbouring states this recruitment is on so large a scale that the number of emigrants represent a very high proportion of the entire population. Thus in Botswana an estimated 50% of the male population between the ages of 20 and 40 find work outside their own country — while in Lesotho, which is entirely surrounded by the Republic of South Africa the number of emigrants is believed to be six times the number of wage earners within the country.

In North America the main destination, as might be expected, is the United States followed by Canada. Figures are lower since those who enter the country have to have a permanent residence permit and their aim is to acquire the nationality of the receiving country as quickly as possible. Nevertheless the number of illegal immigrants which runs at some 400,000 a year, is even higher than that of officially permitted immigrant workers, who on the whole show a high level of skill. Of immigrants entering the United States, for example, over the past five years, 12% came from Mexico, nearly 10% from Cuba, 7% from Canada and 6% from the United Kingdom. There is also some seasonal migration from the Caribbean.

In the same five year period there have been fairly large movements of migrant workers from the Caribbean islands to France and the United Kingdom as well as to the Netherlands, in addition to the flow to the United States. In Latin America the two main immigration countries are Argentina and Venezuela. There is evidence to show that much of this immigration — largely of illiterate and unskilled workers — is organised illegally. Migration from Europe to South America — mainly from Spain, Portugal and Italy — has slackened considerably in recent years.

In Asia the picture is far less clear-cut, since evaluation of former immigrants of past migrations from China and the Indian subcontinent is extremely difficult, because it depends on the degree of

integration in and acceptance by the receiving community and the extent to which they have been able to acquire citizenship. Most regions have their migrant problems, especially Malaysia. In Japan census figures show some 600,000 Koreans and about 50,000 Chinese. And, as is well known, there are about one million Tamils from the Indian mainland working on the plantations in Sri Lanka (Ceylon).

Finally in the vast region of Oceania the main country of destination is Australia which received about 150,000 immigrants in 1969 and 1970. Most of the newcomers are permanent and 50% of them come from the United Kingdom, 12% come from Italy, 10% from Greece and 7% from Yugoslavia. They include a high percentage of skilled and highly skilled workers. In New Zealand, on the other hand, immigration no longer appears to be an important factor. Apart from these two countries there is some small migratory movement between the various islands of Oceania and in some cases from South East Asia to the region, particularly from Hong Kong.

The main problems facing foreign workers wherever they may be are those of job discrimination, housing and educational shortages, and lack of social services. These issues are difficult enough for the authorised migrant worker and far worse still for thousands of illegal immigrants found all over the world. One of the ugly features of the situation is the extent of international trafficking in clandestine labour. Those malpractices brought to light represent only the tip of the iceberg. Apart from organisations which ferry migrant labour in under deplorable conditions and at considerable cost to the work-seeker — three hundred dollars has been quoted as the fee for persons seeking illegal entry into the United States from Mexico, and five thousand new French francs for a similar operation from Mauretania—sometimes the immigrants are involved in these clandestine transactions themselves. Recently such a middleman who was paid 400 Swiss francs for the introduction of each of his compatriots was finally caught, sentenced and expelled. There have also been reports of clandestine migrants being stripped of all their possessions by the person arranging for their illegal entry. It is not a happy picture and the authorities of the receiving countries have their hands full in attempting to cope with all the problems of legal as well as illegal immigration.

Housing of migrant workers remains one of the major problems faced by receiving countries, most of which anyway suffer from shortage of accommodation, in particular the low and medium rent housing in urban industrial centres to which the bulk of the migrant workers are attracted. As the influx increases and as the workers tend to stay for longer periods and often endeavour to bring their families when allowed to do so — and sometimes even when not — so the housing shortage grows more acute. One only has to look at the situation in the United Kingdom to see this. By and large, immigrants are settled in the congested and decaying areas of large cities. Yet in contrast to other countries large numbers of immigrants to Britain have been able to become houseowners. In 1966, for example, 33% of immigrant workers in the London area owned their own

houses as compared with 39% of the English population. However, in spite of ownership, housing conditions are poor due to overcrowding. This picture of overcrowding is roughly the same throughout Western Europe, with the astonishing exception of Belgium where there appears to be no serious housing shortage and where migrant workers are encouraged to bring their families with them. In a number of countries employers find accommodation or provide it directly for a certain percentage of migrant workers. Governments have also initiated large scale building programmes to help meet the need for housing the foreign workers.

Though it is socially desirable for the worker not to be separated from his family, the reunion of families poses serious schooling and education problems. Additional classrooms and teachers are needed. The children have to learn to live, however temporaily, within two cultures. And particularly over 14 years of age, there is the difficulty of matching the educational level of their age group in the schools of the receiving countries. Apart from these obvious problems there is often a hostile reaction of public opinion in areas with large concentrations of migrant workers: overcrowded classes; fears of lowering the standards of education of the local children and sometimes a lack of understanding of the teachers for the special problems of migrant workers' children.

In a number of countries special measures have been introduced to facilitate the integration of these children in the educational system of the receiving country, including special classes aiming to teach children the language before they enrol in the normal classes. Apart from the authorities, churches and local voluntary groups help.

It is estimated that at least half of the migrant workers in European countries, however, are married but live without their children. In fact many emigrate in order to support their wives and children at home. The decision to have the family join them is dependent to a large extent on the security of their job and the ability to find accommodation. Some countries, as has been noted in the case of Belgium, encourage whole families. Others favour the entry of single men because they are less likely to settle permanently.

There is a host of problems waiting to be solved and it will not be easy. How do wage levels, for example, working conditions, housing, social security etc. of migrants compare with those they left at home, and with those of the nationals in whose country they work? What are the main direct and indirect effects of migration on the home country; does it just alleviate unemployment or create shortages of skilled manpower? Again what are the effects on the host countries; to what extent does immigration reduce manpower shortages and to what extent does it create new ones; what effect does it have on wages and productivity? These and many other pertinent questions have been put to the International Labour Office for it to recommend measures in 1974 which in the long run could help ensure not only a better understanding of one of the great social problems of our time in this shrinking world, but also point the way too towards a

more balanced policy of admission of migrant labour, equal treatment compared with national workers in working and living conditions, equal opportunity for training and promotion, and job security. There is, indeed, a long hard way to go but, unless vigorous steps are taken soon, this pressing issue of our time could lead to widespread political, social and economic unrest, with unforeseeable consequences. The ideal, of course, would be for each country to be able to absorb its own surplus manpower, but one only has to look at the developing world to see how far off this goal is. A certain amount of migratory labour there will always be, but it must not get out of hand, as it could well do, if not closely studied and reasonable solutions found for its control.

[Patrick Smith, until his retirement after thirty years' service with the B.B.C., was its chief correspondent in many countries of Europe, the Middle East and Africa.]

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY IN 1973

by Patrick Montgomery, M.C.

HOW, you may wonder, does a Society whose name has so archaic a ring qualify for these columns? What contemporary relevance can it have? Why should it number among its subscribers forty Members of Parliament of all Parties and people in thirty countries? Why has it consultative status at the United Nations Economic and Social Council?

The answer was given last July by Lord Wilberforce replying to the Lord Mayor of London at a dinner given for the Society to celebrate the bicentenary of the prohibition of slavery in England. He cited examples of contemporary slavery in several regions including one—the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman—where it had survived under the protection of British arms until 1970.

This Society was a thorn in the flesh of colonial powers while they felt the need to condone the privileges of the potentates through whom they ruled. In those days, from a concern to preserve their Christian image, they could be persuaded to send a gunboat to encourage reform.

Things are different today. Eighty-one states have ratified the United Nations Supplementary Convention on the Abolition of Slavery, the Slave Trade and Institutions and Practices Similar to Slavery, 1956: yet no machinery exists to implement it. No single U.N. employee has a duty to inform himself about slavery, let alone to do anything about it. Furthermore, despite the recommendations of the last two reports on slavery by experts commissioned by the U.N. and successive exhortations from the General Assembly, no government has yet allowed its delegations to call for such machinery. Were it not for the importunity of non-governmental organisations, the Convention itself would not exist—at least in the form it does, binding its signatories to eradicate not only chattel slavery, in which persons are owned, but also debt bondage, serfdom, the exploitation of children and servile forms of marriage. One or more of these institutions survives at least vestigially in forty countries and if these all happen to be in the 'free' world it is only because they have been taken out of private ownership by the Communists, who in the Soviet Union hold an estimated one million in forced labour camps.

But governments are the only agencies which can eradicate these institutions: our task is to persuade them to do so. One way is by discreet diplomacy and this is used first whenever time permits. In urgent or obstinate cases, persuasion must come from their own electorates or from world opinion through the media.

The aims of the present Society stem from the union in 1909 of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, founded in 1839, and the Aborigines Protection Society, two years its senior. They are the eradication of all forms of slavery and forced labour and the promotion of the well-being of aboriginal peoples. Recently the Society has concentrated mainly on

aboriginal peoples, publishing reports on the situation of those of Australia in 1971—referred to by Mr. Whitlam in his recent inaugural speech as Australia's national disgrace—and of the Amazon in 1973. Space dictates that this article should deal only with the other aspects of the Society's work.

In 1957 the Society's name was changed to the Anti-Slavery Society for the Protection of Human Rights. This was done in order to indicate what had long been its practice: that, though its primary concerns are slavery and aborigines, it regards the whole field of human rights as being its proper sphere of action, resources and opportunity permitting. In 1910, for example, the Committee published a pamphlet condemning H.M.G. for the Constitution prepared for the Union of South Africa on the grounds that it would dis-franchise the African. When requested to withdraw the pamphlet the Committee chose rather to forfeit royal patronage.

While still as firm in its views on apartheid, the Society's many commitments compel it to leave the initiative on Southern Africa to other organisations specialising in that region. Consequently, the Society sometimes finds itself under fire today from Africans for exposing with impartiality the violations of human rights in their countries. It is comforting to recall a story told by a U.N. official on the day he retired. 'I have a soft spot for your Society,' he said. 'It's the only one against which I've had two formal complaints from governments. Portugal once sought to show that you were agents of the Soviet Union, while the U.S.S.R. claimed that the Society was a tool of the British Government.'

So it is consistent with the Society's traditional disregard for popularity that it should exercise its privilege to intervene in debates at the U.N. to expose violations of the human rights of slaves, of aborigines and of isolated or disfranchised minorities which have no voice of their own and which in too many cases can find no other spokesman at the U.N. but the Anti-Slavery Society. Speaking to the Commission on Human Rights in March 1973, its representative drew attention to three situations — the forced 'marriages' in Zanzibar, the subjugation of the Nagas by the Indian Army and the hunting, killing and enslavement of the Aché Amerindians of Paraguay, all three of which were current situations involving gross cruelty which had continued unabated despite representations.

There is of course a tacit understanding at the U.N. about which countries may be openly reviled for their disregard of human rights. This solidarity, at what Alexander Solzhenitsin in his Nobel Prize Speech said should be called the United Governments Organisation, was illustrated by an incident in March 1967 when slavery was being debated in the Commission on Human Rights. I was collecting sponsors for a modest little resolution and approached the delegate of Pakistan. 'I shall not waste your time by reading your resolution,' he said. 'We have no slavery in my country, but we have neighbours who have slavery in theirs and I am certainly not going to embarrass them.'

There was a sequel to that story a week later. The newspapers carried a report, *Ayub Orders Inquiry into Slavery*. It transpired that more than

1,000 men and boys employed by contractors on government irrigation works on the Indus 210 miles upstream from Karachi, were working up to 18 hours a day for their keep. Some of those who had attempted to escape were working under the whip and were chained at night. This had been going on for six years. Among the sentences announced later was one of 77 years hard labour.

But Solzhenitsin's reference to the double standard at the U.N. on human rights is true not only of the Afro-Asians and the Communist delegations which, voting together as they always do, block or delay every attempt to make progress on human rights. It is also true that, from commercial or strategic motives, Western democracies are perpetuating tyranny by means of financial aid and the supply of arms. In Greece, Turkey, Spain, Portugal and a number of Latin American states lawful efforts to secure social reform and the withholding of labour by strikes are in varying degrees forbidden, as they are in Southern Africa.

The excuse is made that the alternative is Communism and a more complete loss of liberty, but meanwhile they represent a gift of propaganda.

The first question on slavery everyone asks is 'How many slaves are there in the world?' Nobody knows the answer. Statistics do not exist for any clandestine practice and slavery is at last illegal in every country. Where there has been no census the government cannot know the number of the free, let alone the slaves. The Society believes that chattel slavery, which was accepted as normal and inevitable in the Sahara in 1966, is now virtually at an end. This is due partly to the wish of governments to bring practice into line with the law and partly to the present disastrous drought which is drying the Tuareg wells and has already caused the death of many. Slavery as practised in the Sahara was less to be feared than the harshness of the climate and the poverty of the land. It was unfortunate that at least one government should send troops to end slavery, when all governments have been offered the free service of a choice of fifty experts to advise on matters of 'social evolution'. The sudden disruption of a system which, with all its faults, worked and bred an enviable mutual loyalty, produced unfortunate results. The tribesmen who formerly worked as slaves of the Tuareg migrated southwards in search of a living. Was it a coincidence that the migrant Africans 'discovered' in France in July 1972 had been recruited in Mali, Senegal and Ivory Coast? Their pay and conditions were deplorable and they were undoubtedly being grossly deceived and exploited, but they were not slaves. They went as volunteers following the example of others in the past ten years. A sociologist in Dakar reports that the very privations of a spell in Paris have come to constitute almost an initiation rite, the aim being to save enough to buy the gold bracelets of a bride.

Far more serious than chattel slavery, in terms of suffering as well as of numbers, are the practices akin to slavery. They are also the more intractable because they are controversial: articulate opinion in the countries where they survive does not yet consider some of them objectionable. One example was the subject of a report by this Society in 1971. This was the growing of illicit opium by serf labour in Afghanistan. The report described

the severe penalties inflicted on families failing to produce the stipulated quota. Some months after publication of the report the Royal Afghan Government appointed two ministerial committees to study the report's recommendations concerning alternative crops and other ways of reducing the illicit traffic.

Wherever there is severe poverty children are used to ease the burden. In Sicily and Peru, for instance, they were reported in 1970 as doing an 18 hour day tending the flocks for a few pence. In India there are families whose traditional trade is prostitution and this begins in childhood. Nine Ghanaians and a Lebanese faced charges in Accra last March when the police discovered that twenty fourteen-year-old Ghanaian girls had been sold to buyers in Lebanon.

Business acumen has made the Lebanese a wealthy people. Price-fixing by the wealthy countries has resulted in critical losses for Ghana whose staple crop is cocoa. A tractor which cost a Ghanaian farmer three tons of cocoa in 1965 costs him ten tons of cocoa today. Is it so surprising that Ghanaian girls are sold in Tripoli, Lebanon?

A U.N. official dining in the house of a doctor of medicine in Damascus asked the ages of the two little girls waiting at table. They were eight. When the party broke up at 1 a.m. they were still on their feet on duty. They had been bought for £10 apiece from a peasant family having too many mouths to feed. Indignant at the implied criticism in his guest's question, their host insisted that so far from being exploited these were lucky little girls: they had their board and lodging, a good training and a kind master. Where the rift between rich and poor is so great and the poor lack opportunity, such a system is welcome to both parties, even though separation of child and parents is usually permanent. But life is cheap and, as was not unknown in England a hundred years ago, in an unscrupulous home a girl is liable to be put in the family way and turned out when unable to work to beg for food and end in a brothel. Her master need fear no justice.

Today, for the first time in history, no region is so remote nor any disaster so severe, that help cannot be brought at least to reduce distress. Governments are seldom unwilling to accept relief in natural catastrophes unless, as sometimes happens, they threaten the survival of an inconvenient minority.

But greater suffering is inflicted by man himself than what is caused by natural disaster. His own brand is deliberate and starts a chain reaction. Yet still we hear repeated, 'Why do you interfere with good old customs that have stood the test of time and suit the peoples of the countries where they're practised?' This was said of suttee, and no wonder. It was understandable that a Hindu widow might prefer to throw herself on her husband's funeral pyre rather than become a temple prostitute. But the greater of two evils doesn't make the lesser sacrosanct. Child marriage was repudiated in India only in recent years through the courageous work of a few Indian women. The binding of feet in China persisted into this century and the prostitution of children, called *Mui Tsai*, throve in Hong Kong under the British flag until the 1930s. The colonial office and the administration in Hong Kong under successive governors resisted for ten years the evidence and the five

recommendations which, as soon as they were enforced, ensured the eradication of this brutal practice.

Customs in this category persist today. One is the controversial African custom of bride price. In origin and intent it is beneficial and where it is practised as originally intended it is unexceptionable. But it is easily and often abused. In Eastern Nigeria in 1955 an all-Nigerian committee studied the custom and found that its abuses were common and that these were having unfortunate social effects. It recommended that steps be taken to encourage it to die out. Nothing was done. In May 1969 a mass demonstration of students of both sexes in Niamey, Niger, appealed to the Government to abolish the custom. Their parents, they said, were asking prices for their daughters which made marriage at a reasonable age impossible, with predictable results. The Government supported them but legislation alone could never succeed. The Society is sometimes told by social anthropologists how wrong it is to interfere with this excellent custom and that it would take at least a generation to evolve away. Yet the guerrillas, whose arrival in Dhofar necessitated the replacement of the Sultan of Muscat by his son in 1970, had been living among the Dhofari tribesmen only a month or two before they had persuaded their hosts to abandon bride price in favour of the thoughts of Chairman Mao.

The harem is an institution which served its purpose well while tribal wars left widows unsupported. To care for them was a responsibility as well as a privilege of the victor chief. As the need and so the justification diminished, so the element of responsibility assumed less importance than privilege. The harem came to be a status symbol and today it is often an abused anachronism, replenishments being provided as gifts by men seeking their chief's favour. It is true that some women enjoy the prestige and the idle life: others find it tedious and some never reconcile themselves to it. One, Atajumba, was kidnapped as a gift on her way to her wedding. It took her nine years to escape over the 20 ft. wall surrounding the harem of the Lamido of Ngaoundéré in Cameroun. She said she would rather die than go back. The Lamido of Rei Bouba, who until 1969 was allowed to regard himself as the owner of his 50,000 subjects, still possesses a harem believed to be three hundred strong.

Another custom hallowed by nothing more than tradition and which lacks the blessing of any religious or medical authority is clitoridectomy, the pharaonic form of female circumcision. The emotional effect of this physical mutilation on the relationship between the sexes makes it so difficult to defend that any interference by outsiders is resented by those who see in the emancipation of women the advent of social change and a threat to their position. Among the Arabs of the Northern Sudan 100% of girls were being subjected to this practice as recently as 1960. Now, however, young people in the top stratum of society are refusing to have their daughters 'done' and there is real hope that their example will spread fast, and not only in their own country. Missionaries, the Anti-Slavery Society, British Governments in colonial days, the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women and the World Health Organisation have all sought to end the

practice or to reduce the severity of the operation—all without success.

Jomo Kenyatta in *Facing Mount Kenya* defends (the less severe forms of) female circumcision on the grounds that it is a time-honoured rite which sustains the unity of the Kikuyu.

If ever there was a cause to justify a movement to liberate women this is it. Women who are fortunate enough to possess education, freedom, and wealth could, if they would, help women in many countries to bring to an end customs such as this one which serves no useful purpose.

History may perhaps say that customs are best left to be changed by those who practise them, but that untold misery was suffered needlessly because some people were too proud to initiate reform while others lacked the imagination, courage, wisdom and patience to interfere successfully.

Customs should indeed be manipulated only when their origins and their implications in their social and economic settings are perfectly understood. Their nature and the effects of their perpetuation, however, deserve to be equally well perceived by those under whose influence they survive. Often these customs 'suit' only two per cent of the people of the region where they are practised. They will 'stand the test of time' so long as only two per cent are able and free to express their views.

The Anti-Slavery Society, which is registered as a charity, welcomes enquiries, support and constructive criticism. It depends for the continuance of its work on the gifts, research and other help provided by voluntary supporters.

[Colonel J. R. P. Montgomery, M.C., is Secretary of The Anti-Slavery Society for the Protection of Human Rights, with which is incorporated The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and The Aborigines Protection Society.]

DENMARK AND THE COMMON MARKET — THE DELIGHTED MEMBER

by Alan Bird

DENMARK'S entry into the Common Market was by no means certain. Her own history since the seventeenth century has been increasingly isolationist; and her last major act of involvement with the European powers, the war of Schleswig-Holstein, in which she found herself faced with the might of the newly-united Germany, taught her the bitter lesson that small countries are impotent in the knock-about field of European rivalries. The lesson was not wasted. In the 1914-1918 war Denmark remained neutral and she would gladly have remained neutral in the last war had she been allowed to do so. When a war-time minister was asked what he had felt about the German occupation he replied with a smug grin: 'We were, after all, the best fed people in Europe'. It was not, therefore, an idle question to ask whether or not Denmark would remain well-fed inside or outside of the Common Market; and there were cogent reasons for joining and equally cogent ones for remaining out.

But, while Denmark's interest in self-preservation is strong in the determination of her foreign and domestic policies, it would be unjust to deny that Denmark has in the years since the 1939-1945 war displayed an altruism and public idealism that have put her in the ranks of what might be called the 'civic-minded' European states. She has taken part in the peace-keeping operations of the United Nations, advocated recognition of East Germany, openly criticised American hostilities in Vietnam and sternly reproached the military Government of Greece for what she considers to be undemocratic methods of administration and control. She has not hesitated to part company with the USA, whose interest in bolstering up the less democratic regimes of Europe has been one of the scandals of her foreign policies in Europe and elsewhere. But, as France has discovered (and as we have not), by defying the giants and striking out on one's own one not only finds one's feet but eventually gets tender treatment from the rejected power; and Denmark does not appear to have suffered at all from her independence in foreign affairs, based as that independence is on a moral stance. This 'civic' attitude was a factor inclining her towards membership of the Common Market even when she foresaw or feared difficulties with her precarious economy. In the event, uninfluenced by Norway's rejection of membership of the Market, the Danish electorate went its independent way and voted by national referendum for membership. In itself this speaks for the Danish sense of justice, for it has to be remembered that, despite our much-vaunted sense of democracy, the British voter has been given no such rights to voting on membership of the Common Market nor could it be claimed that the last election here was held on such a premise.

Having chosen to join, what rights has Denmark in the organisation of

the European Community and what can she be expected to contribute to its wellbeing and development?

As far as physical participation in government is concerned, Denmark has received equal treatment with Ireland—that is, she has three votes in the Council; ten members in the European Parliament; nine in the Economic and Social Committee; and one in the Commission. According to alphabetical order she will occupy the chair at the Council of Ministers during the period July to December 1973, the decisive period during which the Council must reach a decision on future economic and monetary co-operaton after the end of 1973. She will also have a representative in the Executive Committee and Board of Governors of the European Investment Bank. If Denmark's representation in the European Parliament is not large, at any rate she did not show herself greedy for seats which she would be unable to fill with members—as appears to be the case with Britain!

Denmark has secured a number of useful concessions which will help her industry and economy. She applied for duty-free quotas of five raw materals: tobacco leaf, cocoa beans, crude linseed oil, crude palm oil and lead bullion. It was agreed that Denmark should continue to enjoy duty-free imports of palm oil and cocoa beans from the African states associated with the Community and from those Commonwealth countries which will be offered a similar arrangement from 1975; no concessions were allowed in respect of tobacco leaf or linseed oil. The abolition of tariffs in relation to the Six, while at the same time maintaining the present duty-free status for industrial goods in respect of Denmark's EFTA partners who are not seeking membership of the Community, places Danish industry in an advantageous position. Within the country itself it is expected that a number of industries which have concentrated solely on the needs of the home market will be obliged to close and that a growing amount of the domestic requirements in the way of industrial goods will be satisfied by imports while, at the same time, an increasingly large share of Denmark's industrial output will be exported. Although Denmark has tried fairly successfully in recent years to free herself from the difficulties imposed by her former reliance on agriculture, she is still vulnerable in this sector. However, largely because of measures passed by the French and British in their wish to protect their comparatively inefficient farmers, Denmark shares the right to impose import levies and to subsidise the industry by resorting to intervention prices. It should be noticed that, as with the other countries in the Community, those commodities which are protected by import levies (cattle and meat) will lose this protection as the levies are abolished in five equal stages at the beginning of each year. These and a number of other transitional arrangements represent a gain for the earning capabilities of the Danish farming industry. There is also a gain for the Danish consumer since, while it is estimated that there will be an initial rise in food prices to a total of 7 per cent, there will also be a levelling out which should be substantially lower than the rise in home-market prices to which the public has become accustomed in the last five years.

Originally, the member states seem to have agreed that there would be

equal access to fishing areas for all fishermen. But this could hardly be expected to please the Scandinavian countries—and, least of all, Iceland who relies absolutely on fishing. Denmark has insisted that the fishing grounds off Greenland and the Faroes should be reserved exclusively for her own fishermen on account of the natural dependence of these Danish territories on fishing as their basic industry. Norway, it will be remembered, demanded that all her fishing grounds should be reserved for Norwegian fishermen while Britain and Ireland also wished that certain parts of their coastal waters should be exempted. In effect, the member states have temporarily secured twelve mile limits on considerable stretches of their coastlines. Denmark will gain from these agreements since she exports fish and fish products and will also obtain financial compensation for any losses she may suffer. It is not difficult to forecast, however, that as the European community grows in size and increases its members there will be formidable bitterness about fishing rights; and in this respect Britain may already be sinning rather than sinned against.

A problem does occur in the region of social security. An examination of total wage costs shows that they are higher in Denmark than in Germany, France, the Netherlands and Britain. It cannot be claimed that the level of Danish social security is higher or lower than the levels existing in Germany, the Netherlands and France. There are, indeed, differences between individual and differing social benefits in the respective countries; but these differences appear merely to be a reflection of the political priority placed by the various countries on such social factors as family allowances, unemployment, sickness benefit and pensions. It may well be that Denmark, in preparing a comprehensive plan to achieve more equitable distribution of wealth in society (already far more equitable than in Britain), will set a lead here among her partners in the European community. She will certainly never lower the standard of her social benefits.

It is in this region that Denmark may contribute most to the Common Market and where she will prove a force for good. She is striving for what her new Minister of Finance has described as 'economic democracy'; and she will use this as one of her main tools to achieve an improved national economy. To this end also she will resist within the Common Market the formation of monster supra-national companies. She is already opposing the operations of large oil companies from whose operations she does not benefit—their profits being diverted outside of Denmark. The Danish dislike of inhuman organisations whose only concern is with profit and never with the happiness and well-being of the human race may meet with scornful abuse and well-prepared lobbying but it should be respected.

Denmark will not lose by her membership of the Common Market. In almost every way she will gain; and not least financially. But because of her tradition of tolerance and idealism and decency both in the field of foreign affairs and that of industrial relations she will bring to the deliberations of the bigger powers a note of benevolence that is urgently needed. She will be a watchdog for liberty and a champion of the common man. It is no exaggeration to say that the Common Market has need of Denmark.

SCHOOLS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND

by Vincent Cortese

ENGLISH education was rather inadequate in the nineteenth century. It lacked unity of effort by the masses involved, while the educational values of the people were also confused. Thousands of individuals were deprived of education, and those who did obtain it were often poorly taught. Although educational reforms would eventually develop, for many years people were going to be the targets of illiteracy.

There were various types of schools in England during the nineteenth century; grammar, private, girls', Dame, Sunday, and Ragged.[1] At the grammar schools, mainly Latin and Greek were taught—mathematics and geography were attempted—science, language and history were neglected. The private schools had the same curriculum as the grammar, the difference being that they enrolled mainly boys. The girls' schools taught French, music, singing, dancing, geography, history and fine needlework.[2]

The last three types of schools—Dame, Ragged and Sunday—were forms of charity schools. At the Dame Schools, the Hornbook was used. Contained in the Hornbook was the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, and the figures in Arabic characters.[3] At the Sunday schools, only religious reading and principles were offered. This was insufficient to say the least.[4] Lastly, there were the Ragged schools. They were started by John Pounds, a crippled cobbler, who attempted to educate homeless individuals. Pounds's crude efforts developed into a movement, the London City Mission. The children learned little; there was a small amount of reading and selected moral literature. The individuals who attended these schools were described by Lord Ashley: 'Many of them retire for the night if they retire at all, to all manner of places—under dry arches of bridges and viaducts, under porticoes, sheds, and carts; to outhouses; in sawpits, on staircases, in the open air, and some in lodging houses.'[5] Thus we see the reason they were called Ragged schools.

According to Walter Besant, the full meaning of the word education in nineteenth century England was: poor people have no need for books—let them learn their craft, and be content. If book-learning is taught, let it be simply the art of reading. If boys who are going to be apprentices learn anything, it should be writing and accounts only. Since reading is so important, let their education be supplemented with safe books; that the working classes should read free and outspoken newspapers was not even considered possible.[6]

We mentioned earlier that the people were targets of illiteracy. This can be illustrated by a few statistics. In 1841, 33 per cent of the men and 49 per cent of the women marrying in England and Wales registered with a mark—not being able to write their own names. By 1853 this fell to 31 per cent and 45 per cent respectively, showing how little was done to correct the situation. A rough generalisation would be that those counties

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were most ignorant in which the population was least dense.[7] This supports the concept that the education of the ignorant was mainly by word of mouth. The smaller the population, the less the conversation and oral transfer of knowledge.

There were 3,180,000 children in England and Wales in 1842. 3,120,000 of them required education at public expense, and of these, not more than 845,000 received it. Only about 23½ per cent of all children between five and fifteen were being taught. As late as 1850, there were 8,000,000 illiterates, one quarter of the population, and only about half of the children were educated.[8]

From this, it can be seen that England had no national system of education. A sadly amusing example, to show how lightly education was treated in 1842, is that figures released showed that £30,000 were allotted for the education of England's people, while £70,000 went for the erection of Royal Stables and Kennels at Windsor.[9]

The children of upper and middle classes were tutored privately or trained in private schools. These schools varied in quality. The poorer classes were educated in charity schools. These charity schools were poorly organised and badly taught.

In reality, the teachers as well as students in charity schools were often ignorant. In the Church schools the monitor system was used in which some of the older children conducted classes. Here we had the blind leading the blind, the older children often passing their illiteracy on to the younger ones.

Many of the children in poorer districts were irregular in attendance, and most were taken away from school at an early age. In one school, out of 2,800 children, 595 left before the age of ten, 964 at ten and eleven, and 1,108 or more between twelve and thirteen. Statistics from this same district show that of 4,735 minors who had completed their education, 823 were unable to read a whole sentence in a printed book; 2,282 were unable to do any kind of arithmetic.[10] Thus we see how much in need of reform education was in nineteenth century England. It is evident that the people as a whole were not really concerned with the problem.

In 1843 the government brought up the Factory Bill to reduce the working hours of children. An important provision of the bill was the introduction of compulsory education for children. The clauses of the bill were openly ignored by manufacturers, owing to lack of provision for the Bill's enforcement. Certain clauses led to various conflicts, and the Bill was held over for amendment. As a result, education continued to be mishandled in nineteenth century England.[11]

Adult education offers us an interesting story. The individuals of industrial districts reacted to the fact that they had been denied educational advantages. They organised their own night schools—Mutual Improvement Associations. In 1842, the first Peoples College was set up at Sheffield. We see that in four short years over 1,000 pupils had graduated and passed through its doors. Subjects taught were Latin, German, French,

elocution and logic—which were conducted by a committee of working men. Working men also began a number of Operative Libraries, which were actually in public houses.

Such were the conditions, the adults had to educate themselves in their own crude manner. This idea was expressed in Samuel Smiles' *Self-Help.* In this book, Smiles discusses the ability of man, in spite of many adverse conditions, to develop his intellect and character. This book served as a bible for adults who wanted to improve their position in society.[12]

The problem of a poor educational system is further developed by Thomas Carlyle. In his book, *Past and Present,* Carlyle tells us that other less significant bills were passed with a Legislature willing; but an Education Bill was as yet unenacted.

Carlyle displays his attitude toward the men responsible for delaying the passage of an Education Bill in the following passage:

> How dare any man, especially a man calling himself a minister of God, stand up in any Parliament or place, under any pretext or delusion, and for a day or an hour forbid God's Light to come into the world, and bid the Devil's Darkness continue in it one hour more![13]

God's Light was education and the Devil's Darkness any element that hindered educational development; an example being extreme child labour.

Carlyle warns that if the English people are not educated there will be great chaos. Also that the sum total of her people's intelligence will determine the amount of order required to control the confusion resulting from the ignorance of her masses.[14]

Hippolyte Taine tells us of education in secondary private schools, and makes it clear that the educational values of these schools were confused. The boys were almost as free as undergraduates; they had only to attend classes for study, be present for dinner, and be in at a certain time: their homework could be done where and when they liked.

They were masters of their time and money; if they got into debt, their furniture would be auctioned off.[15] 'Initiative and responsibility: it is curious to see babies of twelve raised to the dignities of manhood.'[16]

These schools emphasised athletics in their curriculum, the most celebrated being cricket. Students had a passion for cricket; they respected the captain of the eleven more than the great scholars of the day, showing their deep feeling for athletics.[17]

A good way to describe the purpose of education can be seen in the words of Tom, from *Tom Brown's School Days.*

> I want to be A1 at cricket and football and the other games, and to make my hands keep my head against any other fellow, lout or gentleman—I want to carry away just as much Latin and Greek as will take me through Oxford respectably. I want to leave behind me the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy, or turned his back on a big one.[18]

From this quotation, which is typical of the feeling that existed within an English lad, we see that learning and development of the mind were secondary to the development of courage and strength. Students would spend many hours, as many as three, four even five a day, in physical exercise—thus draining from study time.[19]

At these schools, disobedience was met with the whip. This flogging was said to develop stoical courage in the boys. In one institution where fines were proposed instead of the whip, the students retorted with cries of: 'Down with fines! Long live the whip! '[20] In these institutions we also had fagging, the obligation which the little boys were under. They were to be servants of the bigger chaps. This servitude caused many first-year students to neglect their studies.[21]

Education of this type would tend to develop its students physically, rather than mentally. The students would sacrifice all and anything for cricket. There was little to attract the mind.

Taine goes on to compare the English and French schools; pointing out that in England, it would cost £200 as compared with 1,000 francs in France to educate an individual. Also, that in England '. . . only 8,500 primary schools are assisted by the Parliamentary subsidy for education; in France the same subsidy would wholly maintain 25,000 schools. It would give primary education to 1,500,000 French children, instead of 950,000 English ones.'[22] Alas, we had poor quality education at a high premium.

After having clearly seen a need for reform, it would be well for us to give a brief account of reforms that did evolve. Parliament started to make money grants in 1833; these grants were continued and increased until 1846. However, these grants were disputed by religious sects (who were constantly delaying a national educational system), because it was believed that education was a prerogative of the Church. Eventually, with the increased number of schools and pupils, the state took over.[23]

Investigations were made, and findings were unfavourable to the existing conditions. The long awaited Education Act of 1870 was enacted. This Act left alone those denominational schools which were functioning properly. Elsewhere schools were formed by local elected bodies who had the power to levy rates, to manage the schools, and to make education compulsory. No longer was the Church the authority. If the teacher wanted to he could provide religious training without intervention by the clergy. Lastly, the Act did not give free education for all; only to those whose parents could not afford to pay for it.[24]

Thus, education in nineteenth century England, which was so much in need of definite reform, was at last receiving it. Much of England's populace would escape from the chasm of illiteracy into which so many had fallen. So we see then, as we see today, that great nations, by mis-directing their priorities, can allow basic social ills to flourish throughout their fertile lands.

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INVESTMENT IN LESOTHO—An alternative for British companies to involvement in South Africa?

by Sebastian Poulter

IN the midst of the current debate as to whether British companies should withdraw from South Africa altogether or merely improve the working conditions and rates of pay of their African employees, I should like to put forward a third possibility which might prove acceptable to both schools of thought. From the standpoint of a British company with a social conscience, the scheme suggested might provide a welcome opportunity to break free from the many restrictions imposed by the South African government on business practice as well as the unnatural doctrine of apartheid, while at the same time preserving many of the commercial advantages of operating in southern Africa.

The proposal is that British companies (and particularly the major ones) should consider far more seriously than they have done hitherto the question of establishing their enterprises in the adjacent kingdom of Lesotho. As a start they might merely think in terms of setting up any extension of their existing South African subsidiary there; then, as things develop, they might find it preferable to transfer the major part of their undertaking to a base in Lesotho.

For such a scheme to merit serious consideration, an investor would need to be satisfied on two preliminary points. First, that the social consequences involved in the proposed change of policy would be an improvement on the existing position, and secondly that the general feasibility of a profitable investment in Lesotho was apparent. I will take these points in turn.

The various arguments about the impact of British investment in South Africa on the lives and welfare of Africans are sufficiently well known to warrant little elaboration. On the one hand, it may be said that but for the size of this investment the South African government would be unable to wield the power which it does over the African majority and thus British companies are sustaining and supporting a regime whose beliefs, practices and laws are abhorrent to most British people. On the other side, the twin contentions are often put forward that if British investment were to be withdrawn the African population would suffer more than the whites and that if British companies are to operate successfully abroad they must 'do in Rome what the Romans do', i.e. behave like white South African employers, even if this involves exploitation on a scale they would not dare to practise in their home country. But assuming that an enlightened British board of directors were to see the evils of apartheid and the repressive laws and regulations currently in force in South Africa for what they are, what positive social benefits would accrue from moving an enterprise to neighbouring Lesotho?

Lesotho is, in modern international jargon, a mini-state. It is roughly the size of Belgium with just over a million inhabitants, known as Basotho. It is

a mountainous country standing literally on the top of southern Africa and surrounded on all sides by the South African Republic. This peculiar geographical location serves to highlight the contrast in resources and development between the two states. Lesotho is probably one of the ten poorest nations in the world. Only a minute proportion of the terrain can be cultivated because of the precipitous slopes, rocky hillsides and deep gorges of the mountainous regions. As a result of this and related factors there is insufficient food from the staple crops of maize, sorghum and wheat to permit the population to survive even at subsistence level. There are virtually no natural resources other than an abundance of water. Apart from subsistence farming, there are few job opportunities within the country's borders. Most paid employment is in the government service, but this is mainly the preserve of the small elite who have pursued their education to secondary school or beyond. The consequence of this dire situation is that sheer economic necessity forces the majority of Basotho men to spend the best years of their lives from the age of 18 onwards migrating to South Africa for work. At any one moment of time there are probably about 120,000 of them, some of whom are employees of subsidiaries of British companies. They have been driven onto the South African labour market by circumstances beyond their control. They need the money to keep themselves and their families alive, to purchase necessities such as clothing, furniture and household articles, and to pay their taxes. They come for up to two years at a time and then return to Lesotho for a few months to recuperate until the little they have managed to save runs out. To and fro they go, pushed in one direction by the need to survive and in the other by restrictive laws, a wish to see their families and homes again and a longing to be free from their exploiters. The circle is truly a vicious one. What British companies could do would be to break this cycle and provide jobs within Lesotho itself. No longer would the towns and villages of Lesotho be populated for most of the year only by old men, women and children. No longer would family life be disrupted and destroyed through the absence of any father figure for long periods or the traditional kinship bonds with their valuable pressures towards co-operation and reconciliation be stretched to breaking point by the vast distances which presently separate members of the same extended family. No longer would the fields have to be ploughed by wives and children too weak to do more than scratch the surface of the earth, for the men would live close enough to their homes to be able to make a useful contribution to the cultivation of their small plots of land. A whole nation could be rescued from domination and given back a sense of sufficiency and increased self-respect.

These then are the enormous social gains to be derived from investment in Lesotho. There could be no question of leaving Africans worse off than they are now—at any rate until at least 120,000 jobs are created in industry and commerce in Lesotho.

The second matter on which a British investor needs to be satisfied is whether there are reasonable prospects of a profitable investment in Lesotho. A combination of factors suggests that this is indeed the case. The

Lesotho government favours private foreign investment and already a small nucleus of British and American companies have established subsidiaries or branches there. However, industry remains at an infant stage and there are almost unlimited opportunities for expansion. The rate of company taxation is considerably lower than in the U.K. and there is a double taxation agreement in force between the two countries. In 1969 the Pioneer Industries Encouragement Act was passed to provide tax incentives for manufacturers and related industries as well as hotel-keepers and building companies who were establishing their businesses in Lesotho for the first time. One of the two incentives is a six-year tax holiday, including the carry forward of any overall losses during these six years which may be set against income arising after the exemption period. The alternative incentive is in the form of various special deductions in respect of the normal company tax payable, including a write-off allowance for new machinery of 100% on top of a machinery investment allowance of 45%, various building and industrial housing allowances, a utilities and transportation allowance and citizen training and wages allowances. All these special deductions are also available to a manufacturer or builder who expands an existing business.

Under the Industrial Licensing Act of 1969, licences may be issued by the Pioneer Industries Board giving exclusive protection to a manufacturer in respect of particular products if this is in the public interest and in the interest of the efficient development of the industry concerned. The protection is initially for a maximum of five years, but is renewable for a further period of five years.

The Lesotho National Development Corporation was set up in 1967 to promote and initiate the development of manufacturing and processing industries as well as commerce and mining. It has participated successfully in a number of ventures and is a ready source of information about investment opportunities.

As already explained, there is a large pool of unskilled labour available. Technical and vocational education is far more closely geared to the country's manpower needs than it was a few years ago and the University of Botswana, Lesotho and Swaziland offers a wide range of courses leading to degrees in the arts, sciences and social sciences. Trained personnel are now being produced in sufficiently large numbers to be a great asset to a developing private sector.

The huge market for manufactured goods should be especially attractive to an investor. Lesotho and South Africa are both members of the Southern African Customs Union under which there is a free flow of goods between these two countries as well as between them and Botswana and Swaziland. The available market is therefore the same as if the business were located within South Africa itself. It is, moreover, a market already reasonably sophisticated through long familiarity with a wide range of consumer products and as African wages increase so will their purchasing power.

Communications with the rest of southern Africa are reasonably good. Maseru, the capital of Lesotho and the main centre of activity in both public and private sectors, lies on the western border with South Africa. It

is linked with both the railway network and the road system of the Republic where road and rail transport offer an efficient service.

All in all, there is a good climate for investment in Lesotho. Since the internal political crisis of 1970 the country has returned to a state of stability and there is no reason to believe that an investment will not be just as secure there as in South Africa. Indeed, in the long term it may well turn out to be even more secure.

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JOHN CLARE'S USE OF DIALECT

by Stephen Wade

DIALECT, being fixed in its appeal to one culture, must necessarily reduce the expanse of popularity of any given piece of writing that is written entirely in one of the dialects of Britain. This is the use of dialect that we see today in our regional literature, and such work has a strong following among a limited audience. There is another use of dialect, however, and that is to particularise a poem or prose-work by strewing local dialect words in among the main body of writing expressed in standard English. This is the use of dialect words that we see in the poems of John Clare. Some critics find that such a technique is a spraying of weeds among fine flowers. Charles Lamb, a personal friend of Clare, was one of those people; writing to Clare on August 31st, 1822, he says:

> In some of your story-telling ballads the provincial phrases sometimes startle me. I think you are too profuse with them. In poetry slang of every kind is to be avoided. There is a rustic Cockneyism as little pleasing as ours of London. Transplant Arcadia to Helpstone.

Lamb does admit that 'a home rusticism is fresh and startling' in the same letter but, speaking of Arcadia, he calls Shenstone the writer of 'The true rustic style—Arcadian English'. We know that Clare had no taste for Shenstone and repulsed his influence as a rural poet, having read Shenstone a few years before Lamb's letter. We have Clare's criticism of *Arcadian English* in a letter to Holland in 1817. Clare says:

> I return one of the books—Shenstone is a good poet but his pastorals (as I think) are improperly called so. The rural names of Damon, Delia, Phillis, etc., and rural objects, sheep, sheepfolds, etc., are the only things that give one the slightest glimpse of the species of poetry which the title claims... Putting the correct language of a gentleman into the mouth of a simple shepherd or vulgar ploughman is far from natural....

Here is an inadvertent statement of Clare's aims in writing rural poety. His own ideals of natural description are remarkable when we remember that he had little education in how to think for himself.

Lamb, like Dr. Johnson, shows his precise but limited critical creed here. If Lamb had brought to mind the Anglo-Saxon alliterative tradition and the Homeric compound descriptive technique (to name but two instances), he would not have condemned Clare for such technique as using 'fen-sparrow' for a reed-bunting, or 'bumbarrel' for a long-tailed tit. Like an extreme kind of *Académie Francaise*, Lamb would allow nothing but the King's English. He forgets that, in the concisely appropriate ways that Clare uses dialect, he is at once an orthodox poet (for the main complaint of Lamb was unorthodoxy) and a regional experimentalist in the method of rural verse-composition. His use of dialect is an addition of a unique approach to descriptive and lyric poetry. In *The Round Oak*, for example, Clare writes,

> When I went for spring pooteys and birds' nests to look,
> Down the border of bushes ayont the fair spring.

we have 'pooteys' in place of 'girdled snail shells'; What other single word could replace 'pooteys?'. The use of 'ayont' for 'beyond' has the quaintness

that reminds one of Spenser—whose eccentric yet 'permissible' diction has gained him wide acclaim since his own time, at least in certain periods of writing that found depth in Spenser.

In my view, the scattered dialect words in the poems of Clare are an important distinguishing factor in his work, as the Scottish dialect enhances the Waverley novels. The passages of dialogue in Gaelic-English in Scott are surely fair examples to use as a comparison with Clare; the amount of local dialect used by both writers is about the same in relation to their work as a whole. It is an aspect one may mention as one does concerning the Lancashire dialect words in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender*. Clare's poem of the same name is strangely coincidental.

In Clare's regional moods, especially those that are interwoven with the affected poetic *personae*, we find the unique collage that forms his personal talent as a poet. In a stanza from *Remembrances* we have firstly:

> And skipping like a leveret before the peep of day,

and then,

> On the roly-poly up and downs of pleasant Swordy Well.

The first line has a trite phrase, 'peep of day' and the common, poetic regular, 'skipping'—but the second line has that perfect, amending touch, 'Roly-poly up and downs'; merely a minor piece of description, but the homeliness of the words gives the line character.

Local dialect writers today intersperse their poems with topical or traditional references in standard English; that fine poet of the Yorkshire dialect, F. A. Carter, for instance, in *Furrin Travel*;

> Why ivverywhar worth havin' is
> O' t' other side o' t' seea.
> There's Continental cookery,
> An' change o' air an' scene,
> But ah rayther think nine oot o' ten
> Just ga's ti say they've been.

Here in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, dialect with everyday clichés used to add universality to the thought of the poem. Clare does the opposite, but the effect is similar; the fusion of cliché and original thought effect success. He uses the occasional Northamptonshire dialect word as a decoration, and this gives a freshness to the poem. Usually, the words are not obscure; they are basically similar to many other regional vocabularies in most cases. For example, in these lines;

> He is so lame he scarce can get abroad,
> But hopples on and growls at anything.
> (From *The Mole-catcher*)
> I found a ball of grass among the hay
> And progged it as I passed and went away.
> (From *Mouse's Nest*)

The words 'hopples' and 'progged' are so near to 'hobbles' and 'prodded' that one recognises the meaning immediately, but that feeling of newness is evoked also. Clare uses many phrases from the traditional stock of poetic language; this cannot be denied, but the touches of originality provided by his dialect additions give an extra virtue to his nature poetry. He comes a stage nearer to showing the language of ordinary men that

Wordsworth wanted to capture and form into verse in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798.

Dialect, even if completely void of standard English, is not usually very difficult to translate. E. M. Forster, in his essay on William Barnes, says something of this;

> Perhaps there was a touch of pride in his gentleness, which led him to conceal himself from notoriety beneath the veil of the Dorset dialect. The veil is slight: anyone can lift it after half an hour's reading

This is good sense; 'anyone' can gain pleasure or stimulation from dialect verse, for it is different, quaint, even eccentric. Eccentricity pleases, at least for a short time, which is more than some standard English writing of 'The Classic' does for today's reader. In the case of Clare, there is no veil; merely the occasional curtained window through which the image may still be seen if one moves close and peers through the chinks.

The dialect in Clare's poetry is not obscure, but it is similar to the prose of Bacon, T. L. Peacock or D. H. Lawrence, regarding interpretation; it makes us attentive because the words and the thought are wrought together so precisely. A unique, stimulating perspective in a writer's work gives us periodic reminders to think intently; consequently, the work does not go stale. One may read four stanzas of a Clare poem, and then encounter a new dialect word; we then translate, or simply mark the word in the memory. Something singular has occurred in the poem. The overall effect of the regional element in Clare's verse is more than local flavour; it is local identification, as we find in the local talk of Hardy's farmers of Dorset. This local identification occasionally gives us the poem's place in time and social-spiritual growth in that one poet at that one time in history. This never prevents the universality of the thought, and the pliable poetic materials in Clare's mind. The dialect is more marked in the later poems because he has changed his approach to composition from that influenced by his reading of Pomfret, Gray, Thomson and others, to that approach of his sincere self. This later work, the section of the bulk that makes sense, may, for this reason, be labelled 'Poetry with sincerity', however distracted Clare may have been, and the use of dialect is a vital part of this change of his feelings.

Much dialect poetry is honest because a kind of homely, chatty effect is needed for success. If we examine the first motive behind the writing of the best dialect poetry, the aim at educing sympathy in the reaction of the reader is obvious. When William Barnes describes the common objects of Dorset rural life, he is saying, 'I have noticed this, that has been ignored by more successful poets, and this is something that we all know and share down here in Dorset.' When John Hartley writes of Yorkshire people, the feeling that he has shared in their fun and their hardship 'in the raw' is always behind his character-drawing. There is a pride in being low and plebeian in the professional dialect writer; he is 'one of you, lads. An ordinary chap!' because any dialect writing is necessarily a copy of the speech of Wordsworth's common men. The true language of poetry is in the mouth of the shepherd, according to the dialect writer.

This account of writers who are chiefly known for their success in the particular dialect of their locality, enlightens the aim of John Clare in using dialect words as a literary device—although the technique was quite likely a spontaneous and natural one for him. However, Clare not being a specific writer of dialect, there was no intention to identify with a particular group or to prove himself a poet of a sub-culture and no more—he was not an Ebenezer Eliott—he had no aspirations to be a mouthpiece of an undertrodden populace. This is why the effect of the dialect element in the poetry of John Clare is so unobtrusively successful in the many lyrics of the local Northamptonshire countryside.

Obviously, the core of all dialect verse, the very centre of the basic intentions of dialect writing in general, lies in the social history of the local culture that is described in the work. The people of the Northamptonshire of Clare's time were described by A. H. Clough in 1852, as 'oolitic' to match the scenery. This was a penetrating, if cold comment, for all the people around Clare at Helpston are described by F. W. Martin, in his *Life of John Clare* as being ant-like creatures in a slavish life; they are shadowy, forgotten peasants. The protests of Joseph Arch in 1872 first revealed the monotony and exploitation of the agricultural labourer. In Clare's time, when he wrote of his locality, there was no hint of a trade union.

This sterile world of Northampton in the early nineteenth century was the misty background to the dialect language in Clare's poetry. When the description of a scene needed a certain word, and that word was the most suitable, or even when it just seemed right, Clare used that word, whether standard English or local dialect. This is no crime; and no-one today would say that the dialect in the poetry of Clare obscures the meaning to any cumbersome degree. More than any other poet, the dialect poet writes for the ease of his own emotion and the release of his society's emotions, for if he is closer to the local people, he is closer to their honest feelings and attitudes. In some poets, this immediately closes most of their outlets to the waiting readers of their work, but in the case of John Clare, I feel that one of the reasons why his readers have increased in number is because of this unique feature of his lyricism; the use of dialect.

NOTE: Reference may be made to *Bird's Nest*, edited by Anne Tibble, (Mid-Northumberland Arts Group 1973, £2.10), an illustrated volume containing twenty hitherto unpublished poems by John Clare. *Editor.*

THE MULTIPLICATION OF MIDDLE EASTERN OPTIONS

by H. J. Macmoolson

FOLLOWING the 1967 Arab-Israel war, it was conventional wisdom outside the Middle East that the new situation created by the war was fundamentally destabilising and dangerous. It was commonly predicted that Israel would become a second Algeria, if not a Vietnam; that King Hussein would fall, and the Arab world would be plunged into turmoil leading to left-wing takeovers and the expansion of Soviet power. The now famous Resolution No. 242 was conceived as offering the world and the local belligerents a chance of avoiding all these horrors by returning to a modified *status quo ante bellum.*

Since November 1967, there have been no peace negotiations, no Israeli withdrawal and no major conflagration, despite Nasser's war of attrition and the continuous efforts of traditional Palestinian militants to stoke the flames of war. King Hussein remains in power and Sadat succeeded Nasser without a major internal convulsion. The Soviets have not ousted the United States and turning to the West remains an option for Arab policy-makers.

The central paradox of the Middle East today is that although there has been absolutely no change in the cease-fire lines, there has been a radical change in the attitudes and thinking of the parties principally concerned.

In Israel, the cessation of major hostilities has led to a lively proliferation of views about the future. These cover a wide spectrum of options, all concerned with the fundamental issue of establishing a new relationship with the Arab world, and the Palestinian Arabs in particular:

(1) Continue present policies of piecemeal economic and social engineering in the administered territories while maintaining a tough defence posture against attacks from beyond the cease-fire lines.
(2) Annex the administered territories and give the Arabs full citizenship rights—the Gahal party stance.
(3) Maintain security responsibility for these territories but allow the Arabs complete freedom of choice politically as between rejoining Jordan or developing their own autonomy within or outside a Jordanian umbrella—a variant of the Dayan line.
(4) Negotiate more secure borders with the Arab States with a view to withdrawing from heavily populated Arab areas, and allowing the Arabs complete freedom of political choice—a variant of the Allon line.

Views (1) to (4) may be classed as mainstream views and could be variously topped and tailed with more futuristic ideas of federation or confederation with Jordan, Lebanon, and a more autonomous Palestinian entity, should that evolve. In addition, there are two more minority views, based on the primacy of the ideology of socialist revolution on the one hand and religious devotion on the other over claims of narrow nationalism:

(5) Join with fellow Arab revolutionaries to change the socio-political

framework within both the Arab world and Israel—a variant of the Matzpen line and that of the Haifa spy ring.

(6) Settle among Arabs, even at the risk of eventually losing Israeli citizenship, wherever there is a traditional shrine of Judaism, and share it with Islam where necessary—the line of the religious Jews in Hebron.

In Jordan, King Hussein, despite continuous predictions to the contrary, remains secure. Of all Arab leaders, he is the most convinced of the need for a peaceful settlement with Israel. His proposal of a United Arab Kingdom stretching from the borders of Iraq to the Mediterranean at Gaza has some attractive features for both the Palestinians and those Israelis with views (3) and (4) above. Provided the King can satisfy the Israelis on security and the Israelis can satisfy the King over the thorny question of Jerusalem, and provided the overwhelming majority of Palestinians agree, the King's proposal has considerable merits as a negotiable proposition.

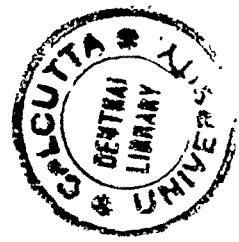
In Egypt, views seem confused by the multiplicity of options. Each viewpoint is hedged by a 'but', reflecting the fundamental conflict between Egypt's aspirations as a leader of the Arab world as a whole and Egypt's own narrower self-interest. A precondition for leading the Arab world is the proclamation of *jihad* or holy war; both Presidents Nasser and Sadat have defined Arab existence in terms of victory over Israel. This traditionalist line has its supporters in extremist Moslem circles, not least the present leader of Libya, but the practicalities of *jihad* involve an excessive dependence on the U.S.S.R. To be independent of the U.S.S.R. is a prime objective of every Egyptian nationalist, *but* this is not possible if the war option is to remain open. To further Egyptian independence, there is the turning to the West, *but* this policy is hindered by support for the activities of Palestinian extremists. To let the Palestinians stew in their own juice might be to Egypt's own long-term interest, *but* this cannot be done without forfeiting claims to Pan-Arab leadership. The ambiguities of Egyptian policies and proclamations reflect many unresolved dilemmas, *but* also indicate a firm Egyptian refusal to close any single option.

It is among the Palestinians that the greatest changes have occurred since June 1967. Far from being the pariahs portrayed by Arab propagandists, the Palestinians are now being courted by both Israel and the Arab states. The world's headlines are filled with the activities of a few Palestinian extremists from Bangkok to London. The vast majority of Palestinians, however, live within the areas administered by Israel and Jordan. It is their views that are far more representative than the views of extremists operating outside these areas. The views of this vast silent majority vary as follows:

(a) Accept King Hussein and Jordanian citizenship as before.
(b) Accept King Hussein only if he grants sufficient autonomy.
(c) Reject King Hussein and work for an independent Palestine based on the West Bank and Gaza.
(d) Support the aims of the Palestinian extremists tacitly and wait upon events—e.g. a possible Palestinian takeover of Jordan.
(e) Wait upon events in Israel and see what, if anything, Israel has to offer politically.

Views (a) and (b) clearly converge with King Hussein's own proposals. Each of these views has elements of contact with one or all Israeli views, even the extremist ones.

The cease-fire lines have not moved an inch either way despite the fulminations of politicians, both within the Middle East and outside. The dire results predicted by external experts have not occurred. Indeed, something quite unpredicted and perhaps more fundamental than the continued pile-up of arms on both sides has taken place—namely, a thawing of mental attitudes and a movement of viewpoints reflecting the emergence of new realities in daily life on the ground. This movement within the mind, on both sides of the cease-fire lines, sparked off perhaps by the new stability of the post-June War situation, is far more significant for eventual peace and stability in the Middle East than the continued demands of politicians and diplomats at the U.N. and elsewhere for greater political and diplomatic movement.



THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY SYSTEM

by B. Narpati

THE international monetary system embraces policies and measures concerning foreign exchange rates, international monetary reserves, and the adjustment process for correcting disequilibria in the balance of payments. These features are closely interlinked.

Important aims of the monetary system established at Bretton Woods were relaxation of trade and exchange controls as rapidly as is feasible and fashioning a mechanism that would foster a relatively free flow of goods, services and capital among countries. That framework is still the foundation of the present international monetary system.

Member nations, in consultation with the I.M.F., declared a par value for their currencies. They also agreed to maintain the market value within a narrow band of 1% above or below the declared par value. The United States declared the par value of the dollar in terms of gold at $35 an ounce.

Pegging exchange rates diverts most of the impact of a balance-of-payments deficit to reserves. A deficit in the United States balance-of-payments builds up dollar balances abroad. It tends to depreciate the dollar in terms of foreign currencies. Support operations by foreign central banks build up their holdings of dollars. This is the mechanism whereby U.S. deficits eventually led to a loss of gold.

Reserve adequacy for an individual country is related to two types of needs. One is of sufficient reserves to cover seasonal and other temporary balance-of-payments deficits. Secondly, reserves should be sufficient to permit a reasonable time for a country with a chronic deficit to utilise sound methods to restore equilibrium.

The present international monetary system embraces three main policies: (1) Pegged exchange rates to minimise the risk of rate fluctuations. (2) Adequate reserves to conduct rate stabilisation operations during periods of temporary imbalance and, in cases of more fundamental disequilibrium, to afford reasonable time for remedial action. (3) A change in par value to remedy a fundamental disequilibrium. This is so if drastic monetary-fiscal actions would be required to alter internal cost-price structures to restore balance.

Experience has revealed several defects in the international monetary system. The problems relate primarily to two of the key features: reserves and the adjustment process.

Individual countries may have inadequate reserves to meet sudden drains resulting from massive speculation against a currency or to meet a persistent drain arising from a very slow-moving adjustment process. Secondly, total free world reserves may become inadequate to meet the expanding reserve needs of a growing world economy.

The supply of gold, the largest component of reserves, tends to be perverse in its movements. The monetary stock of gold is not likely to increase.

The United States dollar is the next largest component of international monetary reserves, comprising about one-fourth of the free world total. The persistent deficit in the U.S. balance-of-payments enlarged the reserves of foreign central banks and official institutions.

Recent experience illustrates the inherent weakness of national currencies as a source of long-term reserve growth. Reserve currency countries would have to run balance-of-payments deficits in order to provide additional reserves for an expanding world economy. A chronic deficit undermines confidence in even the strongest currency and renders it vulnerable to massive speculative attacks.

There are a number of significant weaknesses of monetary-fiscal policies as an adjustment mechanism. Authorities are usually reluctant to take prompt action when it conflicts with domestic economic objectives. The United States is a good illustration. Another factor impairing effectiveness of monetary-fiscal policies is growing rigidity of cost-price structures to softening demand. Ability of corporations to 'administer' prices and strength of labour unions in negotiating wage rates have rendered prices and costs largely insensitive to moderate declines in demand. A third development which tends to impair effectiveness of indirect controls, as a balance-of-payments tool, is the growing importance of capital flows and Government payments in international transactions. Moderate monetary-fiscal actions have relatively little influence on long-term foreign investment and Government payments abroad.

A change in par values has also proved to be a sluggish method of adjustment and is almost a means of last resort. National pride is one serious inhibition. Another difficulty has been the procedure for changing the par value of a currency. It is almost impossible to avoid rumours that a change is being considered.

Direct controls is another method of bringing foreign payments into balance with foreign receipts. Direct controls, however, are contrary to the philosophy of fostering a freer flow of international transactions among nations.

Most of the steps taken to strengthen the international monetary system pertain to reserves. Each of the three components of reserves (gold, foreign exchange and other items) has individual characteristics which limit its use.

Gold remains the fundamental element in monetary reserves, of which it still forms about 52.5%. It is the only type of non-fiduciary reserve asset which does not give rise to a corresponding liability elsewhere in the system. When new monetary gold enters the system, there is an increase in total reserves, both gross and net. An expansion in the other existing components of reserves does not add to the net total of reserves: the surplus country's gain is offset by the increase in liabilities of the deficit country.

The recent addition of gold to the monetary reserves has been small, following a period during which the gold stock actually fell. On the whole, central banks participating in the Washington declaration of 17 March, 1968 have refrained from acquiring gold arising out of new production, considering that 'as the existing stock of monetary gold is sufficent in view

of the prospective establishment of the facility for Special Drawing Rights, they no longer feel it necessary to buy gold from the market.' The International Monetary Fund itself has not so far taken up an offer of sale at $35 an ounce made by the South African authorities on the basis of Article V of the Statutes. The United States opposed this purchase on legal grounds which are at least open to question. There has been a quasi-stability of the official gold stock since the Washington declaration. In the longer term, it is doubtful whether the normal private demand for gold (industrial use and holdings as a form of saving) can be satisfied at the price of $42.22 an ounce. Under existing conditions therefore there would be no chance for any newly-mined gold to flow into official reserves. Thus gold has become a static asset in two senses. First, as regards the world total and, secondly, as regards the use to which it is put and this in spite of oft-repeated assurances that gold is the essential base of the monetary system.

Two sets of reform are currently being advocated. The first is a rise in the price of gold and the second is the demonetisation of gold.

The possibility of a rise in the price of gold was provided for in the Statutes of the I.M.F. It forms an essential cog in the monetary system established at Bretton Woods, for the equilibrium of that system depends on the production of gold and its inclusion in reserves.

Various arguments have been put forward against a uniform change of parities. Some of them are political and others are economic in nature. The latter wish to see the expansion of world reserves result from agreed decisions rather than to rely on new supplies of gold. There is a large element of paradox in the attitude of many economists who advocate an expansion of reserves and, on the other hand, accept that the part of reserves which they themselves still regard, at least for the moment, as the major and dominant element should remain static.

The demonetisation of gold is not without its advocates, but it is difficult to see how this would serve the interests of the world economy. The demonetisation of gold cannot be considered in isolation without taking into account the nature of the system which would be called upon to replace current monetary arrangements.

Three solutions are conceivable. (1) The establishment of a supranational central bank with power to inject reserves into the system as and when needed. (2) The adoption of exchange rates more or less free from official intervention, so that reserves would become much less necessary. (3) The reliance of many countries on a dollar standard, with their parities fixed in relation to the dollar and their reserves held in dollars. The creation of a dollar standard is the likely way in which the reserve currency system will develop, with perhaps other currency bloc besides the dollar.

Exchange reserves consist of dollars, pound sterling and, to a certain extent, French francs and Deutsche Mark. The dollar has long been the most important currency and now accounts for about 60% of the total world exchange reserves.

The smooth working of a monetary system, which includes the accumulation of exchange reserves, presupposes that those countries whose curren-

cies are used as exchange reserves follow policies designed to maintain the confidence of foreign holders, both as regards the par value and the convertibility of the currency. It also implies the maintenance of a convincing ratio between the reserve currency country's gold or gold-convertible assets and its short-term foreign liabilities. The present system has for several years shown increasing signs of weakness in all these respects.

For the United Kingdom, the Basle facility represents a tentative practical attempt at stabilisation and as a compromise between the consolidation and the dismantling of the sterling area.

It is difficult to appraise the current status of the dollar as a reserve currency. President Nixon, in a speech on 15 August, 1971, announced new economic policies for the United States. The most fundamental of the measures is the realignment of currencies in relation to the dollar as a consequence of the decision to suspend the convertibility of the dollar into gold or other reserve assets.

Professor Friedman says that the partner countries of the United States, especially the countries of Europe, are on their way towards a dollar standard which they could only avoid by letting their exchange rates fluctuate. Various factors allow doubts to be cast on the validity of this statement: the development of the American balance-of-payments; the role to be played by the new forms of reserves, in particular the Special Drawing Rights; and, the attitude of the partner countries of the United States.

Some countries of Europe could stop using the dollar as their international currency, peg their currency to gold, and let the dollar rate float. It would be difficult for central banks to hold as reserves foreign assets the value of which would fluctuate in terms of their own currencies. There is no perceptible indication of European unity. Three regional groupings exist side by side and to a certain extent overlap. None of them has overmuch strength. In a dialogue between the United States and Europe the latter might not give all the weight that real cohesion would lend it.

Reserve components other than gold and foreign exchange are relatively less important and into this category fall the various forms of bilateral credits which have replaced exchange assets. A much more important role has been assigned to the Special Drawing Rights, which are intended not to replace but to supplement gold.

There are a number of considerations which should restrain the issue of S.D.R.s. The first concerns the general uncertainty about the present degree of liquidity in the world economy in view of the doubtful value of the criteria used. The second relates to the possible effects which a universal increase in liquidity would have on the determination of I.M.F. members to correct a deterioration in their balance-of-payments. Recent experience suggests that the willingness to correct deficit positions has been weakened, rather than strengthened, by foreign credits. The third factor is the nature of the drawing rights themselves. It would be an interesting exercise to describe their legal status. But once they have been generally allocated, their use will constitute the incurring of a fixed gold value debt and their accumulation the acceptance of a fixed gold value claim. Their acceptance

will depend on a number of opinions concerning the quality of these reciprocal credits and debts, the risks or advantages arising out of the gold guarantee, and the comparative merits of other reserve assets. There is reason to assume that some central banks will maintain their preference for gold.

Weaknesses revealed in the adjustment process have led to proposals for less rigidity in exchange rates. One of the more common proposals is to widen the band within which foreign-exchange rates are permitted to fluctuate. In practice, the main advantage of a 2% or 3% band is that it allows domestic policies somewhat more independence from international considerations.

Another class of proposals for achieving greater rate flexibility pertains to par values. The aim is prompter adjustment of par values to conditions producing fundamental imbalances.

Another suggestion is for a moving or 'crawling peg' which would effect a gradual instead of an abrupt change in par value.

Academic economists suggest removal of all pegs on exchange rates. A system of unpegged rates has the undesirable consequences of possibly wide and erratic movements in market exchange rates.

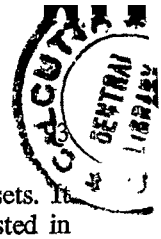
Indirect controls such as monetary-fiscal policies are being blunted somewhat as instruments for correcting international imbalance. Growing rigidity of price-cost-wage structures to declining demand makes it difficult to use these policies effectively to remedy a fundamental imbalance. A second development which tends to impair effectiveness of monetary-fiscal measures is the increasing importance of long-term capital and Government payments in the balance of payments.

A practical step toward improving the adjustment process might be some compromise between freely fluctuating exchange rates and the present system of pegged rates.

Several observations are called for. Numerous rigidities or strains which have appeared in the system are not due to the system as such, but to the way in which it has been used. The drawbacks arising from the rigidity of exchange rates would be less great if the Statutes of the Fund and, in particular, the provisions of Article IV concerning changes in parities were observed in the flexible way their authors intended.

The second consideration is that certain aspects of the recent development of the system constitute radical changes, or carry within them the seeds of such changes. One must be aware of the extent of the changes the system created at Bretton Woods has undergone and of their probable consequences. For example, to make the maintenance of the price of gold in dollar terms one of the dogmas of the system is to necessitate more frequent upward exchange rate adjustments in future. The result will be to lower the price of gold in terms of currencies other than the dollar, increase the demand for non-monetary gold, and thereby widen the gap between the free and official price of gold. This can only make the operation of the two-tier system more difficult.

The decision to create fiduciary reserve instruments is likely to lead to



the harmonisation among countries of different types of reserve assets. It will result in strengthening the powers of initiative and coercion vested in organisations such as the Fund, even in the field of exchange rates.

Such prospects would not in themselves be a matter for concern. But there are at times real conflicts of interest between countries and, in some cases, fundamental political issues involved. Obstacles such as these will often stand between the recommendations made by consultative bodies and political action.

It is unlikely that any decision can be taken quickly on the role of gold and special drawing rights in the future monetary system. It is often claimed, on the authority of Keynes, that gold is a barbarous relic. The experience of recent years has shown that in practice the monetary authorities are as attached to gold as they ever were. It will hardly be possible to do without gold in the immediate future. Moreover, it is very difficult to foresee whether special drawing rights alone will be the international monetary reserve of the future. The criterion for their distribution will always be a matter of dispute.

The reform of the international monetary system has been the main topic of discussions among monetary officials and private bankers at an American Bankers' Association Conference in Montreal in May 1972. There was general agreement that the central feature of monetary reform should be greater flexibility in the mechanism through which countries adjust to disequilibria in their balance-of-payments. Small but frequent and prompt parity changes were proposed by Sir Leslie O'Brien, Governor of the Bank of England. On the future role of gold in the monetary system, the broad consensus of the participants was that while the role of gold in the monetary system cannot be eliminated completely, its importance will diminish in the next few years.

Market analysts feel that, over the longer term, a much higher free market price than the current one will be necessary to produce new supplies to meet the steadily rising demand.

On the issue of the future role of the dollar, many speakers expressed the view that the dollar will remain an intervention and main trading currency, despite the increasingly more prevalent view that a resumption of its convertibility into gold or other reserve assets cannot be achieved in the near future.

The Smithsonian meeting was pre-eminently concerned with realigning exchange rates. It did not attempt to deal with structural weaknesses in the old international monetary system.

Dr. Arthur F. Burns, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, in an address delivered in Montreal, touched on some of the more essential conditions and problems of international monetary reform. These are: further strengthening of the processes of international consultation and co-operation; responsible domestic policies in all the major industrial countries; a substantial degree of autonomy for domestic policies, so that no country would feel compelled to sacrifice high employment or price stability in order to achieve balance-of-payments equilibrium;

more prompt adjustments on payments imbalances, to be facilitated by definite guidelines and consultative machinery; a symmetrical division of responsibilities among surplus and deficit countries for initiating and implementing adjustments of payments imbalances; systematic long-range plans for the evolution of world reserves and official credit arrangements; a continued but diminishing role for gold as a reserve asset, with a corresponding increase in the importance of S.D.R.s; a better international consensus about the proper role of reserve currencies in the new system; re-establishment of some form of dollar convertibility in the future; a significant lessening of restrictive trading practices as the result of negotiations complementing the negotiations on monetary reform.

Dr. Burns said that a world of financial manipulations, economic restrictions, and political frictions bears no promise for the futuure. His proposals were hailed as an important step in spelling out the agenda for the negotiations.

A detailed proposal, drafted by the I.M.F., urges radical changes for monetary reform. The document includes the following: (1) the U.S. can no longer let dollars pile up abroad and must buy back dollars that flow out in the future with gold or other assets by definite deadlines; (2) should be prepared as any other nation promptly to devalue the dollar again (or revalue upward) as conditions change; should expect to see dollars now held by other governments turned in to the I.M.F. and gradually to buy them back; must get over the ideas that other nations will be made to give up their balance-of-payments surpluses and that gold will soon fade from its place as an international reserve asset.

The report suggests that the Smithsonian rules, under which other countries go on accumulating dollars without any promise of convertibility into gold or other reserve assets, do not reflect economic and political realities. Continuation of the present rules might result in an unplanned separation of the world into a number of currency blocs with attendant economic and political hazards.

Both the British Government's views and the I.M.F. ideas emphasise a sharply declining role for the dollar in official international dealings. The report suggests that even the dollar's role as the main 'intervention currency' be ended. Tentatively, it proposes symmetrical multicurrency intervention. But since it would be a sharp break from past practices, it adds that other reforms might have to be pushed through first. Many foreigners resent the way the U.S. has let dollars build up abroad. The proposed plan would enhance the I.M.F.'s role in rationally creating extra S.D.R.s for reserve growth.

The report states that what has passed for a monetary system since 15 August, 1971, is 'more dollar-centred than ever before.' Other governments absorb dollars in order to hold currency values relatively steady. The report proposes giving other nations the option to turn these balances into S.D.R.s through consolidation arrangements. The I.M.F. report proposes annual or even quarterly 'compulsory conversion'. To meet its obligation, the U.S. might have to borrow from other nations or from the I.M.F.

The report points out that the U.S. cannot be expected to agree to such 'asset financing' unless it could count on exchange-rate policy as one means of curing deficits. On this score, all that remains to be done is for the I.M.F. to formalise future flexibility for the value of the dollar and all other currencies.

The present monetary situation is still beset with great uncertainties. But this phase permits experiments which normally cannot be performed. A number of monetary theories that have been widespread for years have been tried out.

The U.S. announced on 12 February, 1972 a devaluation of the dollar by 10%, to be followed by comprehensive trade legislation, and phasing out the Interest Equalisation Tax and the controls of the Office of Foreign Direct Investment. Both controls will be terminated at the latest by 31 December, 1974.

Good results cannot be expected from any international payments system if the participating countries do not subject themselves to the necessary discipline to keep their balance of payments in reasonable equilibrium. This is self-evident with a system of fixed exchange rates, but it would be no less true with a flexible rate system. The establishment of a dollar standard would not protect the United States from dollar crises unless it were managed in a way that would remain acceptable to other countries.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ALVIN TOFFLER

by James Morton

ALVIN Toffler was in England for the paperback publication of his book *Future Shock* when I met him. He is a tall man with dark hair and large soft hands. He is now in his forties and divides his time between two homes in America and a house in Mayfair. The decorators, the builders and the telephone engineers were all busy during our interview but this did not bother him in the least, nor for that matter did it bother his wife who thought that builders in England were superior to their American counterparts whereas the reverse was true with plumbers. We spoke about the cinema. Alvin Toffler works at home and consequently finds it easy to go out two or three times a week to the films. He finds it easier to do than to go to the trouble of booking into a theatre. Anyway, he believes, the theatre will probably have started by the time he is ready to go. He and his wife like any sort of film—'even bad movies, any sort'.

Morton: When did you crystallise your ideas on future shock?

Toffler: I was a correspondent in Washington in 1957-1958. My experience concerning the White House and Capitol Hill left me with profound dissatisfaction. I felt that political machinery devoted 99.9 per cent to housekeeping, that is to maintaining old premises and no energy to future changes in society or to identify turning points in society at the moment.

For example, in 1957-8 no one had ever heard the word 'conglomerate' although the phenomonem existed. By the mid-sixties it had become a day to day word. If anybody had looked seriously it could have been foreseen, but the political system was unable to see it. In the '50s and '60s there was a basic change in attitudes towards the arts—concert halls were full, exhibitions crowded. This represented a fundamental shift in values. This was not of itself related to particular political values.

There were important subterranean currents which were converging to change American life drastically. This, the American political machinery did not see. At that time I had a groping feeling that something was wrong. I did an article for *Horizon* magazine on *The Future Way of Life*. That was when I coined the phrase 'Future Shock', based on an analogy with culture shock. It is possible for people to be physically disorientated by being torn from their environment and plunged without preparation into alien cultures. We were doing that to people in our society.

Morton: You have said in *The Observer* recently that future shock has arrived in Britain. Would you agree that 'Future Shock' has not only arrived in America but is firmly rooted?

Toffler: I think the last election reflects that this is so very clearly. President Nixon knew this and so did John Connolly, who is one of his chief aides. The conventional analysis of the last election was that Americans have turned to the right and given Nixon a landslide mandate. I think this is incorrect. It has to be remembered that we are a society of 225,000,000 people of whom 45-46,000,000 voted for Nixon and 175,000,000

did not. This includes children but if you take them out it still represents a rather sizeable number. Secondly, I don't believe that Americans voted for Nixon because they were anti-black or hawkish or illiberal in the American sense. Rather, I think that Nixon consciously understood that the American population felt harrassed by change; weary, emotionally played out as a consequence of the extremely upsetting, unpredictable lives they had led in the decade before and, I think, Nixon responded to this by saying 'I will bring you stability. I will reduce tension. I have reduced tensions in international affairs through the *rapprochement* with China and Russia. I have even brought troops home from Vietnam and if you will give me four more years, I will make America stable internally as well.' Now that's a message that a future shock population is desparately eager to hear. It also happens to be, in my view, a fraudulent message because I don't believe that Mr. Nixon can deliver on his promises, except perhaps by delaying the solution of certain social problems so long that they explode in the next administration. He may be able to repress change temporarily but only at the cost of building up a bigger head of steam.

Morton: You're meaning, for example, such controversial issues as 'bussing'?

Toffler: I'm talking about change in race relations, change in the education system, change in the control of technology, change in housing, in public welfare, and so on. At the same time, McGovern lost because he evidently did not understand that millions of Americans were suffering from future shock. By that I mean he, poor man, went about saying 'I'm going to change this and then I'm going to change that and then I'm going to change a third thing and then a fourth and a fifth and then over there behind you there's something that needs to be changed and underneath there are three other things we are going to rearrange. And up over here there are 18 more items on the agenda.' And he simply terrified the population.

He gave them the impression they were going to live in a totally disorderly and unstable America for the next generation of their lives or at least for the next four to eight years. I think that If McGovern had understood the mood of America and realised that there are certain upper limits to the change a population can absorb rationally and peacefully, he could have made a much sharper impact. But I think that McGovern and his advisers were doctrinaire and were brought up on the old notion 'Pro-change is to be progressive and to be anti-change is to be conservative.' In my view neither of these is correct and the task is to be in favour of selective change instead of blind change or blind resistance to it.

Morton: Are you saying that the public has for the time being gone as far as it can in accepting change?

Toffler: Yes, I think that is true of enough people in the public to matter. There are certainly many—not all—Americans who want change but they don't like to live with the consequences of accelerated, runaway, controlled line, blind and unguided change. I think there is wisdom in their bellies. I'm just reading a history of fascism by Alistair Hamilton, a British writer, called

The Appeal of Fascism. It is a fascinating study of the hundreds of European intellectuals, English, French and German and Italian who, during the twenties, the thirties and the forties became fascists or nazis or who flirted with the movements. The book poses the question, what was there about this movement that appealed to them? Take for example the runaway inflation in Germany when a man paid 6,000 marks for his newspaper in the morning and 130,000 for one in the evening. When you put populations into such uncertainty they're going to grasp desperately at any promise of order and the themes which run through the rise of Mussolini and Hitler are 'We are going to restore order'. A population which is sufficiently future shocked seems to me to be ripe for demagogy.

Morton: You're saying in fact that America has reached that condition?

Toffler: I'm saying that by pulling back from the brink of the precipice maybe the American public has a certain wisdom and that it would not let itself go that far. If a population is hard pressed by change, is the only alternative a right wing administration? I think not. I think there are other ways of dealing with change than by blindly resisting it and I think that in our context the left-right categories don't hold. That is a fact.

Morton: Would you extend your theory to say that the British have now come to the edge of the precipice as well?

Toffler: I must preface anything I say about Britain with the reservation that I am seeing it as an American and, while I spend more time here than most Americans, I am still an outsider looking in. Two years ago there was considerably more confidence in the ability of existing establishments to maintain stability. In the past few months I have heard James Callaghan warn about 'anarchy waiting in the wings'. I've heard Nora Beloff of *The Observer* talk about the imminence of massive strikes, further currency devaluation, and a rise in violence making Britain, I think she said, 'totally ungovernable'. I have heard Lord Balogh talk about a revolution that would eliminate all the civility and niceness from Britain. I've heard Hugh Clegg, the industrial relations expert, talk about how the British are tearing each other's guts out. Now, this is strong language of the kind I don't remember hearing even as recently as two years ago, and it reflects the break-up of consensus in Britain which I regard as part of the transition out of an industrial society. People, I think, suffer from Future Shock, not only when they're immersed in rapid change but sometimes even at the prospect of enormous change. With the Common Market and all its attendant uncertainties we are no longer sure that the systems will continue to work without some breakdown and I think it is a well warranted doubt, because I personally believe that Britain is in for a very difficult time for the next few years. I think those who said you should go into the Market may have been right about historical necessity and that probably they have been wrong about all the blessings that will come from it even in economic terms.

Morton: You've pointed out the dangers but not really offered a solution.

Toffler: No. I think I would sharply challenge that because I think the exercise, of the control of technology is a basic solution to many, many

problems, not just this one. I believe that we could, through an intelligent analysis of our situation, apply the brakes here, accelerate a little there and do it in a way that reduces the shock. I am saying we can have change, both in the U.K. and in America, even rather significant change in a more orderly fashion, or at least that we could try. If we don't we're in for a lot of difficulty.

The September issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Theatre in Romania* by J. C. Trewin, *The Malady of the Bengali* by Sadhan Kumar Ghosh, *Arthur Machen's 'The Hill of Dreams'* by D. W. Thomson Vessey and *Education of the Future in the U.S.S.R.* by Oleg Matyatin.

HOW TO IMPROVE SOCIETY

by L. F. Lowenstein

ONE cannot treat the ills of society merely by seeking to remedy society on its own as if it existed as an entity. Society is often a conglomerate in which the individual, dominant political, educational and economic forces play a part. It is therefore by directing one's efforts to the constituents that make up society, i.e. the parental approach to child rearing, teaching aims and methods, and work done in the community, that one reaches the very heart of that which makes up society.

Additionally, there is 'the society', or the 'culture' as a whole, a comprehensive although not always comprehensible entity. There are two questions we must answer: How can one improve society and who should be responsible for making this effort?

This question of how to improve society is everyone's concern. Most people have personal ideas of how they would run the world were they given half a chance of doing so. Most of us would probably end up making it less workable and probably, ultimately, less ideal in practice than it is at present. The reason for this pessimism is due to a number of things; foremost is the failure of the average person to appreciate the complexities involved in organising a society. There is also a strong likelihood that the very ideals one puts forth like beacons of hope will end up being misconstrued by those expected to be grateful for such changes.

The process of change in a society is essentially a gradual, almost imperceptible one. Cataclysmic changes are more dramatic because they are violent. They may be necessary in some circumstances, but they have no place in a democratic society such as ours, built on the premise that changes are possible only by the consent of the majority through the vote and within the processes of law and order. No democratic society, as we know it, can therefore be improved by resorting to violent means. If the majority desire a certain decision to stand, then a minority is unlikely to have the right to change this. If, on the other hand, the majority decide upon a change then there are normal democratic procedures for effecting such reforms. It is for this reason that we must curb violence in our society and encourage its members to use methods which are traditional to our culture. To achieve this, attitudes and behaviour must be inculcated early in our child rearing and teaching methods. The teaching of appropriate behaviour cannot be left to chance. There must be a calculated and graduated programme of training which involves and is supported by all members of society.

We may learn a great deal on how to do this from the educational curricula of the U.S.S.R. Their emphasis is somewhat different from ours but the programme of aims and procedures which directs or guides young people on how to behave towards one another could have applications in our own society.

A society with a capitalistic orientation such as ours also needs some kind of definite structure and such structures are not incompatible with a free democratic society, and one with concern about the individual. Indeed, the individual is therefore safeguarded from pressures and violence from other individuals.

A certain amount of Government legislation should help in this respect. Progress has already been made by the provision of nursery education and the raising of the school-leaving age. Legislation, however, is not enough. Improvement must ultimately hinge on the orientation of our leadership at all levels of Government and in education. There must be specific training in good citizenship allowed for in the curriculum. The development of personal values and principles is quite as important, if not more important, than the assimilation of academic matter. This is the very essence of education, not merely for life, but for living with others.

The aims that have been set out as a curriculum for developing behaviour which is likely to improve society could do much to ameliorate our present social problems of violence, anti-social behaviour generally, and psychological illnesses.

There are, however, some powerful forces in society whose efforts are likely to be most effective in communicating messages and emphasising social aims, among these the mass media of radio and television. Through these agencies an emphasis can be given to the positive aspects of society, balanced against the less salubrious behaviour and attitudes of anti-social and asocial elements.

B. F. Skinner pointed out in 'Beyond Freedom and Dignity' and I quote: 'It can always be argued that human behaviour is a particularly difficult field. It is, and we are especially likely to think so because we are so inept in dealing with it.' One thing is certain, we cannot any longer afford to be inept in this respect.

There has been a deliberate attempt to leave out the expert or specialist in the role of treating difficulties in individuals. The reasons for this are threefold:

1. There are limitations in the number of specialists and therefore the time and quality of the service they can provide is circumscribed. They can offer either an intensive qualitative service to a few or comprehensive yet superficial help for many. Either of these alternatives has drawbacks. In my view, a qualitative or intensive service is preferable to a superficial one and it is therefore necessary for a cadre of semi-professionals or auxiliaries, who are trained and willing, to do much more work. I believe this is both feasible and likely as an effective alternative to utilising expertise.
2. The second reason for involving a semi-professional, such as the teacher, is the personal satisfaction this is likely to bring to his profession. Teachers frequently complain about their limited role in their work with children. Many would like to do much more than they are able to achieve at present and especially with individual children. Thus, they are interested, but circumscribed by two considerations:

(a) Lack of time due to classes that are too large for teachers to do sufficient and effective work with individuals. The implementation of teachers to act as social workers and auxiliary therapists means a complete re-thinking of the teaching role in the community and the school, and a drastic reduction in the size of classes.

(b) Lack of training is a second reason why teachers cannot play an expanded role in the community or the classroom at the present time. Teachers' training colleges therefore need to train new teachers to work in the community generally as well as to work intensively with individual children who have problems. Teachers' Centres are ideally suited for setting up courses to deal with the needs of those teachers who are already working.

3. The third reason for encouraging teachers to undertake much more of the diagnostic and therapeutic work with difficult children is that this is an effective means of dealing with a large and growing problem. The teacher knows the child in the classroom. He may know him as a member of a group and as an individual. It is not unnatural to extend his area of operation and competence to include the home, and thereby to have a full personal knowledge of his pupil. Such information, plus his training in behaviour modification techniques, would make it unnecessary to call in the specialist except under very special circumstances; thus going a long way to counteract a general resistance to calling in an expert at all levels of classroom misbehaviour.

Most teachers and parents, indeed most individuals, are aware of the vital importance of their own attitudes as a reflection of how the child will conduct himself and benefit from the school. The child who is involved with and motivated by well adjusted adults is much more likely to do well at school than the child who is not thus motivated and involved.

There is still much work which needs to be done to research into the attitudes of R.O.S.L.A. (raising of the school-leaving age) students to assess what they themselves want and need. This may be seen alongside the requirements of society and the roles they are likely to play in that society. There are already a number of things we do know as well as other hard facts which will have to be faced as we consider those children who, in many instances, are neither desirous of nor able to benefit from the ordinary educational approaches. In some instances we can help such children to become more interested and motivated; in others we will have to provide a diet of education which is particularly suitable to their needs. We must also, of course, achieve a better understanding of the children themselves, and why they are ambivalent to education, the school and the teacher.

There can be no doubt, generally speaking, that the more disciplined attitude of the higher socio-economic groups provides a much superior opportunity for their children, due mainly to better motivation to study and benefit from education generally; whereas negative attitudes of children from the lower socio-economic background militates against performance, even when their intellectual ability is at a good level. Such children are also likely, very often, to be of low intellectual ability and this may well be the

reason for poor achievement in this social group. The better attitudes of the able child are unmistakable in most circumstances; unless of course the child and his ability are being mis-used through poor teaching or due to an inferior cultural family background. The poor attitudes of the less able child must be handled with great care and by teachers trained specifically for the task of helping such children educationally, emotionally and socially.

It is scarcely surprising that the less able and the child from the lower socio-economic background usually suffers from poor language development, whereas children from higher socio-economic backgrounds have an elaborate code of language. Again, there is a bilingual handicap among immigrant children who have come to this country recently and whose intellectual functioning and achievement may be affected by language deficits rather than innate lack of ability. 'Difficult' children are also the result of poor rearing, or of different rearing methods being used in certain homes, especially those from the lower socio-economic backgrounds. This is likely to produce difficult personality problems, beyond the understanding of many teachers. Much of the unacceptable behaviour that is likely to result is in reality a poor reaction to frustration, resulting in aggression or violence. Long experiences of failure vis-a-vis the school are likely to predispose many of the children with such negative experiences to react unfavourably to the extension of a school career, when they could be out working, and feel more adequate and independent.

Even when such children are able, they suffer from a variety of underachievement traits and my own research has revealed that this can be measured. The following traits have been especially noted and are associated with underachievement children, regardless of their ability. Too high standards, too low standards, obsessive compulsive behaviour, poor educational attitudes, submissiveness, anti-authority attitudes, impulsiveness, psychosomatic features, identification problems, depression, parental attitudes, 'pleasure principle' or the need for immediate satisfaction of needs, non-perseverance, hostility.

According to some recent research, the R.O.S.L.A. child in particular is marked by the following personality traits:

1. There is likely to be an absence of conscience in many of the children, reflected in their manner of behaviour.
2. There is an unwillingness to attend school, partly attributable to their desire to avoid an unpleasant situation, due to negative previous experiences.
3. There is a desire to avoid school due to the unwillingness to postpone immediate gratification, such as being able to go out and earn money.
4. There is a general distrust and suspicion of the school, the teacher, and authority generally.
5. There is a fear of ridicule, especially with personal relationships, which is more likely to occur in the school, where many other situations of failure have been experienced.
6. The child who is unwilling to remain at school is likely to have hostile

attitudes due to his upbringing and may be violent in respect of authority.

7. The child who goes unwillingly to school is more likely to have perceptual discrimination problems and also suffer from a lack of creative ability. This is especially true when compared with children from the higher socio-economic groups and those of higher intelligence.
8. Such children are more handicapped from the lack of cultural values than their material impoverishment, i.e. material enrichment does not essentially alter their predicament and that of society.

Children who have had negative experiences throughout most of their educational life are likely to feel a much greater desire to seek vocational experiences in order for this to enhance their flagging egos. The school must provide these vocational opportunities as part of the curriculum.

The older child is likely to be more critical of school as a result of his greater independence, physical maturity, and because he is going through the adolescent period. This period very often is marked by antipathy or conflict with adults in authority. The teacher is no longer able to control such children merely by offering praise and encouragement but needs to offer a meaningful, practical, and useful programme of study. This should include education for living with others, education for vocational competence, education for leisure and education for marriage, parenthood and citizenship.

Schools are frequently seen as failing to promote greater maturity and independence, and do in fact create dependence through the way children are handled in the school. This is resented by older pupils, because it makes them feel second class citizens or demeaned by being treated as children.

They react very strongly to petty restrictions, as they see them, such as having to wear school uniforms, keeping in line, or going out to play, etc. It may be necessary to overcome such defects by providing special rooms and facilities for older pupils so that they can congregate among their own age group and be segregated in some measure from younger children. As a sign of their increasing maturity they should be given more freedom, i.e. allowed to wear clothes other than uniforms, and given other special privileges commensurate with their level of maturity and willingness to accept responsibilities in the school.

Somehow, educational facilities have not so far been able to provide an appropriate educational challenge, which involves high standards that can be met and which can be examined outside the school.

Altruism and political decisions are not enough. We should produce citizens in the future who are conscious of their responsibilities towards others and are simultaneously capable of finding personal satisfaction both through their work and leisure-time activities.

In the final analysis the success of any endeavour depends on those who implement decisions; parents, teachers and the willing involvement of all members of society. It is their vision of man's more harmonious new world which will bring about those changes we all desire.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

JOHN STRACHEY — A BIOGRAPHY

John Strachey. Hugh Thomas. Eyre-Methuen. £4.50.

I first met John Strachey at Oxford, when he was Editor of the Conservative *Oxford Fortnightly Review* and came to my rooms to interview me as the first Labour President of the Oxford Union. After that period, although our paths crossed on various social occasions and subsequently in the House of Commons from 1945 to 1950, when he was Under-Secretary for Air and Minister of Food and I was Independent Member for the Universities, I never knew him as a friend or foe. We moved in different circles, though we had scores of acquaintances in common. This was not due primarily to party political differences ; his closest political friend was Bob Boothby, who remained a Conservative as long as he was in the House of Commons. Perhaps it is worth adding that while John Strachey was at Oxford, there were at least two other undergraduate Political Journals *The Oxford Outlook* (Liberal) and the *New Oxford* (Labour), but hardly a single person mentioned in these journals belonged to John Strachey's circle of friends.

Hugh Thomas has consulted a hundred people, in addition to John Strachey's immediate family, before writing this skilful biography. The majority of those consulted were and are members of the Labour or of the Communist parties. The exceptions are a few Air Marshals, who always speak highly of his work, both as an officer and Minister during the war and post-war period. The author quite rightly has made a study of an intellectual in politics, the study of a man transparently sincere and realist within his own limited ambit, the study of a man who knew little of the lives of ordinary mortals. These limitations may be due in part to his family inheritance and his Eton and Magdalen background, but it took forty years and the second world war to transform him from being a rebel to a potential ruler.

John Strachey, as befits the son of an illustrious editor of *The Spectator*, was always articulate. This is revealed as clearly in his love-letters, essays, poems and memoranda as in the series of books and articles which influenced a whole generation not only in England, but in America and Europe. *Revolution by Reason* and *The Coming Struggle for Power, The Menace of Fascism*, and the *Nature of the Capitalist Crisis*—all these were written before 1935. Ten years later he was a Minister in Attlee's government, married with two children and a man of the middle-way. He carved out his own approach, neither the route of Bevan nor of Gaitskill, not even of Cripps, Crossman or Jay who arrived via Winchester into the Labour Party. Having boxed the political compass, he was still looking for a general theory to explain everything when in 1956 he wrote *The Future of Socialism*. His reading widened ; he devoured Toynbee's *A Study of History* and read Teilhard de Chardin. 'He craved for a system which would embrace every aspect of knowledge,' wrote Michael Foot.

Hugh Thomas has not written a history of the Thirties and Forties, that was not his object. He has painted a fascinating portrait of the man, John Strachey, which throws fresh light on a fascinating period of political and economic development, when Britain avoided both Fascism and Communism and once again chose its own road ahead.

KENNETH LINDSAY

TWENTIETH CENTURY ENGLISH VERSE

The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse. Chosen by Philip Larkin. Clarendon Press, O.U.P. £3 net.

Following the advent of Dame Helen Gardner's *New Oxford Book of English Verse,* which devoted a couple of hundred pages out of 974 to poets living in the 20th century, the publication of *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse* should aid us in keeping the Muse in perspective. Poets and critics of poetry, whether well-known and acclaimed or only self-esteemed, will always be tempted to enter the ranks of anthologists and air their individual preferences according to the schools of performance and opinion they represent or are in sympathy with. Mr. Larkin is a justly-admired front rank main stream contemporary poet whose selections must compel attention and stand a good chance of winning respect; but it is clear from his Preface that, while welcoming the assignment, he undertook it with some doubt:

> At first I would let the century choose the poets while I chose the poems, but outside two or three dozen names this did not really work. In the end I found that my material fell into three groups: poems representing aspects of the talents of poets judged either by the age or by myself to be worthy of inclusion, poems judged by me to be worthy of inclusion without reference to their authors, and poems judged by me to carry with them something of the century in which they were written.

One finds this basis rather arbitrary and critically insecure. How does one estimate the judgment of the age without reference to the authors? A prime purpose of an anthology is surely thankfully to identify a poem with its poet.

The Preface is brief because it is almost impossible to define the rules for making an anthology. The one valid test is the anthologist's literary judgment and his enthusiasm for his selections. By this test one has grave doubts regarding many of Mr. Larkin's selections. Many of them are mere whimsies, suitable perhaps for casual quotation in after-dinner speeches, not selected, one must think, without qualms and misgivings about some of the directions taken by contemporary writers of verse under the ever-expanding network of regional arts councils, associations and little magazines.

On the other hand, with three-quarters of a good century to draw on, there is much that is solid and satisfying in the scope and structure of this anthology. T. S. Eliot is allotted twenty-nine pages, Thomas Hardy twenty-six, W. H. Auden fifteen, Kipling twelve, D. H. Lawrence eleven, Sir John Betjeman eleven, Robert Graves ten, W. B. Yeats eight; and other leading apportionments in pages are: Dylan Thomas, Edward Thomas (8 each); W. de la Mare, A. E. Housman, L. MacNeice, J. Masefield (7 each); Wilfred Owen, S. Sassoon (6 each); Rupert Brooke, Roy Campbell, W. H. Davies, Wilfrid Gibson, Stevie Smith, Philip Larkin, C. Day-Lewis and Roy Fuller (5 each); Kingsley Amis, H. Belloc, R. Bridges, Donald Davie, William Empson, R. Hodgson, Ted Hughes, Elizabeth Jennings, H. MacDiarmid, C. Mew and S. Spender (4 each).

Mixed with these are the single and two-page and three-page poets in the total of 200 chosen. Inevitably, one recalls one's own 'Miscellany of Poetry 1920-22 (1923) which presented 64 poems by poets not previously included in their books. Of these, 19 figure in Mr. Larkin's choice of 'twentieth-century poets', and one remembers the satisfaction one had in printing poems by Lascelles Abercrombie, 'A.E.', Richard Aldington, Redwood Anderson, Martin Armstrong, W. R. Childe, Louis Golding, 'H.D.', Laurence Housman, Richard Hughes, Aldous Huxley, Rose Macaulay, Eugene Mason, E. Powys Mathers, R. L. Megroz, Francis Meynell, Thomas Moult, Hermon Ould, Alan Porter,

Dorothy Roberts, Sacheverell Sitwell, W. Force Stead, Herbert Trench, E. H. Visiak and Charles Williams. All were good twentieth-century poets. I thought so 50 years ago, and think today that they could properly displace a round 50 of Mr. Larkin's selections.

Nonetheless, one owes it to the bulk of poets assembled in this new Oxford anthology to say that one is grateful for it, for Mr. Larkin's 'two or three dozen names' have been chosen 'by the century' as much as by himself. He has aroused much disappointment in poetry-loving circles, but at least he has avoided the crashing errors made by W. B. Yeats in his anthology of *Modern Verse 1892-1935* when he gave way to lazy lapses prompting worthless inclusions and spiteful omissions.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

DR. ROWSE AND THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS

Shakespeare the Man. A. L. Rowse. Macmillan. £4.95.

Dr. A. L. Rowse has stamped himself indelibly on the literate mind of our time as the leading historian of the Elizabethan Age and foremost biographer of William Shakespeare. His massive quatercentenary volume appeared in 1963, and many readers will be surprised that ten years later he has produced another, shorter, three-dimensional biography covering much of the ground surveyed in the previous book. Both supply a famous life-story; but we suspect that *Shakespeare the Man* was written because Dr. Rowse was eager to launch a new and highly sensational thesis which was bound to plunge the world of Shakespearian scholarship into acute controversy.

The thesis, briefly, is that in the course of his researches in the Bodleian Library Dr. Rowse 'discovered' the identity of 'the Dark Lady of the Sonnets' in the Manuscript Case—books of Simon Forman, Astrologer, Physician and athletic lecher. Hitherto, for several decades past, we have thought of her as the well-born court lady Mary Fitton, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour. Scholars have accepted this dark-haired lady as prompting the amorous sonnets of Shakespeare addressed to her and to his patron the young Earl of Southampton. But no. Dr. Rowse does not even mention her in his index. The new, and to Dr. Rowse only, claimant is Mrs. Emilia Lanier née Bassano, who comes to our knowledge in Forman's journals and diaries. She was the orphan daughter of Italian musicians, who had been received into the household of Lord Hunsdon, the Court Chamberlain, at the age of about seventeen, and had 'become his paramour and was maintained in great pride.' At the age of nineteen, 'being with child, she was for colour married to a minstrel,' William Lanier. Forman's Diary tells us that he met her in 1597, when she was twenty-seven, three years older than her husband, to whom she had been married four years. He notes, 'She seems to be with child of twelve days or weeks—much pain in her left side—but it will hardly stay with her: she hath many false conceptions.' Forman sizes her up: 'Now very needy, in debt and it seems for lucre's sake will be a good fellow, for necessity doth compel . . . the woman hath a mind to the quent, but seems she is or will be a harlot. And because . . . she useth sodomy.' Old Lord Hunsdon had died in 1596, and Forman was unscrupulous. In September 1597 he confided to his Diary, 'if I go to Lanier this night or tomorrow, whether she will receive me, and whether I shall be welcome et halek'—his regular term for intercourse. Other notes between then and 1600 confirm that he and others resorted to the woman, and early in 1600 he writes 'to know why Mrs. Lanier sent for me: what will

follow, and whether she intendeth any more villainy.' It is a sordid story, and at this distance of time we may feel compassionate for this 'deleterious woman' (as Dr. Rowse calls her), but he does not quote a single shred of discovery in his Bodleian researches connecting Shakespeare's name with Emilia Lanier. Until he can do so we incline to revert to the traditional identification of Mistress Mary Fitton as 'the Dark Lady of the Sonnets' and surmise that when she and Shakespeare and Southampton ended their complicated relationship she was frail enough to become the mistress of the young William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, poet and friend of poets, and in 1600 present him with a son—much to the wrath of Queen Elizabeth.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

POETRY OFFERINGS

Poems 1970-1972. Robert Graves. Cassell & Co. Ltd. £1.90.

Dr. Faust's Sea-Spiral Spirit and Other Poems. Peter Redgrove. Routledge & Kegan Paul. £1.50.

Love Poems and Elegies. Iain Crichton Smith. Victor Gollancz Ltd. £1.50.

Door Into the Dark. Seamus Heaney. Faber Paper Covered Editions. 50p.

An Ear to the Ground. Stewart Conn. Hutchinson Paperback. £1.00.

The Heights of Macchu Picchu. Pablo Neruda. Trs. by Nathaniel Tarn. Cape Poetry Paperback. 50p.

Poems by Faiz. Faiz Ahmed Faiz. Trs. by Victor Kiernan. Geo. Allen & Unwin. £3.75.

Funland and Other Poems. Dannie Abse. Hutchinson & Co. £1.75. Paperback, 75p.

Secret as Toads. Leonard Clark. Chatto & Windus. 65p.

Catullus. The Complete Poems for Modern Readers. Trs. by Reney Myers and Robert J. Ormsby. Geo. Allen & Unwin, £3.00. Paperback, 65p.

The Majorcan sage and lyrist Robert Graves rightly takes first place in this survey, and if he seems at times to repeat his effects in *Poems 1970-1972* (which provides XXVI and XXVII of his *Collected Poems* begun in 1965) readers may yet count themselves fortunate in the largesse he offers of magical inspiration and flawless technique. How wise and timely he is in his foreword, when he says: 'Prosody is now generally underrated by English and American writers, who fail to recognise it as a necessary means of hypnotising the reader into the same dream-like mood—the top level of sleep—which the true poet himself must enter.' Such poems as 'Birth of a Goddess' and 'Testament' are wrought with Mr. Graves's old unquestionable power and lyrical genius.

It has been said of Peter Redgrove that he has an 'animistic vision of the physical universe as a thing in the wildest, most seething activity' and in his new collection *Dr. Faust's Sea-Spiral Spirit,* this is amply apparent. The title poem is a consummate flight of imagination on which the minds of Wordsworth and Coleridge would have been profoundly exercised on one of their early walks had they had the chance to examine it. Luxuriant in language, detailed and rhapsodic, the poem's ten pages present a vision crowded with allusion and metaphor. In other poems he uses science as subject matter as in 'Minerals of Cornwall, Stones of Cornwall':

> 'Splinters of information, stones of information,
> Drab stones in a drab box, specimens of a distant place,
> Granite, galena, talc, lava, kaolin, quartz,
> Landscape in a box, under the dull sky of Leeds—

One morning was awake, in Cornwall, by the estuary,
In the tangy pearl-light, tangy tin-light,
And the stones were awake, these ounce-chips,
Had begun to think, in the place they came out of.'

The whole volume proclaims Mr. Redgrove as probably the most resourceful explorer of the wonders of creation among contemporary poets.

Mr. Iain Crichton Smith's *Love Poems and Elegies* is a Scottish contribution proceeding mainly out of deep personal devotion to his mother's memory. She had lived in Glasgow where he himself had spent his first two years; and as he retraces old areas ravaged by bull-dozers he reflects in the spirit of a vigil:

'Divided city of the green and blue
I look for her in you, my constant aim
To find a ghost within a close who speaks
In Highland Gaelic.'

Seamus Heaney, an Irishman with a remarkable control of native impressions of life and landscape, presents in *Door Into the Dark* vivid pictures of salmon-fishing, the servicing of cows by an unlicensed bull, thatching, and girls bathing on a Galway Beach. Common sounds and spectacles combine to make this paperback a most rewarding example of Irish contemporary poetry.

The title poem of the Scottish poet Stewart Conn's new book, *An Ear to the Ground*—a Poetry Book Society Choice—properly indicates the source and inspiration of his work. His concern is with the earth, the land, the heritage of his forebears. In a welcome collection of formal but highly individual verse he uses metaphor with arresting effect, as in 'Marriage a Mountain Ridge', depicting a perilous climb on Beinn Fhada which concludes with the affirmation:

'Later, victims of Time and Loss,
We will return and gaze there—
And marvel at such heights
Conquered, such blazing air.'

This is virile, hopeful poetry, confident in the means and meaning of life past and present.

The name of the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda is familiar in reviews of his books in these pages in recent years. The publishers deserve special thanks for encouraging English translations and presenting them. The latest, *The Heights of Macchu Picchu,* rendered from the Spanish by Nathaniel Tarn, with a Preface by Robert Pring-Mill, was inspired by the trip the poet made to the lost Inca city high up in the Peruvian Andes, whose very existence (the Preface tells us) was unknown till 1911, though it is barely eighty miles from Cuzco. The citadel stands between the two peaks of old and new Picchu, a 'tall city of stepped stone' the amazing ruins of which, intact through the centuries, prompted the poem written two years later, in which Neruda's genius flowers in a sequence of twelve poems ranging over his interpretive conjectures of the origins and end of the Inca city, its architecture in patterns of right angles and perpendiculars and horizontals, with water-courses and terraces, squares and temples interlocking. From the poet's musings general problems of contemporary life are compared with those experienced by the mass of unremembered dead who built the lost city. 'Stone within stone, and man, where was he?' The whole work breathes the message, 'I come to speak for your dead mouths.'

From the Far East, in the UNESCO Collection of Representative Works—Pakistan Series, comes a volume of poems by Faiz Ahmed Faiz, recognised as one of the foremost Urdu poets living today. *Poems by Faiz,* translated by Victor Kiernan, who contributes an Introduction and Notes, contains on the left-hand page the text of the Urdu poem in Persian-Arabic script, and on the facing page Mr. Kiernan's verse-translation with a literal line by line translation, followed by an exact version of the Urdu original in a romanised transliteration. Of the language-medium, the translator, says: 'Urdu began as the speech of the camp, and became that of the city, but it has still to show that it can become that of a nation, or with what functions —for Pakistan like India is and must remain a multi-lingual country.' Inevitably, Faiz has been associated with the political winds of change prior to and since the granting of independence to India and Pakistan; he has spent several years in jail on political charges and was awarded the Lenin International Peace Prize in 1962. In his 'Independence' poem he wrote:

'Night's heaviness is unlessened still, the hour
Of mind and spirit's ransom has not struck;
Let us go on, our goal is not reached yet.'

Dannie Abse's new collection, *Funland and Other Poems,* has just the kind of clinical easy humour we expect from a medico who is not averse to conversation with his patients. I knew one once who took his favourite imbeciles to the theatre to study their reactions, and discussed them when he went out to dinner. He has a lovably allusive technique which compels fixed attention and a flickering smile, and as we part company I thank him for entertainment thankfully given and received. His poetry is a welcome change from the intense subjectivity of his contemporaries.

Congratulations to Leonard Clark, who, having been associated with schoolchildren all his working life, has produced in *Secret as Toads,* a book of poems which the most philistine of juniors may read and enjoy. One by one, Mr. Clark pulls out some of the stops of his resourceful vocabulary. Marsh marigolds, goldfish, or wild strawberries, all prosper under Mr. Clark's deft handling. Writing poems for children is a rare gift, and a rare privilege. Blake knew that, and R. L. S., also W. H. Davies, and of course Matthew Prior!

Among such a various flow of contemporary poetry the intrusion of *The Complete Poems of Catullus,* the most modern of the ancient Roman poets and a contemporary of Julius Caesar, is not altogether surprising. Just as his life was a byword for reckless lust and squalid self-indulgence his poetry has won the acclaim of centuries for his dexterous lyricism, his dazzling diction and mastery of satire and epigram. We must be grateful to the American translators, Professors Reney Myers and Robert J. Ormsby, for their scholarly achievement.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE LAW LIGHTLY TURNED

Esprit de Law. Anthony Nicholson. Wolfe Publishing Ltd. £4.75.

Mr. Bumble's 'quadrepedal' definition of the law is notorious. Less well known is that expressed in one of the Year Books of the reign of Henry VIII—'The law of England is the most reasonable thing in all the world.' The truth probably lies, as truth usually does, somewhere midway between the extremes,

though Mr. Nicholson's engaging and often tongue-in-cheek exposition does tend to emphasise the asinine aspect.

That is not, however, to say that it is to be regarded as a work of flippancy. Quite the reverse. There is much serious sense in it. The layman, indeed the lawyer too, will absorb—or re-absorb—a great deal from it. The book is not one of those of the 'learning without tears' variety, though. It requires concentration as well as discrimination, and the arrangement of the material does not make for clarity. In fact, at times one finds oneself echoing the judicial wisdom of Scrutton L. J.—'If I am asked whether I have arrived at the meaning of the words . . . intended, I say frankly that I have not the faintest idea.' Still, there remains the comforting presumption expressed by either Bowen L. J. or Chitty L. J., 'Truth will out, even in an affidavit.'

The range of topics discussed is wide—contract, libel, slander, judicial function (and dysfunction), the never-closing categories of negligence (not forgetting *volenti non fit injuria*), matrimonial causes, landlord and tenant, Mrs. Carlill's Carbolic Smoke Ball, Mrs. Donoghue's ginger beer snail, and Mrs. Sayers' inconvenient ordeal in a Harlow convenience. The author's treatment is a deceiving admixture of humour and irony; wit plus tincture of venom. The Herbert-Cecil school of law. The non-provision of an index is a serious defect.

Apart from the pleasure of legally laying notional phantoms, a large part of the delight is Mr. Nicholson's *obiter dicta.*

> The fundamental rule of the British law (is) whatever happens the lawyer must be paid.
>
> Divorce is necessary in order to make adultery legal.
>
> It took the invention of the motor car to give pedestrians any 'legal rights'.
>
> The Xerox machine has made a greater revolution in the practice of the law than anything to come out of Parliament in the past three centuries.
>
> Mr. Jarman, the original author of the great book upon the law of wills, which bears his name still, died intestate.
>
> The only way a solicitor can survive . . . is by getting someone else to pay his client's bill.

Extracting the *ratio decidendi* is difficult. Perhaps it is given in the title! Or could it be that justice is a legal fiction?

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Wavell: the Viceroy's Journal (Oxford University Press, £8). Sir Penderel Moon has edited Lord Wavell's private journal compiled during his three and a half years as Viceroy, from October 1943 to March 1947. Most of the entries published are concerned with his activities as head of the Indian government and the great problems of policy. The Journal, writes the Editor, 'should help to correct a number of misconceptions and will lead, perhaps, to a better appraisal of his achievements as Viceroy and his qualities as a man'. We are given the picture of the rather grim, taciturn, determined and blunt soldier in a civilian job always behaving with the highest integrity battling with the wiles and indecision of the politicians at home. Wavell admittedly never wanted to be embroiled in Indian politics, which he had witnessed as Commander-in-Chief. As a military commander, he had lost the confidence of Winston Churchill; and as Viceroy he was a second best appointment. Eden had refused. It is perhaps surprising that Wavell ever accepted in the circumstances. As it was, he probably never had the full

confidence of either the Churchill or Attlee governments. In a reasoned assessment, Sir Penderel contends that Wavell with a free hand might have succeeded in achieving the independence of a united India. He certainly does not condemn Wavell's Breakdown Plan of withdrawal, which to many had all the character of irresponsible scuttle. He concedes that Wavell had to go: co-operation with the Cabinet had become impossible. As Sir Penderel makes clear, Wavell was incapable of understanding or dealing with politicians. It is revealing to see from his journal how he misjudged character. Two examples are Gandhi and Cripps, both of whom he disliked and distrusted. This was due, no doubt, to a failure to understand their basic natures. However much they may have been disliked, they were both persons of the highest integrity. Sir Penderel concludes that when Wavell was succeeded in March 1947 by Mountbatten, 'a firm basis for agreement between the parties already existed'. This is clearly an important book in assessing Wavell's viceroyalty.

A New Bill of Rights for Britain (David & Charles, £3.25). This is an interesting study by Mr. Frank Stacey, Senior Lecturer in Government at University College, Swansea. 'One of the main reasons' for the Bill 'is that it would provide a yardstick for central and local government services, and for the standards of fairness and humanity which they achieve in their dealings with the individual'. Mr. Stacey has little difficulty in showing how many of our freedoms are being eroded or disregarded in practice. There is, for example, the notorious police practice of detaining suspects before laying a charge, if any. There is also, of course, the vexed question of privacy to which the individual has no legal right; and in other fields the individual needs protection. Could a statutory Bill of Rights achieve this? Definitions of rights are themselves of great difficulty, so as to harmonise with the modern welfare state. It is a great pity that Mr. Stacey has not at least attempted a draft Bill. The greatest problem is, however, that of enforcement. Parliament cannot bind its successor. While it is true that in some cases, such as the Statute of Westminster and Acts granting independence to colonies, repeal is out of the question, as well as being wholly impracticable, unless requested by the former colony concerned, a Bill of Rights can fairly easily be eroded by subsequent legislation. We have not the safeguards of a wholly written constitution as in the United States. It appears that for these reasons, mainly, that Mr. Stacey favours the setting up of a Commission on Human Rights to which every Bill would be automatically referred. It 'would then report to Parliament whether or not any provision in the Bill was in conflict with the Bill of Rights'. No second reading would be permitted until the Commission's Report had been published. He proposes a similar procedure for statutory instruments. Presumably the only safeguard would be the weight of public opinion at the time. One can imagine in times of stress or emotion that this would be quite inadequate. Mr. Stacey poses the problem which certainly requires urgently some effective solution.

Castles in Britain (Lyle Publications, £2.90). This is a very useful 'illustrated guide' by Stuart Barton whose 'primary purpose . . . is to list, illustrate and locate as many castles as possible for the benefit of the many who enjoy visiting historic sites'. Only brief mention is made of the historical background. The famous buildings usually get comparatively short attention. For example, both Windsor Castle and the Tower of London each receive much less than a page. The book contains references and illustrations to over three hundred castles, and these contain a quantity of information which might be otherwise difficult to find.

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CEASE-FIRE AND PROSPECTS OF PEACE IN VIETNAM

by Nghiem xuan Thien

THE war in Vietnam, the meaning of which seems to be misunderstood in Europe and the Americas, has virtually come to an end. Perhaps, some scores of years from now, history will be able to show that this deadly and special war, in which the free world's interests were at stake, had actually been encouraged by the 'anti-war' factions throughout the world, when they demonstrated in favour of North Vietnam, and asked the U.S.A. government to stop the war at all costs.

At bottom, this war was nothing but a war of conquest, waged by the communist leaders of North Vietnam, to achieve an *Anschluss* of South Vietnam, just as in 1938, Hitler did with Austria.

The difference was that in 1938 nobody wanted to intervene for fear of a war with powerful Nazi Germany. But in 1964 the U.S.A., by sending more than half a million troops to protect South Vietnam in spite of hue and cry from many parts of the world, demonstrated a readiness to become involved.

People may wonder why North Vietnam wanted to annex South Vietnam? The reasons are at least treble:

I. The communist revolutionary programme is to bring, little by little, the whole world under the leadership of Russia or China.

Pessimistically, the well-known British writer George Orwell, in his famous book *1984*, had the vision that even Great Britain was not to be spared. Naturally, his book was mere fiction, but the fiction expressed graphically his uneasiness about the future of the world.

When World War II was nearing its end, the belligerent allies meeting at Yalta had decided that after the war there would be no more colonial empires. This implied that Great Britain and France should withdraw from their colonies.

This has been done more or less effectively, leaving a vacuum in many African and Asian countries. Russia wanted her *protegés*, the local communist parties, to fill this vacuum.

Already, in Eastern Europe, under the protection of her occupation troops, communist governments have been formed and rule over Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia—in spite of occasional bloody protests. China,

since the time she has had a communist government, has been doing much the same thing.

With China's and especially Russia's support and supply of arms and ammunition, North Vietnam was emboldened into challenging the U.S.A.'s military power and making a war of conquest against South Vietnam, which she knew quite well was under U.S.A. protection.

For the achievement of this perilous aim, she created what the world has known as the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam and has coined a motto: 'Fight the Americans and save the Fatherland', repeated time and again by her radio and pamphlets.

The outside world, misinformed by a medium said by some to be infiltrated by communist fellow travellers, but interested only in covering the war and propagating sensational news, almost ignored South Vietnam's existence and her 17 million inhabitants. It also ignored the painful and heroic efforts and sacrifices of the South Vietnamese defending their liberty; building schools, hospitals, orphanages, only to be blown up later by communist terrorists whose mission it was to prevent South Vietnam from achieving anything useful for her population. If the South Vietnamese had all that they needed, what then would be the use of a National Liberation Front? So, life must be made miserable for them, to give the Front a *raison d'être.*

Masters in the art of propaganda, the communists have won the sympathy of the majority of liberal people and of the international intelligentsia. With a population of 20 million, and a high birth-rate, as is the case of all underdeveloped countries, North Vietnam can have at her disposal about 200,000 new recruits every year. If in the same lapse of time, half of these are killed in guerilla warfare, as seems to happen in the present war, she still has more than enough manpower for her needs.

With these and other trumps in hand, North Vietnam is entitled to believe that the odds are hers, that victory is as good as won. Some nations, allies to the U.S.A., believe this also.

The support given to North Vietnam by the French government and press in these later years, originates from this belief. There may be other reasons too, as was explained by the late Bernard Fall in his famous book: *The Two Vietnams.* (Fall pointed out De Gaulle's and his followers' resentment against the U.S.A. refusal to assist the French in Indo-china during and after the war.) But these reasons are rather sentimental, and in politics sentiment plays a paltry role. It is more rational to believe that in politics, just as in horse-racing, the important thing is to back the winning horse. And to many people's eyes, the winning horse would be North Vietnam. It never occurred to anybody that South Vietnam might be a dark horse!

But in fact, a dark horse she is, following the failure of North Vietnam's open invasion of the South through the demilitarised zone last year.

II. The second reason for North Vietnam's attempt to conquer South Vietnam is more practical: it is a mere matter of food.

North Vietnam is mainly a country of mountains. Nearly all her population is crowded into the narrow Red River's delta. The rest of the country is

sparsely inhabited. Rice, the chief staple of her population's diet, can only be grown in that narrow delta of the Red River. It cannot be produced in sufficient quantities for feeding her population growing at such a very high rate. This situation already existed in the French colonial period.

South Vietnam, on the contrary, has the Mekong Delta; very wide and prodigiously fertile. In peacetime, plenty of rice can be produced, and even exported by millions of tons every year. Her rivers, in the southern part of the country, are full of fish, and in many places children can be sent with bamboo baskets to pick them up, bring them home for the family needs, and sell the surplus at the village markets.

Floods, droughts and typhoons that at times devastate North Vietnam crops, are unknown in South Vietnam. Here the peasants have only to sow their fields and rest, waiting a few months for harvesting. And in the meanwhile they enjoy themselves by eating and drinking copiously. Nature seems to work for them. This makes them somewhat lazy and easy-going. What is the use of complicating life and working very hard, as their brothers in the north have to do, when it suffices them to stretch out their hands to pick up food, so to speak? Thus, it is no wonder that the hungry North Vietnamese covet the land of plenty in the South, all the more since they look down on their Southern brothers whom they consider to be 'corrupted bourgeois', weakened by an easy and pleasant life, unable to resist a military attack.

III. Intoxicated by their victory over the French—whose fate in Indochina was doomed when China became communist—the North Vietnamese believe their army to be invincible. Certainly, they are experts in guerilla warfare. With an iron-discipline and faith in the proletarian revolution, their soldiers are fanatical, which makes the North Vietnamese communist leaders over self-confident. They promised victory to their people, from whom they extracted superhuman sacrifices. They lulled them with the hope that they would be doubly rewarded with glory, honour and wealth, once the South was under their control. Soldiers who had to go on foot a thousand miles along the Ho-chi-Minh trail, though harassed by air bombing, diseases, and privations, kept up their morale by contemplating what would be allotted to them when the promised land of the South was conquered.

What will the North Vietnamese leaders tell them now that a cease-fire has been signed? Shall they tell them that the cease-fire is only a strategic pause, a step back for preparing a big jump forward? For it is true that the cease-fire agreements leave the gates of the South wide open to them.

First, they still have about 200,000 troops in South Vietnam. Second, their communist protegés in the National Liberation Front are allowed to compete in elections. Free elections in the North, in which the Southerners could participate, are out of the question. So they have no risks to take and nothing to lose. This, they can explain to their troops, is already half a victory. Obviously, it is necessary for them to prevent their subjects from feeling that all the superhuman sacrifices they have accepted were in vain, or else an upheaval may loom on a not very far horizon. So, what about the cease-fire and its aftermath?

Many months have elapsed since the Paris agreements were signed. But the fighting in South Vietnam is still going on, confined, it is true, to some definite places, but nevertheless claiming hundreds of victims every day on both sides: burning down houses, obstructing highways, and sometimes making the work of the International Commission of control and supervision very difficult if not impossible.

Such a strange situation may be explained by a clause included in the Paris agreements: 'The armed forces of the two South Vietnamese parties (i.e. the non-communist governmental forces and the Vietcong) shall remain in place'.

So, the communists wish to occupy as many 'places' as possible and the South Vietnamese troops will not allow them to do so. Hence this deadly tug-of-war that may go on till, perhaps, the International Conference (not commission) for peace in Vietnam, including 12 countries: i.e. Great Britain, Russia, France, China, the four conflicting countries in the Vietnam war (U.S.A., South Vietnam, North Vietnam and the Vietcong), the four countries forming the International Commission of control and supervision already in South Vietnam (Canada—she has recently withdrawn and so a replacement is required—Indonesia, Hungary and Poland), and the Secretary-General of the United Nations—can take seriously the matter in hand.

The work of this 12 countries' conference will not be easy, because of the presence of North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia.

If this conference can obtain from North Vietnam a permanent agreement that she respects Article 20, paragraphs A and B, specifying that the parties have to refrain from using the territories of Cambodia and Laos to encroach on the sovereignty and security of one another and of other countries, that 'all foreign countries shall put an end to all military activities in Cambodia and Laos', then half the obstacles will be removed.

But then, what about the North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam, at a time when hatred and desire for vengeance still fill almost all hearts? Already rumours—not yet checked—have stated that North Vietnam sent 2 million men to infiltrate the South to reinforce the Vietcong in the future elections. All this makes the present situation extremely dangerous, if not explosive, for nobody ignores the strength of the communists' propaganda machine.

In 1945, this machine helped them to take power from a national government without firing a single shot. They had exploited the population's desire for independence to win its support, and later to establish a communist regime over it. In 1973 they will exploit South Vietnam's two *points faibles*: corruption and social injustice.

Corruption is an endemic evil in Asia. From time immemorial, Asian people have been accustomed to offer gifts which might be called bribes. In olden times, salaries were nearly unknown. Almost every official lived on gifts: chiefs of village, teachers, mandarins, heads of civilian administration —all used to get what could be considered as bribes, but actually was a way of paying unsalaried officials for services rendered. In modern times, though

all officials have salaries, gifts in cash are frequent and as there is now more money and a greater choice in valuables—the gifts are more important and more varied.

Social injustice is widespread in Asian societies. Modern ideas of human rights have not yet penetrated the great masses, from which many men in power now emerge. Vestiges of 'feudal' conceptions or instincts still linger in many minds. The result is that many officials invested with some power consider themselves as absolute masters, ruling with laws of their own. Often they justify themselves with the old saying: 'King's laws stop at the border of the village', of which some are very proud, indicating that this is a feature of democracy!

They may be right, if they mean that local governments must be given some autonomy, but in fact they want only to ignore the laws of the land and to take arbitrary measures, suitable for their own interests. In societies still imbued with feudal and colonial prejudices (in Vietnam, the French, with a few exceptions, were the feudal lords when they were masters of the country), it is difficult properly to implement democratic practices.

If the elections are implemented soon, the population, which still has the tragic memory of the communist atrocities in the bloody attacks of the Year of the Monkey (1968) and of the open invasion through the demilitarised zone last year, will massively be behind the South Vietnam Government. But the situation may change. In one or two years from now when, contrary to what the greatest English poet of all times has said, 'The evil (instead of the good) that men do is oft interred with their bones', and the well-disciplined communists are established in their occupation zones, then if corruption and injustice are not checked efficiently, a dangerous situation could arise. This is a terrible problem that any South Vietnamese deeply concerned with the future of his country and with the fate of his fellow-citizens has to turn over and over again in his mind.

Nevertheless, one thing is certain; if there is a *real* peace, if the North Vietnamese give up their desire for conquest, if the International 12-country conference is able to preserve the peace, South Vietnam can develop her economy in a very short time. Then, if the communications between the two Vietnams are free, the Northern Vietnamese peasants will again 'vote with their feet', as their elders did in 1954, and go southwards for Freedom and Happiness.

Corrupted or not, the society of South Vietnam is still much pleasanter to live in than the immense barrack that is North Vietnam.

Some people may be shocked at the idea of a Vietnam divided in two for an indeterminate time; but Vietnam history has shown that, before the coming of the French in the 19th century, Vietnam had been divided in two parts, under the rule of two feuding families instead of by two conflicting systems of government as now.

The coming of the French made things worse: instead of being divided in two, the country was split into three parts, each part with a different regime. In the South, Cochinchina was a colony under direct French rule; in the centre, Annam was a feudal Empire with an Emperor and his court,

evidently under the supervision of the French; and in the North, Tonkin had a regime that was neither a colonial nor a feudal one, but something between the two.

Though divided for the time being in two zones, the Vietnamese can exchange the products of their soil; the South, having a surplus of rice, would be obliged to feed the North. In compensation, she can obtain coal from the North for her industry.

As long as neither of the two seeks to impose her form of government on the other, they can co-exist in peace for the benefit of them all as well as for the benefit of the world.

Such a situation could exist for a considerable time, until a government more concerned with the people's interests than its own might be successful in rallying all Vietnamese to achieve the unification of their country by peaceful means.

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On July 17th, 1973, in the House of Commons, Mr. Anthony Royle, Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, stated, in a written reply, that the British Government gave formal recognition to the Hanoi Government in North Vietnam and was about to seek diplomatic relations. This did not affect the British Government's acceptance of the legal government of the Republic of Vietnam, based in Saigon, over the territory south of the demilitarised zone.—Editor.

EDUCATION OF THE FUTURE IN THE USSR

by Oleg Matyatin

BEFORE I begin to set out some comments about present-day educational trends in a Socialist society, I have a small domestic assignment to attend to which, incidentally, is not altogether alien to my subject. As I read my newspaper I hear my daughter, a fourth-class pupil, cry out, 'Dad, would you like to check your ingenuity?'

'Of course, I would', comes my enthusiastic response though, to tell the truth, I am not at all enthusiastic about it! I have to solve a mathematical problem given to the fourth class (secondary school freshman year). From my daughter's mischievous tone I realise that she had solved it already.

Here is the problem: to find out how many jars of tomato juice can be put in a box. The solution is simple: by subtracting, adding and dividing I obtain the number of jars. But it is the last question in the problem that puzzles me: 'Write down the set of numbers satisfying the condition of the problem. Do numbers 0, 2, 5 and 77 belong to the set?'

A set? What has a nought to do with it? I look up the notes, but they do not make things easier: 'A complete list of solutions of an inequality is known as the set of solutions of the inequality'. And what is the solution of an inequality? 'A value of the variable, for which the inequality is found to be valid, is known as the solution of the inequality'.

I am compelled to go back to the first pages of the text-book. Rather disappointing, since not more than fifteen years ago my knowledge of mathematics was assessed in the school-leaving examinations as pretty good.

One comfort is that I am not alone in my confusion. A great many people of my age are now making a fresh start in mathematics, using their children's text-books and receiving a first-hand impression of what the 'ageing of knowledge' really means.

The parents' conclusions are not at variance with the statements made by eminent pedagogues. A radical revision of educational programmes is taking place in the Soviet school. The purpose of the reform is to promote the progress of the best aspects of Soviet pedagogical experience, to bring school education closer to modern science and to 'make available for mass circulation' the most important discoveries of the scientific-technical revolution. Simultaneously, teaching methods are being modernised, with a view to overcoming the mechanical learning by rote of material 'digested' by the teacher (an ancient defect of class-room instruction), thus placing the pupil in the position of a researcher, or discoverer of knowledge.

Preparation of the new scholastic programmes had for several years been in the hands of a special Commission under the Ministry of Education, numbering more than 500 scientists and practical teachers. The draft project prepared by the Commission was widely debated in the Press and was experimentally tested in numerous schools throughout the country; after which the Commission undertook further work on the programmes.

This was not all, however. For school work to be conducted under the new conditions it was necessary to undertake the re-training of about 2.5 million school teachers within the shortest possible time. The solution of the problem was taken in hand by 172 teachers' improvement institutes and 4.5 thousand methodological centres, pedagogical colleges and universities. One can readily imagine the colossal cost of the compilation and the publication of new school literature and visual aids for the country's two hundred thousand primary and secondary schools.

All this was carried out within 3-4 years. Starting with the 1969/70 school year, the practical implementation of the new programmes has already got under way in the U.S.S.R.'s schools. An important result of this stage of the reforms proved to be the reduction of the primary education period from four to three years owing to the intensification of the children's learning efforts. A complete re-organisation of instruction plans in all of the classes will be completed by 1975/76.

To obtain a realistic view of the pupil's opportunities in a modern school, we should attend a school lesson. Let our choice be a normal ten-year school, say in Novorossiisk on the Black Sea coast, where I spent a few days recently.

A physics lesson is in progress in the eighth class with one teacher for more than thirty pupils. Some people may ask, sceptically: 'Under such conditions, do you think individual development of the pupil is possible?'

Let us be cautious about jumping to conclusions. The lesson is taking place in a specially adapted 'study' room. The instruments displayed in glass-panelled cupboards look like invitations to explore the world of 'mechanics', 'molecular physics', 'electromagnetism', and 'optics'. And the tables are not merely tables, but rather working places fitted out with whatever may be necessary for independent experimentation. At the moment, the boys and girls are engaged in laboratory work. The class has separated into six groups, each one working with some specific instrument. In each group there is a leader, a talented pupil vested with corresponding powers. They conduct the experiment, explaining its purpose to their comrades. Then they report on the results to the teacher. The roles within the group are interchangeable. Every pupil is expected at some time to serve as leader. The teacher's responsibility in the given example is essentially that of class work organiser.

Needless to say, the pupils are not only instructed in general subjects; mathematics, chemistry and history. The new teaching methods open up even greater opportunities for the intellectual and spiritual improvement of every pupil and for effective instruction in mutual assistance and comradeship.

It must be admitted that details of real life seem to be the most interesting in pedagogical research. For instance, some of Siberia's schools are the site of an experiment being conducted by the scientists from the Siberian Branch of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences in co-operation with the Chair of Pedagogics, Novosibirsk State University. The experiment offers convincing proof that by using some specially selected problems (free from

higher mathematics) the students can be successfully instructed in Einstein's theory of relativity. Attending a lesson here may bring one in contact with pupils easily analysing genetic problems by making use of cybernetic data.

In Moscow's No. 91 school, where the Institute of Psychology is experimenting, the ability for abstract thinking is fostered from the first class onward. Starting with seven-year-olds, there are lessons giving the ABC of algebraic knowledge. At eight the children get down to a study of semantics, and at nine they invent artificial languages as part of their linguistic practice.

I admit to a certain lapse: throughout my comments I have in mind a certain 'average pupil'. But children are all different—this truth is best known to mothers and teachers. Has the inimitability of juvenile inclinations, inspirations and interests any opportunity to reveal itself under the conditions of mass education?

In any one of the Soviet Union's schools the juniors are offered a wide choice of hobby groups: young naturalists, mathematicians, historians, physicists, artists—everyone is invited to come in during out-of-school hours and engage in whatever appeals most to his or her taste. In senior classes the possibility to develop one's hobbies is offered on a higher level—by providing extramural activities. The range of choice is highly mobile, since attention is mainly focussed on the 'teenagers' immediate interests. Apart from some obligatory subjects, they may study aesthetics, painting, history of arts, history of science, geology, mineralogy, psychology or pedagogics.

As many as 3,850 palaces and houses of pioneers, 1,990 young technicians' and naturalists' stations, training workshops, factories, fields and farms, children's railways and shipping lines, book editions running into billions of copies—all this and more is intended for use by the adolescent. For his benefit also are being published in mass circulation various magazines: *Znanie sila* (Knowledge-Strength), *Tekhnika-molodezhi* (Technology for the Young), *Yunyi tekhnik* (Young Technologist), *Kvant* (Quantum), *Yunyi* naturalist (Young Naturalist), etc.

Then there is LAS (Little Academy of Sciences). This is a highly respected institution in the U.S.S.R., bringing together senior school students interested in research. Among the LAS members actively participating in its work is the President of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences M. V. Keldysh, Academicians B. E. Paton, V. M. Glushkov and many other scientists. Any school boy or girl is eligible for full membership of the Little Academy of Sciences. Election presupposes an 'entrance contribution', i.e. fulfilment of an original piece of research. The Scientific Council will consider the proposal and, should the work have sufficient scientific importance, its author becomes a LAS member and thereafter has the opportunity to work on LAS and other assignments.

Every school, wherever it lies—whether in a Far-Eastern village or in a high-mountain Kirghiz kishlak, a Karel woodcutters' hamlet or a Moscow street—follows the same programme and offers the same opportunities.

Teaching at Soviet schools is conducted in 56 different languages. In the

multinational districts the interests of all the nationalities and peoples are duly taken into account. Thus, in the Uzbek SSR school instruction is conducted in the Uzbek, Russian, Kazakh, Karakalpak, Tadzhik, Turkmen and Kirghiz languages.

The school-law enables parents to make the choice of school and instruction language for their children. As a means of communication between various nationalities, the Russian language constitutes one of the subjects in the school programme in national schools.

A sociologist has very appropriately remarked recently:

> There have already been born all the statesmen who will rule the world in the year 2000, all the creators of the future's material and spiritual values, all eminent scientists and inventors, philosophers and poets of the future times. They are among us. Therefore, requirements of the future are the requirements of the present generation.

Thus, it is easy to recognise the importance of the target, i.e. completing by 1975 the change-over to universal ten-year education of the young.

A ten-year secondary school is the main, although not the only way, towards secondary education. Some of the young people (about 25 per cent), upon leaving the obligatory eighth class, may continue their education at technical schools. Increasingly popular is the new type of educational institution, the vocational-technical school which, alongside a worker's occupation, provides complete secondary education. There exist already in the country over a thousand such schools; their number will be twice as large by 1975, and during the five-year period their enrolment will total 1.4 million boys and girls.

Those who are in full employment have an opportunity to continue their education on a part-time basis—in evening school or by correspondence.

It is a usual thing to emphasise the advantages inherent in 'secondary education for everybody'. They are considerable under the conditions of a scientific-technical revolution, when any kind of work becomes increasingly intellectual. However, an attempt to follow this line of thought exclusively could result in a considerable narrowing of the scope of school programmes. It is hardly to be expected that in the coming decades the tractor driver or the automatic production line operator will need to consult for his work either *Hamlet*, *War and Peace*, Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto, or Einstein's Theory of Relativity. A great many things could be found in school programmes which are by no means obligatory from the viewpoint of labour productivity intensification. But Soviet society is out to develop not just an obedient agent, but a Man—a creative worker, an internationalist and a patriot.

Finally, a word must be said about the U.S.S.R.'s educational system's attitude to enforcement and school punishment. As early as 1864 a statute was introduced forbidding the physical punishment of pupils. Nonetheless, in tsarist Russia's educational institutions there remained a great many other forms of censure: some of these were humiliating, sowing the seeds of antagonistic relations in a society of social inequality.

The sovereign inviolability of child personality, a respect for his dignity regardless of social origin, had not been secured until the October Revolu-

tion of 1917, when some of the first decrees issued by the Soviet authorities were in fact the laws affecting the new school.

As for the effective enforcement methods to be applied to the pupil, as recommended by modern pedagogical practices, there is a wide range of punishments: censure records in the school book, bad conduct marks, public censure at the class meeting, talking to pupil's parents, raising questions at the school's pedagogical council, temporary expulsion from school.

I am afraid, however, that this 'inventory' may give a wrong idea of the role of extreme punishments. I will cite an excerpt from a teacher's letter I received some time ago. It appears to be very much to the point.

> Early in September I invited the parents along in order to get aquainted with them and when 'my fathers and mothers' had sat down with some difficulty at the desks I suggested that we should live through the school year without punishments. 'Altogether? And what about "twos", fighting, lying . . . ?' 'Let us think it over. I am not for leniency. Avoiding punishment does not mean encouragement to misbehaviour. You will see for yourself that a great many pedagogical finds will be opened to you by your own experience. A failure to do homework brings along double work next day. A smeared desk should be washed by the culprit; involved in a fight—make it up with the other boy. *Any counter-action should be treated by kind action.* A peaceful soul makes for quicker progress. We shall protect the nerves not only for ourselves and the pupil, but also for his family.'

Behind the naive maximalist attempts of the young tutor working with junior school-children one feels the roots of a teacher's fortitude.

Sir Isaac Newton, paying tribute to his great predecessors and reiterating the words of the 12th-century French poet and thinker Bernard Silvester, once said that if he could see more than the others, it was because he stood on the giants' shoulders.

Elevated onto the shoulders of such giants as Archimedes, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Mendeleev, Einstein, Marx and Lenin, is the entire young generation of the Soviet Union in a determined attempt to provide its future citizens with a wide spectrum of knowledge and maximum opportunities.

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On July 17th, 1973, Kirill Mazurov, First Vice-Chairman of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers and a member of the political bureau of the C.P.S.U. central committee, in a report to the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet, outlined further plans for educational expansion. These include the raising of the school-leaving age from 15 to 17. To meet these and other demands, teachers' salaries have recently been upgraded by amounts up to 20%.—*Editor.*

ARTHUR MACHEN'S 'THE HILL OF DREAMS': A NOVEL OF THE 'NINETIES

by David Vessey

ARTHUR Machen is probably best known today for his 'tales of horror and the supernatural',[1] which have been frequently included in anthologies alongside stories by such masters of the macabre as Edgar Allan Poe, Montague Rhodes James, Algernon Blackwood and Machen's own disciple, H. P. Lovecraft. His other writings are less widely known, although they continue to attract a circle of devotees. His style is perhaps an acquired taste; to know and to enjoy Machen a reader must be prepared to take pains, for it was part of his literary creed, ably expounded in *Hieroglyphics,* that all true creative writing is the product of an ecstatic torment in which a lust for the beautiful must be complemented by a passionate determination to realise what is fundamentally unrealisable. A reader should, therefore, be willing to participate vicariously in the artist's own ecstasy, to melt himself in the crucible in which the act of imaginative fusion took place, gradually becoming aware of the complexity of the whole process of creation. Machen was an apostle of inspirational Romanticism; to him, art and agony were inseparable. He had no time for slickness and vulgarity and, like the poets of antiquity, he believed that the artist must be willing to endure toil and tears in his unending quest for perfection.

Machen's occult stories—of which *The Great God Pan* is the most famous —can rival, if not surpass, most examples of their genre, but for me *The Hill of Dreams* is his finest work, rivalled only by his *Autobiography.*[2] Another of his novels, *The Secret Glory,* is highly valued by many readers (including John Betjeman),[3] but, although it is a remarkable book, I do not believe that it equals the sustained power and beauty of *The Hill of Dreams,* which Machen himself regarded as his masterpiece and which his biographers have termed the 'acme' of his creative writing.[4] It is surely the zenith of Machen's diverse and fecund imagination, and should be awarded a high place in the canon of 'poetic novels'—that select canon in which first place is occupied for all time by *Wuthering Heights,* a book that Machen knew and loved. Like Emily Brontë, Machen was able to write a prose which is pure poetry: lyrical, sensuous and rhythmic, linking sense and sound in a symbolic unity. This talent is demonstrated to the full in *The Hill of Dreams* when he describes the strange splendours of his native Monmouthshire and the contrasting horrors of suburban London.

The novel recounts the story of the short and unhappy life of Lucian Taylor, a hypersensitive youth who finds the world intolerably hostile to his ideals and aspirations. It should, as Lord Dunsany has seen,[5] be read in relation to Machen's *Autobiography,* for in evolving *The Hill of Dreams* Machen adapted much from his own early life and experience. Lucian Taylor is in many respects a reflection of Machen. It is, however, hazardous

to stress the elements of autobiography (or autoallegory), for we cannot argue from a parallelism in externals to an identity in internals. Machen clearly felt a sympathy for the isolation and frustrated yearnings of his hero, but the psychological concinnities are not absolute. Lucian is in part Machen, but only in part: he shares many of his creator's tastes and ambitions, but he lacks Machen's warmth and humour. He is a Machen cast in a tragic mould, modelled on such romantic archetypes as Chatterton, Gray and de Quincey. It is, therefore, inevitable that Lucian should, like Chatterton, be finally claimed by the 'savage god', whereas Machen himself survived every difficulty and disappointment to reach an honoured, if penurious, old age. Lucian Taylor is a *figura*: he had a subjective origin and was rooted in an act of self-dramatisation, but he passed beyond this origin to become an objective statement illustrative of certain Romantic preconceptions about art. By inexorable stages, he becomes utterly alienated from his fellow man; he is enshrouded in a dark frenzy of useless creativity —escape from his predicament can be found only in fantasy (when he creates for himself the fictive delights of the garden of Avallaunius), or in a solitary, unlamented death through an overdose of drugs. Lucian Taylor is possessed by a demonic urge to self-destruction which may be traced in the lives of such writers as Verlaine, Swinburne, Lionel Johnson and indeed Oscar Wilde himself—bearing witness to the ceaseless conflict between eros and thanatos in the human mind.

Machen wrote his novel in about 1897. The date is significant. *The Hill of Dreams* is a paradigm of the literary trends which we associate with the 'nineties. Lucian Taylor recognises himself to be 'decadent' and associates this condition with his vulnerability to sorrow and disaster: 'he was "degenerate", *decadent*, and the rough rains and blustering winds of life, which a stronger man would have laughed at and enjoyed, were to him "hail-storms and rain-showers" ' (p. 63). Lucian exemplifies and embodies a whole panoply of decadent traits familiar to us from the pages of Huysmans and Wilde. At school (where his unmanly skill at sewing wins him friends), we find him 'falling in love more and more with useless reading and unlikely knowledge' (p. 16), recommending Villon to his semibarbarous coevals and rhapsodising over de Quincey's *Confessions* during his holidays. In later life, he cultivates similarly recherché tastes, and is said to have 'a mania for acquirements that should be entirely useless', including the art of illumination ('or limning as he preferred to call it')—just one aspect of his romantic penchant for the Middle Ages.[6] Lucian's father is portrayed as an 'unsafe' High Church priest cordially disliked by his bishop, and it comes as no surprise to find that his son regards the 'safe' protestantism of their neighbours as iconoclastic and hypocritical. Above all, Lucian spurns bourgeois values in art and society; he shudders at the savagery that springs from the vulgarian smugness and middle-class prejudices of the genteel folk of Carmaen. But his dislike of the bourgeoisie and their soulless *Lebensform* is not inspired by radicalism, but by an idealisation of the illusory past, whether it be Roman, Celtic or Medieval. (Machen was, like most of the writers of the 'nineties, a sentimental traditionalist, although he does not

seem to have gone as far as Dowson and Johnson who were members of the neo-Jacobite Order of the White Rose.) Lucian's approach to his writing is compulsive, lacking all restraint and order. His cult of the 'strange and beautiful' slowly enervates and destroys him. All in all, we may feel that Lucian Taylor would have had much in common with des Esseintes, and we recognise in him a *vera imago* of the Decadent Artist, the type of 'niminy-piminy, foot-in-the-grave young man' that filled hearty Victorians with vindictive horror.

In chapter II, Machen provides what is more or less a satirical commentary on the literary war of the 'nineties. He wittily reveals the unbridgeable gulf that yawned between the elitist decadents and the purveyors of healthy books for healthy minds. Lucian submits his first novel to a fashionable publishing house, Messrs. Beit. After a long delay, they return it with apologies (one wonders if Lucian would have had a better reception from John Lane), and subsequently most of the book is filched and brought out under the name of an established writer. The theft plunges Lucian into the blackest depths of misanthropy, but, as we might expect, he does nothing to expose it. With the returned manuscript, the publishers enclose a recent catalogue. Among their best-sellers are the (inevitably) three-volume novels of the Hon. Mrs. Scudamore Runnymede, sporting stories that are so popular with the 'smart set' that a reviewer in a society journal claims that 'the police have to regulate the crowd at Mudies' (p. 47). Messrs. Beit have also proudly issued *Millicent's Marriage* by Sarah Pocklington Sanders. This chaste volume is 'fit to lie on the school-room table, on the drawing-room bookshelf, or beneath the pillow of the most gently nurtured of our daughters'. Miss Sanders' reviewer contrasts her salubrious morality with the corrupting influence of 'self-styled "artists" '. His tirade is worth quoting at length (pp. 47-8):

> We would warn the young men who prate so persistently of style and literature, construction and prose harmonies, that we believe the English reading public will have none of them. Harmless amusement, a gentle flow of domestic interest, a faithful reproduction of the open and manly life of the hunting field, pictures of innocent and healthy English girlhood such as Miss Sanders here affords us; these are the topics that will always find a welcome in our homes, which remain bolted and barred against the abandoned artist and the scrofulous stylist.

The irony of the passage may be traced at more than one level. As Lucian realises, the reviewer is no less a stylist than his enemies: 'the champion of the blushing cheek and the gushing eye showed that he too could handle the weapons of the enemy if he cared to trouble himself with such things' (p. 48). Elsewhere in the book, Lucian experiences for himself the malicious cruelty of which innocent and healthy English girls are capable.[7] The doors of the bourgeois, as Lucian knows, are bolted and barred not only against the stylist but against much that is humane and beautiful. Messrs. Beit, the champions of moral uprightness, are not above acts of outright theft. The words 'harmless amusement' recur later when Lucian compares his own misery to that of a fly tortured by a little boy (p. 93). Machen's satire is also a reflection of the hysterical clamour which had led up to the immolation of such men as Vizetelly and Wilde. Machen was himself badly

mauled after the publication of *The Great God Pan* by the reviewers who had once popularised Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, as well as the trashy imitators of George Whyte Melville. Machen knew that underlying the pharasaical claptrap lay primitive veins of hatred and oppression. As Rupert Croft-Cooke has shown,[8] it was the noisy advocates of 'healthy' literature who triumphed after Wilde's disgrace: morality was vindicated, home life was safeguarded, *The Yellow Book* was routed by a yellower press. It was not so long afterwards that the champions of English virtue were applauding the moral rectitude of Horatio Bottomley's *John Bull*. In 1897, Machen's irony was tragically appropriate.

In *The Hill of Dreams*, Machen shows great psychological perception, particularly in his analysis of Lucian's sexuality. Before Freud, Machen realised that art may be interpreted as a sublimation of erotic desire. Lucian fails to come to terms with his own sexual urges and, repressed, they break out in his obsession with writing. The sexual theme runs through the book; Machen is never scabrous, but, like other 'decadent' writers, he does not attempt to avoid the issue. He realised that no account of a young man's psychic development could be complete without considering the sexual aspect.

In the opening pages of the book, we have a glimpse of Lucian in the innocent years before puberty. We see him wandering alone in the wild country around Carmaen, as yet untouched by the powerful stimuli that will soon disrupt his equilibrium. When he sees Annie Morgan, the farmer's daughter who is later to be the object of his romantic love, he thinks of her not as a woman but only as another child (p. 14). Later in the chapter, he revisits the same terrain. He is now fifteen, and the process of sexual awakening has begun. At the Roman fort, he experiences the first violent stirrings of desire, and begins to be aware of longings that he does not fully understand. He lies naked and alone, letting 'his fancies stray over half-imagined, delicious things, indulging a virgin mind in its wanderings' (p. 25). When he returns to a more normal frame of mind, he recalls 'the dark eyes that had shone over him, and the scarlet lips that had kissed him' (p. 27). This semi-mystical event has a permanent effect on his mind; when he re-lives it, he realises that 'he had experience... the physical shame and reluctance of the flesh' (p. 34). At the same age, he meets Annie Morgan at her father's house; now he sees her as a woman, alluring and mysterious, and 'for a moment the ghost of a fancy hovered insubstantial in his mind' (p. 37); he wonders 'whether he would have the courage to kiss her, if they met in a dark lane' (p. 38). Lucian is in the grip of the confused impulses of pubescence, and, in a sense, he never outgrows them.

It is eight years before that encounter in a dark lane takes place. Lucian is now a man, but sexually he is hardly more mature. Annie meets him at the time when Beit's treachery has driven him into an abyss of despairing self-pity. The first taste of love does not stabilise Lucian; it unhinges him. He now envisages the world as a savage place inhabited by demons, where children torture animals, and adults torment those weaker than themselves.

In revulsion against this hellish vision, he transforms Annie into the image of a goddess, before whom he abases and humiliates himself. Love to Lucian is a form of servitude, not of fulfilment. He turns to more obscure and fevered writing, and his fantasies become increasingly pathological and escapist. His idea of love forms the basis of a fanatical religion, divorced from any semblance of reality, and Lucian sees himself as a crazed worshipper at the shrine of his idol. (pp. 87-8). He devises a ghastly masochistic ritual, lying at night on a bed of thorns, 'offering his pain in her praise' (p. 95). His delusions slowly enmesh and emasculate him. Annie ceases to be a woman of flesh and blood (Lucian hears of her marriage to a young farmer with amused indifference); she is metamorphosed into a figure of dream, a phantasma in an enchanted landscape of the mind. Lucian gradually abandons the real world, as he strays in the magical Garden of Avallaunius or recreates his visions at the Roman Fort.[9] By the end of the book, he is lost for ever. *Furor* now controls him completely; his paranoid rejection of the flesh is symbolised by his horrified flight from a woman who accosts him in the streets of London.[10] Lucian dwells in a nightmare; there is nothing left for him but death.

In *The Hill of Dreams*, Machen pioneered a technique of integrated psychological narrative. He gives us a devastating picture of madness and alienation, and we are able to recognise in Lucian Taylor the characteristic symptoms of schizophrenia. Everything in the book is seen solely in subjective relation to Lucian's mental state; he is a cosmos with its own fantastic scale of values; the world of nature and of man is interpreted entirely through him. He is the measure of all things; the universe itself is involved in the decline and final dissolution of Lucian Taylor. It is a frightening and savage universe, in which reality and illusion are scarcely differentiated. At one point, Lucian remarks: 'I had rather call the devils my brothers.... I would fare better in hell' (p. 57). In those words lie the essence of his madness; because of his inability to adjust to the harshness of life, he turns within himself, seeking in fantasy an escape from hell. Lucian is a sacrificial victim slaughtered in honour of a god that he has himself created. His failure and despair were Machen's triumph.

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1 Most of Machen's occult tales have been reprinted in a collection with this title by John Baker (1949, 1964).
2 All references to *The Hill of Dreams* in this article will be made according to the pagination of the Richards Press edition (1954). The same publishers issued Machen's *Autobiography* in one volume in 1951.
3 See *Summoned by Bells* (London: John Murray, 1960), chapter VIII, p. 87.
4 Aidan Reynolds and William Charlton, *Arthur Machen* (London: The Richards Press, 1963), p. 61.
5 See his introduction to the 1954 edition, pp. 5 ff.
6 Cf., further, pp. 77, 104-5.
7 See pp. 79-81.
8 *Feasting with Panthers* (London: W. H. Allen, 1967), pp. 286 ff.
9 Cf. pp. 123 ff., 131-2, 212-3.
10 See p. 188 (and cf. the parallel incident, pp. 171-2).

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THE IMPEACHMENT OF A PRESIDENT:

Reflections on Watergate

by Elie Flatto

THE question whether President Nixon will be impeached, which is on everybody's lips, is quickly becoming academic, because he is in fact being impeached far more effectively at the Watergate hearings than he could be in any impeachment proceedings. Slowly, but surely, the image of the Presidency is being whittled down to size. Who does not remember the Nixon who, once having achieved power, could assume a role of lofty indifference to the din of politics or debates with his political opposition? A few weeks ago, he went on TV to exonerate himself, but few people listened or cared. As one senator said, Richard Nixon's speech would be considered the equivalent of any other witness's testimony, neither more nor less.

Trials against authority figures, such as Charles I or Louis XVI, generally worked to the detriment of the people initiating them, and provoked such anxiety that they resulted in a tyranny worse than the one they displaced. In the Watergate hearings, where the very element of punitiveness is missing, not only does the ritual of impeachment permit the disclosure of misdemeanours perpetrated in the Nixon administration; it also allows for the purgation and catharsis of the anxiety such disclosures cause, before this anxiety has a chance of doing any harm. Televised and relayed to millions, these proceedings place the locus of power where it belongs, in the community. Slowly, as each dirty piece of linen is brought out to wash, and the anxiety such public cleansings generate subsides, the American public is being prepared for ever more honest confrontations with a reality that was unthinkable only a few weeks back in a country where authority is sacred. Although a great number of people are being prepared by the televised senatorial hearings to accept these revelations, some people are so encased in their atavistic concepts regarding authority that no public hearings can shatter their preconceptions and they are sure that some conspiracy is underfoot to undermine the authority of the President and the legitimacy of the lifestyle he represents.

The anxiety these assaults on their preconceptions generate is possibly so severe that they may react by rallying around Nixon's banner with even greater gusto than before. If this happens, what transpired in the days of Charles I or Louis XVI, i.e., a polarisation between those seeking to conserve power and those seeking to challenge it, may very well take place.

For what is being impeached is not only a particular form of power exercised at the White House, but all power. For thousands of years, man lived by the ritual of authority. Richard Nixon is a paradoxical and curious illustration of political authority. When John Kennedy, who symbolised a 'new thrust' into the future, was killed, a typical reaction-formation result-

ing in the fascistic rule of the Johnson administration resulted. Nixon was even better at the authority-game than Johnson. There was no need for him to curtail the exercise of power in accordance with the values of the modern age, as Kennedy had sought to do. A few rhetorical flourishes and manipulations could go a long way in this regard.

I mention Kennedy because, like the possible impeachment of Nixon, the Kennedy assassination was one of the most important episodes in American history and was a prologue to it. At last the Kennedy assassination, which constituted such an enigma for the liberal imagination, can from the perspective of the present be seen for what it really was, i.e., an anti-authority ceremony in which Oswald and Kennedy unwittingly occupied the same stage for a few days. (It is paradoxically relevant that Jim McCord has now become indirectly linked in fact with the Committee for the Assassination of the President.) Into what despair and depression Kennedy's assassination plunged people, resulting in the classical reaction-formation whereby the country was exposed to an even more brutal exercise of power in the Johnson administration which, with its senseless forays into Vietnam, atoned for the President's death by hundreds of thousands of needless sacrificial deaths upon the battlefield. Little wonder that the liberal establishment took Oswald to heart, since he had become the scapegoat for everyone's assassinationistic tendencies in an age when the A-bomb and the electronic media rendered concepts of political omnipotency absurd.

Today, the possibility of impeachment renews the elements implicit in the assassination in a symbolic form, and provides the ritual containing the anxiety it released. There is McCord, for example, terribly convincing, wholly engrossing, completely spellbinding and compelling in his public confession of private motives and attitudes. His motivation? He had taken the President's word as absolute law; he had followed the myth of omnipotency to its logical conclusion. But so did millions of us who accepted the President's Far Eastern policies unquestioningly and in toto.

The community of nations and its leaders must be watching the Watergate hearings with interest and anxiety, since all rituals involving authority have implications extending far beyond the place in which they occur. What the world leaders have in common with President Nixon, their political divergencies notwithstanding, is a common belief in the efficacy of power, without which their ability to govern is undermined. Just as the trials of Charles I and Louis XVI had repercussions throughout the nations of Europe, so a process whereby a centrist power is being challenged in an honest and confrontational manner, and whereby this power is shifted not to another individual or set of individuals but to the community as a whole, must prove threatening to other rulers who can no longer take their political roles for granted.

Hopefully, the investigation will 'self-destruct' in that one of the things it will dissolve will be not only the concept of power but the concept of a trial as well. For the concept of a trial, distinguishing in a highly compartmentalised way between *accuser* and *accused*, provides ultimately one of the sturdiest legitimations of the concepts of power. It was precisely through

the mechanism of the trial that Nixon achieved fame and prestige. But there is nothing punitive about the Watergate hearings. Some of the defendants, with their highly punitive and para-militaristic mentalities, may endeavour to invest the presiding senators with the same allegiance they once accorded the President. But there is something marvellously humanistic about the senators (especially the chairman Ervin) and their televised images that smashes through all punitive and authoritarian preconceptions, as if the authority, not *of* authority, but rooted in truth and justice must carry the day. If the Watergate hearings can help achieve the progression of the world to a non-punitive attitude and mode of relations, it will have accomplished an eminent purpose.

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The October issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The European Parliament* by James Scott-Hopkins, M.P., *Dangerous Drugs* by Robert Lindsay, *Anthropology in all Directions* by Rosemary Firth and *Liberalism and Africa Today* by Sir Bernard de Bunsen.

THEATRE IN ROMANIA

by J. C. Trewin

IN Budapest, where we had changed aircraft and briefly met old friends in the transit hall at Ferihegy, the sun had been steadily benevolent, but rather more than an hour later, having crossed the Carpathians, we dipped towards a country under snow. Outside Otopeni airport at Bucharest there were mounds beside the road; we drove on into a city that reminded us strangely, in the late spring night, of a smaller Paris; with acquaintance the feeling grew. Cold it might have been in this glistening silver world; it did not harm a welcome that would keep its warmth unaffected through the next two weeks. There is nothing like a shared enthusiasm for getting to know a stranger, and no enthusiasm like the theatre where 'stranger', after the first two minutes, is a dead word.

We had heard high things of the Romanian stage which I was visiting (with my wife) under the splendid Cultural Exchange programme between Britain—represented by the British Council—and Romania. I had, too, an almost absurdly irrelevant reason for thinking of the country. In the mid-1920s Queen Marie of Romania had driven through the streets of Plymouth —where I had come up from Cornwall to school—to receive a gift from the city. In youth she had lived at Devonport; her father, the Duke of Edinburgh, was naval Commander-in-Chief. As this stately woman in a rose-smothered toque was driven regally to the Guildhall Square, many were still remembering the young Princess from Mount Wise. A great deal has happened in Romania since 1924; but early memories endure, and about this one there is something agreeably theatrical.

On our first Bucharest morning it had begun to snow again; it was whirling outside the windows of the Ministry of Culture like flakes in one of the old Victorian glass paperweights. It continued to whirl as we discussed a programme which included nightly visits to the theatre, and three (I could imagine the despair among my Puritan ancestors) on Sunday. So into the mild blizzard. Quite suddenly it stopped, never to restart—spring had arrived in Bucharest—and we moved on in pale sunshine down what looked like the city's triumphal way, and towards the National Art Gallery in the former Royal Palace where we found a great Rembrandt and some stern El Grecos.

Strict chronology is useless. Let me get to the theatre. Looking back now, I realise that the general standard of the Romanian stage impressed me—as on two visits the Hungarian stage had done—more than most of the work in Sir Peter Daubeny's London decade of World Theatre. Everyone admires Sir Peter's judgment. Still, his London plan did have one limitation that prevented him from calling on either the Budapest or Bucharest stages. Each country excels in Shakespeare; and until its final spring—if one omits the Zulu *Umabatha*—he was the dramatist the Aldwych programmes ignored. I could understand why; Sir Peter wished to present the players of various countries in work typically national. But it is amply clear that the

Shakespearian challenge discovers the best in a company. London has not yet seen the work of the Hungarian Miklós Gábor, one of the noblest Hamlets of his time; or, from Romania—now my principal theme—the extraordinary Bucharest production of *Measure for Measure*.

Certainly this is what I remember first. *Measure for Measure*, never familiar in Eastern Europe, is now a name of power. I would like to think that it owes its rediscovery to Dinu Cernescu's production at the Giulesti in Bucharest. The theatre itself is imposing. It is out in a railway and industrial area on the fringe of the city; when asked to explain the site in London terms, I suggested—at a venture—Willesden. Founded in 1946, it has as its administrator the remarkable Elena Deleanu, who was, I believe, originally a dressmaker. She is now as much of a figure in Bucharest—though without those special idiosyncrasies—as the late Lilian Baylis at the Old Vic. She has a large and beautiful theatre—it was renovated five years ago—and its repertory is wisely spread. Sir Barry Jackson, in his great days at Birmingham, used to say that a major repertory theatre should be a 'revolving mirror' of the drama—all centuries, all moods—and this undoubtedly the Giulesti is.

I should explain that Bucharest theatres use the true repertory system. That is, they do not stage a series of plays for short runs. They have instead a number of productions continually in service, and their companies are more or less permanent: something, again, that differs from current British practice. Here few casts can play together for long; there are too many competing interests (films, television, radio). So we have lost, in a great measure, the old satisfaction of getting to know a company and of seeing it in a variety of parts and plays. In Bucharest players are usually engaged for life: another idea that startles their English colleagues. Agreed, difficulties arise. When a theatre has, say, eighty people on its roll, it cannot find parts for all of them, and too often it must happen that many competent artists are, in effect, on pension: on the strength, but not used. It is a reason why plays with large casts are much approved in Bucharest whereas English managers are only too eager to use short-cast, one-set plays that will reduce running expenses.

But I was speaking of the Giulesti. On our first Saturday evening in Bucharest we went to *Measure for Measure*: an audience packed, young, silently absorbed, and contagiously appreciative. The bare Giulesti stage can look enormous, and Cernescu took it all. He saw the play as a statement of corrupting power. Resolved to concentrate upon this theme, he had cut the text to fit, so—and this was disconcerting—practically all of the black comedy had vanished: Pompey was a shadow, Mistress Overdone barely appeared, and we had to do without such decorations as Froth and Elbow. Cernescu fiercely emphasised the tragic side. Early in the play, bar upon iron bar rang down from above to cut off Claudio from his companions: we were kept conscious of imprisonment and isolation. Moreover, the director was at pains to match spiritual and physical abnormality. Thus both the Duke and Angelo were lifted upon cothurni; and at the end we had a startling effect when the Duke, enveloped in his gown and raised high upon

a platform, seemed to tower physically over the world of Vienna. (We had hardly returned to England when, by coincidence, we saw cothurni used, with some skill, in the Stratford-upon-Avon production of *Richard II*.)

In Cernescu's *Measure* the Duke, who haunts Vienna as Haroun used to haunt his Baghdad, is not the figure we expect him to be on the English stage. I remember a revival, not so long ago, in which Isabella, at the Duke's final speech, 'Whereto, if you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine,' turned away in swift rejection. That was an amusing change; the lines have always seemed to be part of Shakespeare's perfunctory and hurried resolution of the plot. Having got so far, he must dispose of two of his leading characters, and he does it in a couplet. But in Bucharest there was no humour in Cernescu's method. The Duke's request was a chilling order; Isabella had escaped Angelo, but she was not free. The relentless progress of the last act at the Giulesti was ended—wrongly, I think—by a screeching laugh from a watchful Buffoon (a director's interpolation), and by the transference of a line to Lucio to send us out with the bitterly ironical assurance that justice had been done.

We may take exception to this; we may complain about the sharp surgery and the need for 'relevance' which is the bane of so much contemporary Shakespeare (though here, I agree, the power-game symbol is legitimate). Yet, these things said, we have to applaud the atmospheric, visual and aural, the dramatic choreography, Cernescu's command of his material, and the playing of such artists as Ileana Cernat (Isabella) and Peter Paulhofer, the Angelo. Stefan Zorzor, the composer, is present every night to accompany the production himself (mostly with well-timed clangs) because, he says, the use of a tape can be deadening. Cernescu's achievement, in its technical mastery and ceaseless attack, should be observed out of Romania; perhaps it will be.

The text used at the Giulesti was Florian Nicolau's. We had met him earlier in the administrative offices of the new National Theatre whose red-and-white chequered walls stand boldly at the centre of Bucharest. Really, it is as if the theatre had captured the city; merely to walk round the building seems to be the beginning of a long day's journey. Ideally, this is a fine thing; at heart I wish that the British National Theatre could command the centre of London, though it would be wrong to under-value its present setting on the south bank of the Thames, not too far from Shakespearian Bankside. We talked for some time about the British and Romanian stages on the morning that we met Radu Beligan, the Romanian National Theatre's director, with Florian Nicolau, who is the dramaturg, and Horea Popescu, assistant director and designer. The National is not yet open. We went over to it from the administrative offices and saw its three auditoria: the main one, entirely dominated by the stage; a secondary house, adaptable to various forms; and another, for studio work, left quite bare. While we were on the prairie of the main stage, it was raised for us and we stood for a moment on the edge of a cliff. In proportion to the crescent-shaped auditorium, which holds about 900-1,000 people on two levels, the stage was enormous. Some actors, we gathered, are uneasy about

it and its complexities, but one cannot prophesy dogmatically, and I believe myself that the qualities of the theatre will be realised, for good or ill, when David Esrick—the young man who is the Peter Brook of Bucharest—puts on his production of *The Tempest*. He has studied this for two years, reading everything obtainable on the theme, including books on magic for Prospero's sake. Meanwhile, the National, with its three foyers (to be tapestry-hung) and the sweep of its marble staircases, waits for its hour. As I said once about an English play, there is a strange tremor of expectancy. We seem to be on the edge of revelation, sun over the crest, sail above the horizon, a world behind the opening door.

No doubt the National will have a lot of Shakespeare. He is Bucharest's most popular dramatist. Indeed, Mr. Beligan and Mr. Nicolau told us that all of the plays have been acted except *Cymbeline* (curiously, this at the moment is the play least performed in Britain). Florian Nicolau has translated thirteen of the plays himself, keeping as near as he can to the original, line by line. After Shakespeare, the most popular writers are Brecht and Chekhov. Radu Beligan, himself a famous Romanian actor, is a notable Tusenbach in *The Three Sisters*. When we were in Bucharest he was acting in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, but one of the troubles of a repertory system is that you have to take what is on at the time, and Beligan's dates and ours did not fit. He and his colleagues talked with animation about the National which has at present—apart from a large corps of technicians —a company of about a hundred players. It receives a substantial subsidy and the State also pays the salaries. At present it divides its work between two smaller theatres, both of which we visited, and which—as against the contemporary style of the new building—reminded me of London's lost gilt-and-plush St. James's. (This was, in fact, the usual Bucharest style.)

That morning there was talk of Peter Brook's production of *King Lear* (Beligan's favourite) and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, both of which, with their R.S.C. companies, have visited the city to lasting acclaim. (The note of eroticism towards the end of the first half of the *Dream* did worry some Shakespearians.) Brook is greatly admired; during our stay we were asked more questions about him than any other theatre personage. Tom Stoppard, the dramatist, came second; again and again I was asked to describe the plot of the philosophical farce, *Jumpers*, by no means easy to condense at short notice.

Clearly, Romanian Shakespeare, as we could see from Cernescu's *Measure for Measure*, is relishingly experimental. In any event, Bucharest —like London and Stratford-upon-Avon—is a director's theatre. Horea Popescu, at the National, described his recent production of *Measure for Measure* as a guest at the Belgrade Festival: the play, he said, was staged on the scales of justice, otherwise an electronic balance that moved up or down according to the situation of Angelo and Isabella. We heard much of a recent *King Lear*, directed by Radu Pencielescu, with George Constantin as Lear: Constantin we saw at the Nottara Theatre—which is administered by the extremely distinguished dramatist, Horia Lovinescu—in a production of a play called *Cei Sase* (*The Six*). A melodrama of the French Resistance,

adapted by Aneta Dobre from the original by two French authors, the piece is old-fashioned in technique, though this does not obscure its power. It might go very well into English. Constantin acted a doomed Resistance man with an unstrained power that, for me, summoned the young Charles Laughton. The Nottara, incidentally, has eighty players on its strength and puts on a fresh piece monthly; its list of productions is an international roll-call.

I might add here that Bucharest playgoers seem to have met most kinds of work between *The Maid's Tragedy* and *The Mousetrap*. Though the theatres have to devote half their repertory to Romanian plays, there is ample room to range round world drama, and nothing of the insistence we get in London upon a wholly contemporary mood. I think George Saintsbury wrote once of 'that basest of limitations, the single appetite for modernity'.

Among our best nights was a revival of Buchner's *Leonce and Lena;* I need not discuss it too closely, for it had a week, with its Bucharest cast, at a recent Edinburgh Festival. Though I had never regarded it as a major play, under Liviu Ciulei's treatment it becomes an imaginative farcical fantasy in which the romantic bravura of Irina Petrescu and Ion Caramitru is set off by the broad humours of Marin Moraru, a comedian in the Robey manner with a face that could be moulded from plasticine. This production we saw at the Bulandra (Teatrul Sturdza Bulandra, named after a famous actress who had become its first manager at the age of 75, and who acted until she was 91). Another Bulandra piece was less successful—or had become so. Clearly it was once a triumph; but it had been allowed to lose form and discipline. This was *D-ale Carnavalului* or *Carnival Scenes*, by I. L. Caragiale, the late 19th century classical dramatist of Romania; Lucian Pintilie directed it. There was nothing that intensive rehearsal could not have cured. Obviously, during a long run in repertory, the piece had been allowed to deteriorate, and the comedians, Moraru and Toma Caragiu, were letting themselves go unwisely. Audiences, as we could see, were still enjoying the party; maybe by then the production had become near-traditional, but its raggedness had to startle visitors who were new to it and who had heard only of its original fame.

It was, anyway, our sole disappointment during a succession of nights that had begun at the Nottara with, surprisingly, a piece entitled *Good Evening, Mr. Wilde*, a musical version of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

The first sound we heard on the Bucharest stage was Big Ben to whose strokes a Mephistophelean Oscar Wilde was animating his puppets. Allowing for a vague *Merry Widow* feeling, the comedy had a good brisk performance, even if its fluttering Lady Bracknell had little of the dragon about her, and the music had been recorded. A pity. But we were able to observe the ease, the relaxation, that is typical of Romanian acting (du Maurier, long ago, might have respected it); and we admired the gallantry with which the cast, no trained singers in it, managed to get through the songs. As in Hungary, the stock companies of Bucharest will respond to any challenge.

Elsewhere we saw two new Romanian comedies, of which the better was

a gentle frivol called, alarmingly, *The Death of the Last Hooligan,* at the National Theatre Studio; a pleasantly unsophisticated love story, from the Russian, *Valentin and Valentina,* at the Bulandra Studio; the National company in the fashionable Paul Everac's *The Butterfly on the Lamp,* a narrative of the unlikely goings-on in Paris whither a Romanian economist has defected; and two American plays, notably one named *Dulcea Pasare a Tineretii* which turned out to be Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth.* This was at one of the National houses, the Teatrul National I. L. Caragiale, to which we had gone, expecting something quite different. A player, it seemed, had been caught up in a film engagement, so the bill was changed, an infrequent local hazard (playgoers, if they wish, can have their money back). It was a reasonably apt performance, valuable principally for Carmen Stanescu, whom we had seen as Lady Bracknell, and who now, as the ageing film star, was playing her first tragic part and doing it with resource. If some of the other acting, there and elsewhere, appeared to be brushed-in hastily, one had to attribute this to the exhausting nature of a Romanian actor's repertory, and to a danger inherent in the quality of relaxation I have already praised. It is possible to be too relaxed.

Besides the plays at night (and the three on Sunday) we had an absorbing run of visits to theatre directors, among them a long and agreeable talk at the Mic, or Little, which has a company of 35 and contemplated Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*; to the Institute for Theatrical and Cinema Art, which corresponds to our R.A.D.A. or Central School, and where I spoke to the students; to the Institute of Documentation, presided over by Madame Margareta Barbuta with her amazingly exact memory (she is now at work on a biography of Gordon Craig); to the Institute of Art History, where a sumptuous history of the Romanian stage is being produced; to Professor Dr. Mihnea Gheorghiu, the foremost Shakespearian; to the Association of Artists in the Theatrical and Musical Institutions; to the Writers' Union for a morning's debate; and to the journals, *Teatrul* and *Romania Literara.* One uncommon visit, also, to the organisation that arranges compulsory refresher courses for actors, directors, technicians, and dramaturgs; I talked to a current (and for the most part highly experienced) class. Add to this many incidental meetings; the hospitality of Mr. Constantin Maciuca, who is now responsible for controlling the arts and whom we had met in London; and visits to some of the Greek Orthodox churches, scattered like jewels round the city, to the Village Museum in its own park, and to such a fascinating place as the Muzeu de Zambaccian. This is a villa formerly owned by a connoisseur who had left to the State his collection of paintings and sculpture. Several French Impressionists were here, and some haunting Romanian pictures from the late 19th century, influenced by the Barbizon school: exceptional, I thought, those by Matisse's friend, Theodor Pallady.

On another morning we drove out from Bucharest with our matchless interpreter, Mrs. Lidia Ionescu. First over the plain, past the oil-town of Ploiesti; up into the Carpathians, to Sinaia, with the royal palace on which King Carol I spent so lavishly, to Predeal, and then down into Transylvania and the oddly German-looking town of Brasov. Beyond this we went up into

glittering snows to lunch at Sura Dacilor. Romania is a beautiful country and we look forward to exploring it further. But our main purpose had been to see the theatre, and we came from this with admiration. Bucharest is a cheerful, open, spacious city, a little in need of paint but throbbingly alive and genuinely concerned for the arts. Theatre prices are low; young playgoers are eager; a small audience is a rarity. The Romanians have a particular concern for the English theatre; what they need urgently is a supply of English books. Their dramatic companies have had just a little more chance in Britain than the Hungarians (thus the Bulandra company went to Edinburgh), but London has yet to see their work, and the Cernescu *Measure for Measure* should not be ignored.

On almost our last day we went to the Museum of Romanian History and to the display of gold treasures that covers two thousand years; one of the last exhibits was the casket presented to Queen Marie when she came to Plymouth nearly fifty years ago. It was still in my mind when the aircraft soared away from Otopeni in hot sunshine, and—so it seemed—in another age, another world, from the night of our arrival among the snows.

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CHINA

by A. J. Augarde

COMMUNIST China has a population of between seven and eight hundred million people, or about one in five of the world's population. So China is a fairly important place from many points of view. Yet it is very difficult to find out the 'truth' about China, both because statements made by the Chinese themselves are not always reliable and because the reports of outside observers are often heavily biased for or against Chinese communism. What follows is an attempt to put down some conclusions which can perhaps be accepted as facts.

First, the background history in brief.

In 1912, Sun Yat Sen's bourgeois nationalist Kuomintang party overthrew the Manchu dynasty and proclaimed China a republic. In this republic, power came to lie in the hands of provincial military governors or 'warlords', under whom the peasants were as heavily oppressed as before. When Sun Yat Sen died in 1925 he was succeeded by Chiang Kai-shek. Over many years the Kuomintang was fought by the Communist Party, led by a peasant's son, Mao Tse-tung, born in 1893. Finally in 1949 the Communists overthrew the Kuomintang and set up communist rule in China. The remnants of the Kuomintang fled to the island of Taiwan, which became 'Nationalist China'.

Many revolutions are bloody, and the revolution in China was no exception. Even after the communists came to power there were many executions, particularly of rich landlords who were summarily tried and condemned to death by local peasants' courts. In the cities, black marketeers and ruffians were shot down in the streets. Estimates of the number of people killed in these years vary widely—it was almost certainly several million. One should not dwell too much on the past, but the recollection of such violence as accompanied and followed 'Liberation' should help us to avoid regarding the Chinese communists as plaster saints. Nor were the post-1949 'purges' isolated examples of violence. The Cultural Revolution of 1966 was also marked by violence from the Red Guards;—Stuart Schram says: 'the number of people savagely beaten was probably tens of thousands, of whom several thousands were actually beaten to death'.

The Chinese Communist Party was modelled closely on the Russian Bolshevik Party and the Chinese régime resembles the Russian in many ways. In the decade after 1949, it was Russia that China looked to for material support as well as ideological example (except, perhaps, for their emphasising the *peasantry* much more than the Russian revolutionaries did). This discipleship of Russia was gradually undermined as China saw that Russia was becoming increasingly 'revisionist', her leaders more and more bourgeois, and her foreign policy peaceful coexistence with—rather than unyielding struggle against—the West. In 1956, the Russians denounced Stalin (in Khruschev's famous speech) without first consulting China. In 1959, the Camp David meeting between Khruschev and Eisen-

hower marked a further stage in Russia's revisionist tendencies. Finally, in 1960, the Russians withdrew the technicians they had sent to help in China's industrialisation. Since then, China and Russia have been apparently irreconcilable enemies.

Probably China's fear of invasion from Russia is one of the main reasons why she is now seeking contacts with the West in diplomacy and trade. In 1965 she started buying wheat from Canada and in 1971 she joined the United Nations.

In China itself, the task of stabilising the country politically and economically has followed a zig-zag, stop-go course since the 'liberation', with alternating periods of firmness and comparative liberalism. In 1951 there were the 'Three-Anti' and 'Five-Anti' movements, aimed at removing bourgeois tendencies from the people. But in 1956 Mao initiated the 'Hundred Flowers' period, in which people were actually urged to criticise anything they found wrong. This led to much more radical and bitter criticism of the government than Mao had expected, and a severe anti-rightist campaign followed to reassert the Party's authority.

In 1958 came the Great Leap Forward, an attempt to efface the Hundred Flowers débacle by an appeal to 'all pull together', and to move China quickly into world-class status by a supreme effort from everybody. Communes were rapidly set up to comprise most of the peasants. Many people had small steel furnaces in their backyards in an attempt to increase steel production dramatically.

The promise of the Great Leap Forward was not entirely fulfilled. The government was forced to subdue its optimism and admit that many targets had not been reached. But the communes were not a complete failure. They got people working together on such important things as irrigation schemes, and harvests have increased continuously since about 1962.

The Cultural Revolution, which started in 1966, was yet another campaign, initiated by Mao, to assert the predominance of the party-line over the 'revisionist' line, to show that to be 'red' (politically dependable) was more important than to be 'expert' (technically competent). It also fortified Mao's position as leader. The spearhead of the Cultural Revolution was the Red Guards, a militaristic youth organisation which set itself to root out all bourgeois tendencies among the people, especially among the 'intellectuals'. These attempts led to resistance on such a scale that Mao called it 'all-round civil war'. Eventually Mao had to call in the army to restrain the Red Guards' fervour. The main result of the Cultural Revolution, besides a strengthening of the orthodox Maoist line, was the setting up of Revolutionary Committees in every province, composed basically of one representative of the Party, one of the Army, and one of the masses (thus ensuring a 2–1 majority in favour of the Establishment). The Cultural Revolution also turned the cult of Mao, which was already strong, virtually into a religion. His thoughts had almost magical power and the 'little red book' became a fetish. (Ironically, since Lin Piao compiled the book and Lin Piao has since fallen from grace, the little red book is no longer on sale in China.)

Government policy since 1949 has aptly been described as 'two steps forward, one step back', with the rigidity of land reform and the 'Antis' campaigns followed by the leniency of the Hundred Flowers period, and the Great Leap Forward followed by another period of comparative liberalisation until the clamp-down of the Cultural Revolution. Such zig-zag progression results partly from the conflict between dogmatic ideas and commonsense observations. When the dogma is more important, the party-line favours one who is 'red' rather than 'expert'; when commonsense or practical concerns prevail over the dogma, then the 'expert' appears more necessary than the 'red'. This 'two steps forward, one step back' method does lead somewhere, but it makes life rather difficult for the ordinary people who have to keep in step with the current party-line, which may change overnight.

What are the results of the Chinese method? As the jokers say, let's have the good news first!

The revolution has ended feudalism, removed famine, abolished illiteracy, stabilised the currency (China has no national debt, and most prices have remained stable since 1949), established civil peace, mobilised the energies of the people and united them to work together, distributed land to the peasants, provided health and other social facilities, removed public and private corruption, encouraged a work spirit rather than laziness, introduced a measure of decentralisation, established China as a country of world status without domination by other countries, and given the people confidence.

All these are great achievements, perhaps most of all the provision of a reasonable material standard of living for everyone, which was by no means the case before 1949. (Under the Kuomintang, 20,000 bodies a year were picked up off the streets of Shanghai.) Compare this achievement with the position in other underdeveloped countries (notably India and in Latin America) where governments have not got to grips with the problems of poverty and basic human survival. Is any price too high to pay for such definite material advances?

Some Western observers believe that the price paid has been too high, especially in the denial of freedoms which many Westerners believe important, and in the regimentation and conformity which seem endemic to most communist regimes.

China has been called 'a totally organised society'. Every aspect of the people's life is controlled by the ruling Party. The collective organisation of most activities makes them easier to control, and the individual is submerged in the group. Conformity and discipline are admittedly typically Chinese characteristics, but they are also a notable feature of life in communist countries and we may question how far the average Chinaman accepts them voluntarily. The Party's firm suppression of individuality makes it all the stranger that one person in China should be the subject of an unparalleled cult of personality—Mao Tse-tung himself.

Nearly every achievement in China is ascribed to 'the inspired leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party of China'. Mao's writings are

taken to be an infallible guide to conduct, even the playing of ping-pong. With the Cultural Revolution, the cult of Mao was raised to an almost religious reverence, surpassing that accorded to Stalin in his heyday.

Big Brother is always watching. Every time one sees a picture of a Chinese classroom, there is a large picture of Mao prominently displayed. Children are encouraged to report on their parents or their classmates; students sent to work in the country are set to spy on the peasants; the government deceives the people with false reports of progress or by concealing the motives behind its actions. Everyone who wants to keep his job (and even his life) is forced to become a puritanical, hypocritical conformist. The age-old Chinese genius for 'saving face' readily becomes a method of protecting the new communist 'face' so that the outsider finds it hard to perceive the truth about China.

This is not surprising, as truth is said to be the first casualty in war, and the Chinese communists see themselves as fighting an all-out war: the class struggle, which can never be relaxed. The class struggle is a war where the party-line must 'win'—it is not an impartial debate or a harmonising of differing views. So anyone of different views is labelled an 'imperialist'; those who preach reconciliation and peace are likely to be called 'revisionists'. Whereas the Chinese government never does anything wrong, an 'imperialist' government can never do anything right. Censorship is maintained so that nothing favourable about 'imperialist' governments may appear in Chinese newspapers.

Censorship is not the only method the Party uses to keep the people toeing the party-line. Perhaps the best-publicised method is 'brain-washing' or 'thought-reform', a technique which the communists had experimented with before they came to power in 1949. This thought-reform aims to substitute ideological thinking for individual thinking.

Most Chinese have to be members of small discussion groups formed at their work, their commune, etc., and these groups meet regularly for discussion and to learn Mao's brand of Marxism-Leninism. These meetings sometimes have the religious fervour of a Moral Rearmament session—the members confess their faults and thank Mao for showing them the right way by his writings. At 'struggle meetings' one person receives the vituperation of the others, often being spat upon and punched, and reduced to tears and perhaps a nervous breakdown.

We can criticise an ideology-ridden society because any ideology followed slavishly is likely to lead men to behave inhumanly or stupidly. No one ideology is likely to be infallibly correct. Unreality creeps into events in China simply because of the tension between the Party trying to give the impression that the ideology remains constant and at the same time having to carry out practical policies which often conflict with Maoism.

This dogmatism pervades Chinese life. It divides people sharply into revolutionaries or revisionists, proletarians or bourgeois. There are many good points in Maoism—such as its emphasis on service to the community, its analytical approach to the solving of contradictions among the people, its desire for a just sharing of material wealth—but we must not overlook the

dangers in its uncompromising emphasis on the importance of being 'red' rather than 'expert', and its encouragement of militancy.

This militancy is manifested in the importance of the army in China. Mao and most of his comrades in the party committee were military men before 'Liberation' and this heritage leaves its mark on Chinese life today. Mao no doubt sees his army as the 'reddest' communists of all. Most of the 'heroes' for Chinese youth to emulate are soldiers. In the communes, the women and children do an hour's military drill every day. Everyone is either recruited into the army or conscripted into the local militia. In 1964 there was a campaign to 'learn from the People's Liberation Army', and in the same year it was the political department of the army which published the little red book which was to become the bible of the Red Guards.

The Army is active in civil life, doing farm work as well as battle training. It can be said that China is ruled by the Government plus the Party plus the Army. China exploded its first nuclear bomb in 1964, its first nuclear guided missile in 1966, and launched its first satellite in 1970. Mao's two best-known sayings are probably that 'political power grows out of the barrel of a gun' and that American nuclear weaponry is 'a paper tiger'. He has also said: 'Revolutionary wars are inevitable in class society, and without them it is impossible to accomplish any leap in social development and to overthrow the reactionary ruling classes and therefore impossible for the people to win political power'.

One serious question is whether the people in China really have the political power; or is the power actually in the hands of an élite? The Communist régime is firmly entrenched and it is only wishful thinking for some westerners to hope that it may be overthrown. Probably the majority of the Chinese people are content, because they have at least a material stability and civil peace which they have not always known. But it is equally likely that a minority of 'intellectuals' is silently unhappy about the present regime, particularly its bunglings during the Great Leap Forward and its repressiveness during the Cultural Revolution.

The dogmatism of Maoism may be softened as China comes more into contact with the rest of the world, by joining the United Nations and increasing trade and cultural links with other countries. Stuart Schram says: 'Just as it was the integration of the workers into American and European society which partly invalidated the Marxist protest against existing society, so the integration of China into the world community can ultimately be expected to diminish the virulence of the Maoist protest against the "domination of imperialism" '. If we in the west wish to see Maoism liberalised and humanised, we need to drop our own 'imperialist' attitudes and behaviour.

Many writers on China give the impression that the picture is either all black or all white—that China is either a police-state ruled by a self-seeking clique of oppressors or a place about which nothing critical can or should be said. In such circumstances it is hard to find out the truth about China, but commonsense and a knowledge of human nature should lead us to be sceptical about both the 'all-bad' and the 'all-good' assessments. The truth doubtless lies somewhere between the two.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND MADAME RECAMIER

by Adele Ziolkowska

'SAINT Malo. Two hours stop!' called the coach driver. 'You will find one of our Agency's Guides at the Cathedral. Please be back punctually at 2 p.m. We still have a long programme to get through before the day is over.' He then turned to me, the tone of his voice changing to one much more personal.

'Don't on any account miss Chateaubriand's Grave on the Island of the Grand Bay. It's low tide now. If you hurry you'll be able to walk across the causeway and be back before the tide comes in.'

It was one of the dull days which occur so often in Brittany. Clouds hung low and we were enshrouded in mist. It was no wonder that none of my travelling companions wanted to come with me to the little island.

One of the rough staircases hewn out of the rocks soon brought me to the top of the cliffs. Had it been fine the breathtaking view would have revealed Dinard and the rugged coastline leading to the *Cap Frehel* lighthouse. Today the visibility stopped at a fishing boat hardly off-shore. I took a few steps from the edge of the cliff and stood at the poet's grave, looking at the massive granite cross, a plain stone monument, without name or inscription. The tomb of Chateaubriand; that prince of writers; his corpse now imprisoned by Gothic iron railings.

What a contrast! The life, rich in variety and experience. Here, nothing but death and loneliness and the melancholy song of the wind.

And as I looked at that stark cross I wondered about his real relationship with Juliette Recamier. No one ever knew the truth about those two. The famous French writer and Madame Recamier. That wonderful woman immortalised by a great artist.

But I got to know a little more about them sooner than I had expected.

Our tour took us back to Paris next day where we were to spend a week. It was a lovely warm September and Paris still belonged to the tourists.

In the evening after we had got settled in the hotel I dropped in to have an *aperitif* at a boulevarde café on the street corner.

As I sat at a table the voice of our coach driver greeted me from a table over the way. I beckoned him to join me, which he seemed glad to do.

His first words were about our visit to St. Malo, and to my great delight he soon brought the conversation around to Chateaubriand.

'That old actor', he said, laughing. 'That grave had been ordered by him in his lifetime. A realistic setting for the last act. He knew he'd be honoured by daily pilgrimages before he died.'

I looked at him in surprise. He spoke as if he had some inside information on the poet's life.

'Yes.' He went on. 'The man was always an actor. When he was twenty-three he had a great urge to go to America. In those days only small sailing boats were available for passengers. This did not deter him. And when the tiny craft was tossing and pitching in a great storm and

even the sailors were cowering for shelter, Chateaubriand had himself lashed to the mast, to be at one with the elements, and make known to the world what it felt like. He did that well enough in his writings. But my own opinion is that he couldn't help acting, and in the face of death itself.'

'You speak as if you had known him. But that's impossible. He died over a hundred years ago. What makes you so interested in him?'

'Have you ever heard of the *Abbaye-aux-Bois*?'

'That was the home of Madame Recamier, wasn't it?'.

'Yes. It still stands. You know the *Bon Marché* stores? Here, on the left bank of the Seine. Quite near by is the old building in which nuns still live. One of the nuns is my mother's sister. She has told us many stories about the beautiful lady. Chateaubriand's "Juliette" as he called her.'

'So that's how you know! You are still in touch with the old romantic world where the past is handed down by word of mouth by the nuns.'

'That's it. Juliette', he said softly. 'The nuns go into raptures when they hear about her. She was already past her first youth, you know, when she went to the *Abbaye*. Monsieur Recamier was a spendthrift and speculator. He had once again lost all his capital. She had to look after him entirely.'

'He was quite a bit older than she was, I believe?'

'Yes. He had married her in his middle age, when Juliette was only in her teens. Her marriage, as we know from history, was nothing but a platonic one. When he died she said it was as if she lost her father for the second time.'

'How did she come to live in the *Abbaye* without being a nun?'

'She gave up her house and found a place for M. Recamier. That left her with only enough money to get a cheap lodging in the third floor of the *Abbaye*, offered to her by the nuns.'

'The *Abbaye-aux-Bois*. What a strange place for the most important literary salon of Paris at that time.'

'It was. A poor staircase led to the few rooms, where the flooring was made of ordinary tiles. From a tiny window she must have looked out on to the quiet convent garden. The moderately sized living room housed a harp and a harpsichord. One stood on the right and the other on the left in front of a huge bookcase which reached to the ceiling. Madame Recamier used to recline half-lying on a sofa in her famous muslin-gown, when relaxing. You remember the famous picture? When people called, she was always sitting in this pose; either reading or glancing up at the mirror over the mantelpiece, in which the curtains of her bed were reflected.

'She must have been at least forty then. Still quite beautiful and young for her age, even if the young chimney sweeps no longer stared at her here in Paris, as they had done twenty years before when she walked along the street. And not only chimney sweeps stared then, as she rustled along in the transparent garments which hardly concealed the magnificent form of her youthful body.'

'That's how Chateaubriand described her in some of his memoirs, didn't he?'

'Something like that. In most moving words. But ah, my friend, one

must be French to get the full flavour of those words. On the stroke of three Chateaubriand used to arrive at the *Abbaye* every afternoon. He was so punctual that people used to wind their clocks by him, it is said.

'Immaculately dressed, with a flower in his buttonhole and a thin ivory stick in his hand, he climbed up the steep steps to spend an hour in *tête-à-tête* with Juliette before the salon was open to other visitors. He knew how to hold on to his privilege. It became the central focus of his last years and also of hers. She only outlived him by a short time.'

'I remember seeing Chateaubriand's portrait in a book' I said. 'A short, thick-set man. Almost a hunch-back, with a disproportionately large head. One wonders how he managed to enchant so many women; Juliette most of all.'

'Enchant. That's the very word. Women swarmed around him like moths around a flame. Burning them, too! He was just as attractive to women in old age. He wrote to a young worshipper: "All who have loved me have suffered".'

'He sounds too insufferably conceited to have impressed Madame Recamier. But one can never tell what a woman will do, even the wisest.'

'Oh, Madame Recamier seems to have been the exception, though no one knows what their real relations were. Especially before the meetings at the *Abbaye*. Many think that she was just as infatuated by him as were the other women. I don't believe that. From everything I've heard about her I should say she never loved anyone passionately. That is, in the sense of arousing or experiencing desire. She was wonderfully kind and good. That was what drew people to her as much as her cleverness. She attracted many people but never gave of herself. It was not love, but that rarest of things, real friendship, which she offered.'

'To a man like Chateaubriand, that could well have been her main attraction?' I said lightly. But my companion did not hear.

'Do you know, even as a young man I could not hear enough about these stories of life in the *Abbaye-aux-Bois* when, as a family, we were all seated around the table. The qualities which dominated Juliette during her whole life were there brought to perfection. When she welcomed her guests with a smiling glance from her clear eyes, and with a kindly word, it was the spontaneous reaction of her whole beautiful nature. One wrote of her voice that it was like "a soul diffused in air". This spirit of natural sympathy infected everybody. It animated and calmed people. Empathy, I suppose they'd call it today. Here in her presence, people became natural. They forgot their sorrows and passions were quietened. I know how we French love rhetoric. But in the *Abbaye* conversation lost its strain and solemnity. Everyone learned to give of his best, for each was valued for himself. People lost their inferiority complexes and in Mme. Recamier's salon learning and intelligence showed their true worth.

'It must have been an exciting era. Most of these people had lived to see the Revolution. Then came the terror of the Napoleonic wars and the Restoration. The Bourbons had not been back long before Mme. Recamier moved to the *Abbaye*. She lived in an ever-changing political

scene. Personalities on the political stage were constantly giving place to others. Today, we can well understand such times.' He smiled bitterly as one who had himself experienced too much change. 'But I doubt if there was much evidence of this in the *Abbaye*. Not that Juliette banned politics from the salon. That would have been impossible, but she succeeded in keeping it neutral.'

'Yes. I always understand she was the "soul" of the salon but that Chateaubriand was its "fame".'

'He was. He gave it originality. Everyone bowed to him in respect. He was a dominant, but in no way a social temperament. The reason was of course, Juliette. She made a great conversationalist out of this proud, melancholy, man. She made him forget the loneliness of being a "High-priest" and showed him how to develop the friendliness which was also part of his personality.'

The café was almost empty and I suggested that we should move on.

'It's very moving to think of the changes in the salon', he remarked when we were in the street. 'All generations were represented. But the stimulating atmosphere of the salon gradually diminished. Juliette became resigned to age and blindness and this infected the whole circle. Imagine this beautiful woman reclining, as in her portrait, her features framed with white hair. The empty chair which was always reserved for Chateaubriand, now to remain permanently empty. And then, her brave attempts to conceal her blindness after the great man's death.'

He sighed and glanced at his watch. 'Time to leave the "romantics" and get back to reality. I must go to make the final arrangements for our trip to Versailles. But I think you might be interested in these.'

As he left me I looked at the cheap reproductions of Chateaubriand and Juliette which he had thrust into my hands.

No one knew their secret. Perhaps, after all, they had nothing to hide from the world? I wandered on in the direction of the *Abbaye-aux-Bois*.

LAND TENURE AND CO-PARTNERSHIP — A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

by H. Martin-Leake

IN the first years of the Century, the writer, as an Economic Botanist in the United Provinces, now Uttar Pradesh, India, became engaged in a genetical study of the cotton plant of the Province. The cotton there produced was, probably, the worst in the world, judged from the spinners' point of view and the quality of the lint. As a Bombay spinner once wrote: 'Do you, in the U.P., realise that a cotton fibre requires two ends to spin?' From the practical aspect, the problem was readily solved; as a source of quality there was the red, perennial cotton plant from the fibre of which the Brahminical thread was spun, and there were numerous exotic species, some of which had been imported but never widely grown. The difficulty lay elsewhere.

The handling of the cotton crop lay almost entirely in the hands of the 'bania', the trader and money-lender. By loans to the cultivator, he secured a near monopoly of the crop, and his sole consideration was not the quality of the lint but how much cotton he would get from a given weight of seed cotton — the 'ginning percent.' It is an unfortunate fact that there is a close inverse correlation between length of fibre and ginning percent; the short-staple cottons of the U.P. with a ginning percent high in the 40s while in the longer staple cottons the figure is around 30. A variety of Chinese origin had a small tuft of fibre at one end of the seed and was promptly christened Tatcho.

This dilemma raised the question: cannot some alternative agent be found to handle the crop? This led to a study of the agricultural system in its economic aspect, including the land tenure system and its historical origin.

Akbar, who reigned over the Moghul Empire at its zenith, was an Emperor of a wisdom and tolerance far in advance of his time. It was his custom to reward his leading supporters by appointing them revenue collectors over a defined area. With the waning of the Empire, the revenue ceased to be forwarded and the collectors assumed the role of 'landlords'— 'zamindars' in Agra and 'taluqdars' in Oudh.

That was the position when the English assumed control of India and, with the English tradition of full individual land ownership, there was introduced the Permanent Settlement of Bengal and a few U.P. Districts bordering thereon. But views changed and, for the rest of the U.P., a 30-year Settlement was introduced — a somewhat complex system of taxing land values, taking a Settlement Officer some three years to determine the figures for a single District. Some idea of the complexity is indicated by the nature of the unit of land measurement — the 'bigha'. This included the quality of the land and was, therefore, not a defined measure, varying from a fraction of an acre to nearly two acres.

The consequence of this system was that the 'landlord', with a fixed land

assessment and ever-increasing rents due to a rapidly increasing population, was a man of leisure. Generally highly educated in Eastern tradition, he took little interest in an education based on English which originated in Macaulay's famous *Minute on Education.* The question arose: in spite of this handicap, may not the alternative to the bania be found in these 'landlords'? A method must be found to induce them to take a personal interest in their estates and their development; and the best approach appeared to be to educate the rising generation though, inevitably, the road would be a long one.

The opportunity for putting the idea to the test occurred early in the First World War when, in 1915, the Principalship of the Kanpur Agricultural College fell vacant and recruitment for the post was impossible. Sir James, later Lord, Meston, then Governor of the U.P., with the courtesy for which he was noted, instead of ordering the present writer to carry the dual burden of Botanist and Principal, asked him to help the Government out of a hole. Here was the very opportunity for which he had been looking, and his first step was to organise a vernacular course to which only the sons of 'landlords' were admitted, and guaranteed as such by the District Officer, who also noted the revenue paid by the estate. The course was an astonishing and immediate success; applications were far in excess of capacity to absorb.

The course aimed at teaching the younger generation, the future 'landlord' to develop a personal concern for his property. The estate was considered as consisting of a home farm under his direct supervision, with the remainder divided into tenant holdings of a size typical of the district — in the East of the Province some 2.5 ac. and, in the West, some 5 ac. On the home farm, while maintaining it on a profit-making basis, trials of improved crops and methods of cultivation with stock breeding would be conducted. Also associated with the home farm would be equipment for handling the produce; gins for ginning cotton, gur manufacture from sugar cane, stores for storing grain — in particular, barley, which is liable to lose its viability through moisture absorption during the rains — and so on. On the stock side would be ghee manufacture and, in time, a market for well-bred stock.

A further development would be the handling of the peasants' marketable produce. Here is introduced a further consideration — the relationship between 'landlord' and tenant (*ryot*). This was conceived to be on a co-partnership basis, the 'landlord' paying a rate predetermined at time of sowing plus a percentage share of the profits on disposal. Here the 'landlord' would replace the bania as financial prop of the tenant. A further, but less direct development could be improvement of village sanitation by installing a simple sewage system leading to a methane generating plant, the methane supplying power and heat to the village and the slurry used as fertiliser. This would have the advantage of releasing much of the cattle droppings, now used as fuel, for improving soil fertility.

Backed by Sir James Meston and by his successor, Sir Harcourt Butler, whose interest in the 'landlords' was such that he became known as the

amir parwar — nourisher of the rich — the course was an outstanding success, and it was surprising to find, in a class so wealthy, a willingness to undertake manual labour on the College farm as a routine part of the course. But, clearly, time was essential for the scheme to bear fruit — at least a generation — and that, unfortunately, was not available.

In 1921, following the war, were introduced the Reforms which led to a Legislative Council dominated by Councillors with interests almost entirely urban; though the country as a whole was predominantly agricultural, and with Indian Ministers in charge of the various Departments. To many people, developments appearing to favour a section of the population, in their eyes already over-favoured, did not appeal. Further, a Service with a tradition of domination behind it, such as the Indian Civil Service, does not relinquish power without a struggle, and the rift cut deep. It was the Minister under whom the present writer, now head of the Agricultural Department, served, who had demanded: 'why are the I.C. Servants like a crab, defined as a red fish which walks backwards?' He provided his own answer: 'As the crab is neither red, nor a fish, nor does it walk backwards, so the I.C. Servant is neither Indian, nor is he civil nor does he serve'.

In such an unfavourable atmosphere, the country's real interests received small attention and the heads of Departments who were not members of the I.C.S. became as Pickwick between the two Eatanswill editors. By 1924, when the writer retired, it had become evident that the death-knell of the 'landlord'-peasant co-partnership had been sounded. Personal experience ends there; but the future has seen abolition of the 'landlord' and his replacement by a State-dominated, monolithic co-operative organisation under which private initiative, the source of real progress, must die.

The Second World War brought other, inevitable changes. Until its outbreak, a slow, but steady rise in prices of agricultural produce had taken place as these approached world level, a rise which was exerting a strain with a 30-year Settlement. After the war, there was a further, and rapid increase in this rise owing to inflation and the 30-year Settlement became an anachronism.

It appears possible to draw two justifiable inferences from these personal experiences. First, is not the employer-employee antipathy which now, more than ever before, is undermining national life, best alleviated by a system of co-partnership, as recommended by Disraeli over a century ago? Under it, as he expressed it, all become capitalists with incomes in later life derived from savings. If the few attempts which have been made have not attracted attention, it is because no inducement is offered to the employee, such as remission of taxation on savings, by the Government.

The second inference is that a better use of land will result from a system of taxation of land values. Land is the gift of Nature and is limited in extent; to tax it to ensure that it is put to proper use is reasonable. To tax the developments on it is unreasonable for, to avoid taxation, the developer will minimise the development rather than extract the maximum economic use.

THE MALADY OF THE BENGALI

by Sadhan Kumar Ghosh

THE Bengali is today experiencing a crisis of identity. Some of it, no doubt, is a legacy of the Partition of India which brought millions of uprooted malcontents into West Bengal. They shattered not only the economy, but also the *morale* of the State, already badly shaken by the increasing number of immigrants from Western India. The Partition itself was a contradiction in terms—a communal division without an agreed exchange of populations. The utter failure of the Government of India to integrate the refugees into the mainstream of Indian life was partly its own fault, but the Bengali character was a considerable factor, too. It is also a sad fact that in 1947 there was no Bengali of stature at the highest level, and Mountbatten, Nehru and Patel carved up a State of one hundred and twenty millions as if it had been a Christmas cake. A member of the Communist Party of India had suggested that the only viable partition could be tripartite—Pakistan, Bengal and the Rest of India. This was more or less identical with the Bose-Suhrawardy proposals. But neither Sarat Bose nor H. S. Suhrawardy had any influence over the architects of Partition, and though Mountbatten had agreed to consider it, Nehru dismissed it with a shrug of the shoulders. In April 1971 immediately after the Pakistani army started its rampage in Bangla Desh, the London *Economist* revived these memories and insinuated that Mrs. Gandhi was painfully aware that some day there might be a demand for a re-union of the two Bengals, and she would do everything in her power to postpone it. The historian will decide how far she acted *suo moto* in her intervention in Bangla Desh, but the effect of the liberation of Bangla Desh on West Bengal has not been on predicted or predictable lines. It must be remembered that for nearly a year West Bengal had to maintain about ten million refugees from Bangla Desh. And ever since independence, West Bengal has been subjected to non-Bengali infiltration and consequent exploitation. The nature of this exploitation and the Bengali's acquiescence in it contain seeds of future tension and even confrontation, the shape of which cannot yet be predicted. The historian, however, must decide why the politics of violence in West Bengal, including Naxalite violence, scrupulously spared the tycoons and millionaires of Western India who control the wealth and resources of Calcutta. It is beyond question that the politics of violence and the cumulative erosion of the Rule of Law have been both cause and effect of the crisis of identity.

There is in West Bengal no mobilised or articulate opinion against corruption, academic malpractices, exploitation and discrimination against Bengalis, to the last of which the Bengali himself is an accessory. There is no public opinion against organised Rachmanism and it is only in Calcutta that a Bengali landlord could announce in an advertisement his preference for non-Bengali tenants. The Bengali was accused by Tagore of suffering from chronic paranoia. In fact he suffers from mass masochism. A landlord in any other Indian State who preferred the citizens of other States to his

own would risk short shrift and the 'full treatment'. For this paralysis of public opinion, the Bengali has his Press and his Government to thank. Both are mirrors and indexes of his apathy, frustration, impotence and atrophy. A co-existence of skyscrapers and pavement sleepers is not parallelled in any other Indian city.

But a real mirror of the Bengalis' decline is to be found in the coffee-houses and the sleazy tea-shops. These are the meeting places of the young and the not-so-young with time—but very little else—on their hands. These are the lost and alienated, afflicted by an agonising spiritual solitude and an utter inability to cope with the demands of a soulless society that has no time for the 'inadequate'. A common purposelessness taints their conversation on politics and literature. What hope is there for a generation which is ready to organise a march for the sake of Vietnam or Guatemala, but not in protest against the mass-murders in Barasat, Beliaghata, or Cossipore-Baranagore, not to mention the unmentionable atrocities against Bengalis in Assam? There is little substance in the complaint that the rest of India has not condemned Assam. For one thing, a verbal condemnation is an inane, futile gesture—it butters no parsnips and breaks no bones. And for another, the Bengali has learnt nothing—like the half-Bourbon that he has become—from Churchill's England or Ho-chi Minh's Vietnam (which he professes to admire so much). He has not learnt to put his back to the wall. A generation has grown up in West Bengal that knows not the hour of its visitation.

The same defeatism and irrelevance characterises the literary experiments in Calcutta. A few years ago, a coffee-house group called themselves 'The Hungry Generation' and claimed to have been inspired by Allen Ginsberg. They ran an underground bilingual journal—in Bengali and in English—which provided no evidence of inspiration of any kind unless one counts an exhibitionism about libido. There is an impression outside West Bengal that Bengali writing is obsessively Marxist. This may have been so in the Fifties but is not so today. A great deal of Bengali writing is sex-obsessed but it lacks the urgency and verve of the *Kallol* writers most of whom (except Jibananda Das) are still living but have little influence on contemporary writing. The prose fiction of writers like Sunil Ganguli or Shirsendu Mukherjee is traumatic, pornographic and utterly dead. I have chosen two names at random, but this is equally true of better-known writers like Annada Sankar Ray. Yet this century produced two Bengali novelists—Bibhuti Bhusan Banerjee and Sarat Chandra Chatterjee—who could rank with the world's greatest. Neither won a literary prize.

The decline noted in prose fiction is even more discernible in poetry, belles-lettres and criticism. Writers of unreadable travel books—based largely on hearsay and guidebooks—are awarded literary prizes. The century has produced only one critic of stature—Srikumar Bannerjee—though Buddhadeva Bose has some discerning writing on Tagore and *Mahabharata* to his credit. Most so-called criticism is log-rolling or slanging—and both are inspired. A good number of Bengali writers are C.P.I.—subsidised and are awarded Lenin Prizes with monotonous frequency.

Then, there are the Indo-Anglian writers who do not, of course, mirror any aspect of Bengali life. How the writers whom nobody seems to read manage to get their writings expensively published is a mystery someone should unravel. The Indo-Anglian 'writers' are the fringemen of Box-wallah's Calcutta where it is considered quite the thing to perform *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?* albeit in execrable accents. Presumably, no one is afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Alienation, therefore, would not be an entirely correct description of the plight of the Bengali. He has forgotten his brag and taken to mass masochism. It is not without significance that in West Bengal authentic intellectuals are isolated. The only exception was Humayun Kabir, but even he was ignored by the Press because at the time of his death he was *non grata* with the Central Government. Other authentic intellectuals who never received their dues either because they refused to gang up or got across the Establishment include the late Dr. Meghnad Saha among others.

Linguism, linguistic chauvinism and misconceived Secularism have blocked national integration. All the same, the Bengali is more 'different' than other Indians. There may be ancient ethnic reasons for this. There is evidence in the *Mahabharata* that Bengal was even then considered rather peripheral. In the Moghul period the writ of Delhi ran very uncertainly. If the partition of Bengal in 1905 had not been undone and if the capital had not been transferred from Calcutta in 1911, Bengal might not have lost her sense of destination as she seems to have done.

The disquieting thing is that a people numbering fifty millions with memories of a great nineteenth century culture and of substantial and crucial contributions to the liberation of India (Michael Edwardes has conceded the contribution of the Bengali terrorists and the I.N.A.) should be doomed and reconciled to second-class citizenship in India. There is a sense of Greek tragedy in the Bengali inviting his own doom and pariah status. People who do not resist indignities and expropriation as in Calcutta must be suffering from a secret death-wish which only poets like Baudelaire, Rilke and Holderlin could have formulated properly.

The social historian will probably select three aspects which streamline the death wish of an entire people. The first of these is the mysterious Naxalite movement which provided a politically oriented police force the excuse to liquidate a large number of Bengal's youth in utter disregard of the Rule of Law. Mrinal Sen's powerful film *Calcutta 1971* clearly suggests that the Naxalite movement was not a spontaneous but an engineered revolution, the object of which was to exterminate and emasculate an entire generation. There has been no other demand from the Bengali public to discover the Murder Lobbies whose headquarters is Calcutta. A high-powered enquiry into the Cossipore-Baranagar massacres might have revealed the identity of the prime movers of mass murder and the agents provocateurs of a deflected revolution. But such an enquiry committee—though thrice promised by the West Bengal Chief Minister—never came into being.

The second aspect is the acquiescence to sexual immorality with which cultural infiltration is often entangled. Again, there are organised lobbies to seduce Bengali girls; and the molestation of Bengali ladies on the Maidan, the Victorian Memorial and the Lakes, by up-country young men from Western India is notoriously common. It is pointless to blame the police who cannot be everywhere. Those who vamped up an outcry about a non-happening in Rabindra-Sarobar a few years ago are curiously silent. And the Bengali's indifference to the planned conversion of a section of middle-class women to call girls is yet another evidence that there is something seriously amiss in a State which once produced Vivekananda and Vidyasagar.

The third aspect is the Bengali's failure to respond to the persecution of Bengalis elsewhere. Assam is, of course, the most glaring example. A self-respecting people would have sent resistance groups to provide the harried Bengalis in Assam with a sense of security. But the Calcuttan youth who queue up for Hindi films and Test matches have lost their moorings and their sense of belonging. The desire to belong, to have grass roots, is innate in man. But the Bengali has been torn from his grass roots partly by extraneous forces, and partly by his own past mistakes.

When a civilisation wants to die it rewards the saboteurs who have helped it along the way it has taken—its mechanised artists, parasite millionaires, lunatic economists, unpoetic *soi-disant* poets, flunkey politicians and, in Churchillian language, a Caitiff Press. The last of these has been West Bengal's cross as well as millstone. The sufferings of the Bengali, the discriminatory treatment of the centre, the gradual squeezing out of the middle class Bengali from the decent, habitable parts of Calcutta, the organised seduction of Bengali girls—all this has been blinkered and blacked out, and found no spokesman either on the platform or in the Press. On the question of the Bengali's survival the Left has been an accomplice of the Ruling Party. It is tragic that the planned dehumanisation of a people has provoked no resistance.

The hidden persuaders of Affluent Societies have undoubtedly contributed to the corruption and demoralisation of the Bengali but their contribution has been much less than that of the Western Indian tycoons who have a vested interest in uprooting a people. All the same it is necessary to investgate the role of foreign consulates who issued blanket invitations to young men and women to their get-togethers and cocktail parties, with a view to being vetted for a trip or a job abroad. The coffee house intellectuals reach a consensus only on two points—their condemnation of the Establishment, of which they all long to form a part; and their denunciation of 'foreign' aid from the exploiting countries, unless it were aid of a personal kind in the shape of funds which would take them to foreign universities or provide them with jobs in some of the aid programmes. Nobody minds being exploited personally so long as the remuneration is adequate.

Another undoubted agent of the decline of the Bengali is the Brahmo Samaj. During the tenure of the late Dr. B. C. Roy it functioned both as a lobby and a pressure group. The consequent nepotism and corruption were

perhaps part of the general climate but a more serious dent was made on culture. The Brahmo Samaj has been a hidden persuader against non-Brahmo intellectuals and reformers. Three of their targets have been Vivekananda, Vidyasagar and Sarat Chandra Chatterjee. The 1972 session of the Indian History Congress raised the pertinent question whether the history of the Bengali Renaissance had not been distorted. The eminent historian Dr. Ramesh Chandra Majumder drew the attention of the Congress to the fact that Rammohan Roy, who opposed a legislative ban on *Sati*, was less radical and less of a pioneer than he has been made out. The claim of the Brahmo Samaj that the nineteenth century Bengali Renaissance was solely attributable to Ram Mohan Roy is not only absurd but has been made assiduously with a view to detracting the equal or superior claims of Vidyasagar, Vivekananda and Sri Ramkrishna.

Today, then, the Bengali's undoubted crisis of identity has been merged with a question of survival. We all bring about our own tragedies—as the narrator in the Maugham story sententiously pointed out—but that does not prevent them from being very awe-inspiring. And there is little use saying about the Bengali what Stanley Lane-Poole said about Spain after the eviction of the Moors 'that she had fallen low in the scale of nations and had deserved her humiliation'.

The decline of the Bengali has—exploitation apart—been largely due to his stoicism and non-resistance. Perhaps Macaulay was not so far out, after all? The Bengali must decide sometime or other whether he will be the arbiter of his own destiny or become reconciled to second-class citizenship. The Bengali has been the sole victim of catchwords about national integration which is nowhere in sight. And anyway, human dignity—the cornerstone of democracy—is a finer thing than even national integration. Prolongation of this crisis of identity may turn it into a world problem, for fifty million exploited and humiliated malcontents constitute a hostage to fortune. And a revolutionary climate without a revolutionary situation is always an uneasy portent.

[Professor Sadhan Kumar Ghosh is the author of *My English Journey*, with a foreword by the late Sir Maurice Bowra and an Introduction by Frank Swinnerton, and *Tragedy* to which G. Wilson Knight contributed an Introduction. He is a frequent contributor to Indian and British journals.]

THE MYSTERY AND THE MAGIC OF CORNWALL

by Denys Val Baker

DOWN all the centuries—from those far off B.C. times when it was part of the south west peninsula of Dumnonia right up to modern times when its local authorities have just successfully managed to preserve its separate identity in the face of immense regional reshuffles—Cornwall has been different, a place of its own. It would be difficult to drum up much romantic excitement about 'going to Essex' or 'going to Surrey'—yet to this day there remains an intangible yet very real romanticism about 'going to Cornwall'. It is going West, towards the sun, into the mysterious land of Lyonesse, another world.

It is hardly surprising that there should be such a sharp difference between the Cornish and their nearest neighbours: the simple fact is that with their Celtic background the Cornish have far less in common with the English than they have, for example, with their cousins in Wales, Scotland and Ireland. This similarity goes beyond character and extends into the geographical sphere. If you want to find cliffs like the Cornish cliffs, moorland like Cornish moorland, you will find them not in Bucks or Berks, but in the Western Isles, or Snowdonia, or on the Kerry coast. Then again, perhaps it is not altogether irrelevant that it was from Cornwall there sprang the last rebellion on English soil, the Western Rising of 1549.

Cornwall, in short, in the face of all the mass centralisation of our modern society, has remained stubbornly *different*. There are some people who believe that if only the Cornish language had been preserved for everyday use then the county might have attained the same relative independent as Wales or Scotland (and indeed in a forlorn attempt to recapture such a situation, immense efforts are now being made to spread a knowledge of the old Cornish language). But surely this is rather to miss the whole point. Cornwall does not need to create differences to emphasise its apartness from the rest of England. It *is* apart, solidly and unmistakably, and in the fullest geographical sense. Even its position of being the most westerly of all English counties at once puts it, literally, 'out on a limb'. Then again, no other English county has such a long coastline—in no other English county are the inland areas so close to the sea. Sea-washed and impregnated in this unusual way, Cornwall at once becomes different from the rest of England. After all, we have only to remember the fabulous legend of Lyonesse, the vast area of forest land between Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly which was, as John Norden wrote in his *Speculi Britanniae Pars* in 1584, 'swallowed vp by the deuowring sea'. This is no mere fantasy; there are many records of submarine forests at Mount's Bay and Mevagissey. A diarist noted in 1777 . . . 'off from Seaton, a valley between Ramehead and Looe, there is to be seen on a clear day in the bottom of the sea, a league from the shore, a whole wood of timber on its side, uncorrupted'. A submarine forest *does* lie off Looe in Milandreath Bay; when heavy seas strip away the sand tree trunks are visible, reddish and decayed.

Here we come close to the true identification of Cornwall. It combines forcefully and self-evidently an extraordinary blend of romance and reality, myth and matter, fantasy and fact. The reasons that most people are so affected by Cornwall—even to the extent, like Walter de La Mare, of being literally frightened when they cross the River Tamar into this unknown territory—is that they have in front of their very eyes all the physical evidence of the mystery and magic that so enthrals and troubles them. It is one thing to read as romantic fiction old stories about the Cornish giants of Trencrom and St. Michael's Mount who used to toss rocks to one another with the same ease that a child might toss a pebble: but climb up on top of Trencrom Hill and look around at the ground positively studded with great boulders lying just as they might have done if thrown from a distance, and you begin to wonder.

An interesting comment on this subject was once made by the folklore historian, A. F. C. Hillstead:

> Let us consider for a moment some of the tales of the Cornish giants. To the foreigner they are no more than impossible inventions of primitive minds; just fairy tales for nought else than simple entertainment. To the student, however, these numerous legends seem as if they offer romance tempered with reality. There are too many stories of Cornish giants not to have a significance greater than that of mere fiction. Indeed, we may well ask why so many? I seek no further than symbolism for the answer. Cornwall is a land of extremes. Its people are both fair and dark and one sees many of immense stature. In its sheltered valleys there is a vegetation so luxurious that we are reminded of the semi-tropical regions. On the other hand, winter brings to the bleak uplands winds like whetted knives; the snow flurries sourly and he who of necessity has to visit the well-head may find the chain is caked with ice, the handle clotted in rime and the ewer's dribblings frozen as they touch the cobbled ground. There are sandy bays lapped by the mildest of blue seas, and mighty granite bastions whose feet are forever snarled and fretted by the suck and surge of Atlantic waves. Therefore is it not natural that these opposing features should have been symbolised by giants? Giants who fought each other with the fury of the wind; who spread devastation in the manner of a tidal wave yet were known to have moments when they played like normal boys and girls. These stories, then, are more than idle imaginings. They are descriptive of the land, the sea, and the many vagaries of the weather.

One could give endless examples of the way in which Cornwall provides proof to back its myths. Who, for instance, standing beside the waters of the strange and lonely Dozmary Pool, on Bodmin Moor, would have much difficulty in imagining that dramatic event when an arm was raised above the waters of the lake to clutch the jewelled hilt of the magic sword, Excalibur? Some years ago I lived in a small castle on the cliffs of Portquin, on the North Coast of Cornwall, and while there learned that the whole of the local fishing fleet once sunk around the jagged rocky coast, and that often the anguished cries of the drowning men could be heard above the boom of the waves. Was it entirely my imagination that sometimes, as the sun lowered in the sky and a grey seething swell came booming in, I did indeed hear forlorn voices? Who can say? Does it really matter? The cliffs, the rocks, the majestic seas—against such a background disasters of traumatic proportions were entirely conceivable. In Cornwall, over which hovers eternally a mist of the distant past, anything can happen.

Geographically, then, Cornwall provides its own evidence. That is to say, while much of the mystery and brooding sense of the past must necessarily be perceived by instinct, nevertheless we can see in the very landscape itself something of what it is that so stimulates and encourages the creative mind. It has been said, for instance, that the cliffs from Treryn Dinas to Land's End, most of them under National Trust ownership, are the most beautiful in Great Britain. As beautiful as the cliffs themselves are some of the rock formations at their feet, rocks that sometimes seem almost sentient in their attitudes—hence the nicknames, 'the Armed Knight', 'the Shark's Fin', and 'Dr. Syntax'. There is a sense of grim unrelenting battle about this Land's End coastline. Even on a hot, cloudless June day the sea never gives the impression of being quite at peace. The waves lapping around the salt-flecked rocks, splashing the seagulls and cormorants as they sunbathe, have an angry irritable flick to them. The rocks and cliffs themselves carry the same sense of inward seething strength. They are no part of twentieth century civilisation. They belong to an immense and imponderable past.

From Mousehole you can walk all the way to Land's End over the cliffs, dropping down into picturesque Lamorna Cove, then up and down again into tiny Penberth and over the cliffs past Logan Rock and down to Porthcurno, home of Cornwall's whitest sands and the cable station to America; on past the Minack Theatre, hewn out of the granite sides of the cliff, past St. Levan Church and through the fishing village of Porthgwarra where the way to the sea leads through a hole in the cliff, round Gwennap Head and the coastguard hut perched on top looking far out to the Atlantic and the hooting buoy; along a twisting, rambling coastline, with a sheer drop down to angry looking rocks and stones until, rounding Nanjizel Bay, the walker comes in sight of the Enys Dodman rock and the Longships Lighthouse standing sentinel a mile and a half out to sea.

Northwards, after Sennen Cove with its beautiful white sandy beach, the coast winds out to the Cape, and past the dreadful Brison rocks, which have been responsible for the wrecks of so many unfortunate ships; on past Kenidjack with its ruined castle, past a number of narrow valleys and coves which once led to prosperous tin and copper mines, Bottallack, Wheal Bal, Levant (where a collapse of the shaft running out under the sea bed brought death to hundreds of Cornish miners). All the way along this rugged and lonely coastline a common sight is the gaunt skeleton frame of defunct mine heads, long ago stripped of their wood for fuel.

Further along towards the St. Ives end of the peninsula is Gurnard's Head which offers some of the finest rock climbing in Britain, and is regularly used by various climbing clubs. Honeysuckle sometimes grows on the cliffs at Gurnard's Head in the spring, though as like as not it will be whisked away by the wind. From Gurnard's Head past Zennor towards Clodgy Point and the sudden sandy stretches of St. Ives the coastline is as beautiful as on the southern side, but somehow more remote and brooding. It is here that one is haunted by an indescribable feeling of solitude. Drive along the road that climbs out of St. Ives and turns westward towards

Zennor and you will understand what I mean. The meeting of the two smooth expanses of land and sea creates an even larger and more disturbing vastness, in which a tree on the land is as rare a sight as a ship on the sea.

So much for a fragmentary stretch of Cornish coastline. The descriptions could be extended all the way up the striking North Coast, with its incredible variety of stupendous cliffs interspaced by vast stretches of sands like Gwithian, where a whole church was found buried under the sands—and not even the most poetic or purple passages could necessarily do justice to many parts of the opposite South coast, particularly such desolate and fearsome areas as the Lizard, with the nearby manacles on which have died so many fine ships. A poet's eye, too, would be needed to do justice to such settings as St. Austell Bay, Mevagissey to one side, Fowey to the other—and in the background the man-made and yet haunting images of the china clay tips, rising like white mountains.

But Cornwall is not merely coastlines: it has an interior, too, even though hardly any part is more than a few miles from the sea. In its own way that interior is just as remarkable as all those hundreds of miles of wandering beaches and coves and harbours and cliffs—as anyone would agree who has, for example, wandered among the ancient tin-mine no-man's lands of St. Day and Redruth. Then there are those St. Austell claypits to which I have already referred, and whose imagery features so strikingly in the poems of Cornwall's poet, Jack Clemo.

> My Destiny is drawn
> Sharp as the prongs
> Of a clay-tip against the dawn,
> Unsoftened by the lark's song.
> Two gleaming fingers on the white snout,
> Grotesque above the clotted cone
> Of carnal doubt;
> They are Dogma's radiant bone.

Bodmin Moor is another notable symbol of the weirdness of the Cornish interior. Here is the Cornish Everest, Brown Willy, 1,375 feet high, and neighbouring Rough Tor, only 63 feet shorter. From their pinnacles you can on a clear day glimpse the Bristol Channel on one side and the English Channel on the other. It was from this position, 'the roof of Cornwall', that a Cornish art critic, Michael Tresillian, once reflected upon how the imagination stirred, and the dividing line between fact and fiction became blurred.

> I have sat in a horse's saddle on Brown Willy, grateful for a sturdy, sure-footed cob, and watched the different worlds of Devon and Cornwall fade into a morning haze; a day when the wind slept and only birds and animals moved. I have wedged myself between rocks on Rough Tor and attempted to hide from the invisible knife of the wind—and both times I have been conscious of the same fact. Cornwall is a draughtsman's country. There is a sense of geometry in the landscape and even the sun, filtering through, intensifying the colours, cannot alter it.

These ideas have been developed further by the painter, Lionel Miskin:

> Bodmin Moor shares with the china clay country certain starkness, an almost brutally present structure suggesting petrified waves, crested at the tors, otherwise in deep wide undulations. The deep recessions of ochre and golden grass in the

> winter and of green in the spring only lightly cover a sculpture you know to be as black as iron or bronze, for ploughed or cut for peat this blackness is laid bare in a geometric patchwork that is as dark as that of the clay country a few miles further west is white. Even the cattle on Bodmin Moor tend to be black.

Above all, the interior of Cornwall has a hard, implacable base. Dig a hole anywhere and you will eventually strike granite, for granite forms the spine of Cornwall. It is a world of stark, rock-like shapes looming out of bogs and moors, of weird cloud formations racing across storm bound skies.

Small wonder, then, that against such a background the Cornish people themselves should develop as an isolated race. The Victorian novelist, George Meredith, put it rather well:

> The past of their lives has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud, nor are the passions of the flesh, nor is the animate soul wanting to it. Other faces forfeit infancy, forfeit youth and manhood, with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. These have each stage always alive, quick at a word, a scent, a sound to conjure up scenes, in spirit and in flame.

The Cornish people themselves are like their land, an old and knowing race, withdrawn to strangers, living as much in the past as the present; without, in fact, much creative inspiration of their own yet with a quick response to things of that nature—what has been called 'a reaction to a sensitised soil'. Rosalie Glyn Grylls, who coined that phrase, recently summed up her native character very entertainingly in an article in the *Cornish Review:*

> The thing about the Cornish is that they are not nice—exciting and attractive, but not nice. They have colour enough to turn the spectacles of most onlookers pink but it is not fast to light. The impulsiveness that goes as far as magnanimity does not sustain generosity; the devotion, loyal for fanaticism, has no fidelity; the forthcomingness keeps much more back than reticence—like an iceberg two-thirds under water, if there were not anything less like an iceberg than any Celt. ... Where does it go, then, all the colour? The warm tones of manner, the light and shade of speech? The colour goes into the personality. Almost, one might say, it is enough for the Cornish to be Cornish; but not quite, for they have a full measure of Celtic discontent. ...

Cornwall, then—the place, the people—really defies final analysis. It remains a timeless land, strange and brooding, and forever impregnated with its own peculiar brand of mystery and magic.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE CONDUCTOR SPEAKS

Conversations with Klemperer. Edited by Peter Heyworth. Victor Gollancz. £3.

Few who watched it will forget the B.B.C. Television programme 'Face to Face' in which John Freeman interviewed the conductor, Otto Klemperer. It was clear that Klemperer was not merely a conductor but a profound musical and philosophical thinker who responded readily to intelligent questioning. Happily for admirers of his music making, now at an end, there is available this more permanent record of his views on life and music than that one remarkable television session.

Peter Heyworth is Music Critic of *The Observer,* a thoughtful and highly intelligent writer, and an admirer of Klemperer. In 1969 he interviewed the conductor, then approaching 85, at his home in Zurich, first in English for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, then at the end of that year in German, the language in which Klemperer was able more forcefully to express himself, for the Westdeutsche Rundfunk. These conversations have here been published, Heyworth having edited Klemperer's sometimes cumbersome English, and translated his German—explaining his puns in the footnotes. It is a tribute to his skill as both editor and translator that the full force of the grand old man's personality leaps from the page.

But the greatest element in Heyworth's success lies in the intelligence of his questions. Time and again he poses precisely the right one to set Klemperer going, so that we are rewarded by over a page of pithy, closely reasoned answer. It swiftly becomes clear not only that Klemperer was a man of powerful individual views, someone who never pulled a punch, but also that his early professional life was far from being that of the great establishment musician he later became. The *enfant terrible* then seemed more in his line.

Always the independent, often ahead of current musical taste, he presents the reader with fascinating pictures of Mahler—unquestionably his hero—Richard Strauss, Pfitzner, Schoenberg, Hindemith and Stravinsky. Undoubtedly his pre-war career reached its apogee in 1927 when he became the founder conductor of Berlin's Kroll Opera. Here at last he could put into effect the views which had so often brought him to blows with the Intendants of other European opera houses. His ideas on Music-theatre, the thoroughly prepared production, could now be placed before an audience. Revolutionary productions and small repertoire inevitably brought hostility, and after only six seasons, with the coming of the Nazis, his career there came to an end. Since then, only Felsenstein's heavily subsidised Komische Opera in East Berlin, where Klemperer himself conducted *Carmen* in 1948, has wholly emulated his means. But unquestionably the high standards of operatic production and rehearsal we enjoy in this country today owe much to the path hewn by Klemperer at the end of the 1920's. His *Fidelio* at Covent Garden in 1961 bore witness to it.

Klemperer both expressed himself forcefully and had a splendidly ironic sense of humour. It is somehow unsurprising that his first operatic assignment was to conduct Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* some fifty times in Max Reinhardt's Berlin production in 1906. Always a natural debunker, he not only tells Heyworth 'If you say Wagner was a poet like Goethe, I would

say: *Schweinerei.*' But he also has plenty to say about contemporary jet-set 'virtuoso' conductors. His view of perhaps the most eminent of them is 'He is a good man, he can conduct, and that's that. I don't understand why he is so addicted to applause. But he has a very nice wife, that I must say.'

One of the book's photographs shows a reception for Toscanini in Berlin in 1929. In it are Toscanini himself, Bruno Walter, Erich Kleiber, Wilhelm Furtwängler, and Otto Klemperer. We are unlikely to see many conductors of the sheer quality shown in that 1929 photograph in years to come.

DAVID FINGLETON

H. G. WELLS

The Time Traveller. Norman and Jean Mackenzie. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. £5.95.

This is a perceptive and scholarly study of a recent genius, recent because he died in August 1946. Much has been written of the love-life of H.G. and this book clarifies beyond all doubt that he attracted a series of serious lovers, including Rebecca West (1913-1923), Odette Keun and Baroness Moura Boudberg, none of whom had the slightest intention of marrying him. It is not enough to say that he found them each (and many others) satisfying to his temporary and egotistical demands; these were all talented women, who found in Wells not only sexual satisfaction, but a man of genius. Meanwhile his own wife, Jane, continued to act as hostess, mother of two sons and beloved by his friends, especially those who were lucky, as I was, to visit H.G. at Easton Glebe in Essex and to partake in his discussions—and his GAMES. I add the word GAMES, because Odette Keun in three long and disillusioned articles published in Time and Tide, October 1934, wrote: 'he had no humility and for him life was a game rather than a vocation. Though he won an enormous following, he was a player rather than a true leader, and he would never take responsibility for the role in which he cast himself.'

I find these words illuminating, because in this review I do not intend to discuss, either his love-life or the handicaps of his early life which are now fully researched and which appear under thin disguise in scores of novels. The hard fact remains that Wells wrote well over a hundred books and that nearly fifty books have been written about him. The outstanding feature of Wells' life was his INDUSTRY. Leaving aside his novels and his science fiction, he produced *The Outline of History* (Newnes 1920); *The Science of Life* with Julian Huxley and his son Gyp (Amalgamated Press 1930) and *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* (Heineman 1932). I mention the publishers and dates, because he was as promiscuous in his publishers as in his love-life. Macmillan found it inconvenient to publish him after 1915 and thereafter a wide circle of other prominent publishers found it worthwhile to add him to their lists, including Cassell, Chatto and Windus, Unwin, the Hogarth Press, the Cresset Press, Secker and Warburg and others.

Wells spanned at least two generations. He was a friend and contemporary of the Fabians, Shaw and the Webbs; he was intimate with Arnold Bennett; he was perpetually attacked by Belloc and Chesterton; he knew Galsworthy and succeeded him as President of the International PEN clubs; he visited Franklin as well as Theodore Roosevelt and took an immediate liking to FDR's Brains Trust; he visited Stalin as well as Lenin and in his prophetic way foresaw that the Soviet and American economies were moving towards each

other. The authors of this fascinating book label the chapter which recounts Wells' activities in the 'Thirties' as THE BURDEN of ATLAS and a later chapter as EDUCATION OR CATASTROPHE. This was the Wells some of us knew in person. They wrote: 'His apocalyptic beliefs had given him the notion of an elite whose mission it was to save mankind and after an inevitable catastrophe, establish the New Jerusalem.' How true! To quote Wells himself: 'I remain persuaded that there will have to be a last conflict to inaugurate the peace of mankind.' We entertained him once at P.E.P. and found him at once inspiring and irritable and in the end arid. No wonder he wrote a book this time (1936) called *The Anatomy of Frustration.*

H. G. Wells belonged to the generation of Shaw and Beatrice Webb and although they attacked each other, they never ceased to read Wells. A second generation, which included Orwell and many other writers, owed much to Wells, the prophet. But Wells was essentially a propagandist and an egotist. He was incapable of working with anybody for long; he joined a score of 'progressive' groups and left them high and dry. Perhaps after all one must take account of the private life of H. G. Wells. His struggles from poverty, his constant physical illness, his battles against what he conceived to be THE ESTABLISHMENT only became endurable by self-assertion, self-aggrandisement and in the end self-advertisement. Even his genius and his industry became boring to the next generation.

This conclusion in no way minimises the stature of this splendid book; perhaps it is fitting to end this review with the quotation from Mathew Arnold which prefaces the whole study:

> 'Tis not the times, 'tis not the sophist vex him;
> There is some root of suffering in himself,
> Some secret and unfollow'd vein of woe,
> Which makes the time look black and sad to him.

KENNETH LINDSAY

WORLD PERSPECTIVES IN LITERATURE

Guide to Modern World Literature. Martin Seymour-Smith. Wolfe. £10.

Mr. Seymour-Smith has written a book of monumental scope in describing and evaluating the work of the best-known writers of no fewer than thirty-three countries. The erudition and industry needed for such a volume must surely be unequalled in our time. There can be few critics who are qualified to pass any sensible judgement on large sections of the work and few indeed who will not place it gratefully upon their shelves. It is not for reference only that it will be read, but also for the happy illumination often found in a phrase, as in the description of Ivy Compton-Burnett as an 'artful prestidigitator' or of Christopher Isherwood as a 'clever, seedy, hopped-up kid'.

The introductory chapter is required reading, for in it the author defines and sometimes analyses many of his critical terms. Happily, for instance, he reinstates the use of 'naturalist' as referring to a Darwinian view of determinism and the survival of the fittest, whereas loose custom has often substituted 'realist' which more properly relates in literature to minute photographic reproduction. It is important to note his distinctions since Mr. Seymour-Smith is by no means a dealer in 'isms'. A major omission is, however, that in the otherwise illuminating preface he nowhere explains his criteria for deciding what constitutes literature. Delimiting signs seem to be sharply painted round the *genres* poetry, novels and sometimes plays. Great critics and philosophers—

even aestheticians—appear only incidentally: F. R. Leavis is there only to be appealed to on D. H. Lawrence, Middleton Murry on Lawrence and Masefield. Whilst there is an obvious conventional sense in which these horizontal limits are entirely proper, they seem strange in a critic who does not observe other canons of the same convention and is for the most part refreshingly free of purist stringency. It is as though Aristotle were disregarded in a literary survey of his own country and century but cited only, as he is here, as another member of the court of appeal. Similarly, Bergson and Husserl are given their due as philosophers of far-reaching influence on other Europeans but are not listed as writers whose works might themselves be regarded as literature. Why, then, single out Wilhelm Dilthey, an obscure German philosopher, for separate treatment and never mention Gombrich?

Apart from the evident need to draw the line somewhere, a possible solution to the puzzle might be that Mr. Seymour-Smith takes the same view of rationalist philosophers as Goethe did of Kant, a man of whose *Critique of Pure Reason* the poet was mortally afraid. If so, it would perhaps account for the fairly short shrift he gives to T. S. Eliot and even to Proust, as opposed to the serious attention he pays to Wyndham Lewis; and for his approving notice of the Russian Zamyatin's pronouncement that 'real literature can only be created by madmen, hermits, heretics, dreamers, rebels and sceptics . . .' Quite why Zamyatin's words preface the book as a kind of motto is, in any case, far from clear, since a look into the superb section on American Literature will show that so neo-romantic a view is far from Mr. Seymour-Smith's own critical stance. In the essay on Sylvia Plath, a poet into whose work many critics, because of her tragic life-story, have read a greater universal significance than it will bear, he says: 'These are minor poems. . . . So "minor poet of great intensity" is right. But that is enough. For they tell us much of the nature of her mental and therefore of human illness. But fashionable criticism has been wrong in emphasising "the contemporary predicament" in her poems. They should read the French diarist and essayist Simone Weil to find this: she really writes about the human predicament. Sylvia Plath was writing about herself'. Dare one suggest that this is a critical method which Eliot himself might have employed?

It is in his appraisal of American poets and novelists that the most rewarding part of the book is to be found. The vigorous upsurge of poetry in twentieth century America begins here to find the full and sensitive recognition it requires. The true perception of its hold on contemporary literature is long overdue among critics, and the general reader is, particularly in Great Britain, too little aware of it. Of literature in Turkish, Finnish and many other of the languages represented here I am not in any way able to speak. But for the American section alone, the book is of inestimable critical value.

BETTY ABEL

FILM AUTEURS

A Flask of Fields. Edited by Richard J. Anobile. Studio Vista. £2.60.
Von Stroheim. Thomas Quinn Curtiss. Angus & Robertson. £3.75.
François Truffaut. C. G. Crisp. November Books Ltd. £1.

W. C. Fields, Erich von Stroheim, and François Truffaut are all *auteurs*, even though the word did not become current coinage in the lifetime of the first two, and indeed Fields never directed any of his films. Nevertheless the films of all

three are stamped indelibly with their personalities. In Fields' case he wrote, under a variety of eccentric names, his own scripts. If contemporary reports are accurate, on a number of occasions he made the dialogue up as he went along. Even when he appeared in Cukor's *David Copperfield* it is Fields' personality which is indelibly stamped on the last half of the film.

Studio Vista has hit upon the happy idea of reproducing, by way of stills and captions, some of the more famous sequencies from the films of the early sound comedians. A series is clearly envisaged. A previous book is devoted to some of the films of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, those comedians about whom it is impossible to be neutral. Either one regards them as indifferent dummies of Laurel and Hardy or as members of the tradition in their own right.

However one regards them, there can be little argument about Fields' position as a major screen comedian both of silent and sound cinema. In this new book all Fields' best known films are represented. The sequences used include one of his famous quarrels with Baby Lerey. There are a number of stills from *My Little Chickadee,* including the celebrated gag where Fields replies, to a gambler who asks if a game of cards is one of chance: 'Not the way I play it'. His cherubic and at the same time malevolent expression is one to be cherished.

With any favourite comedian one is bound to approve some of the selections and favour some of the omissions. It is certainly possible to argue that the goat sequence from *My Little Chickadee* is one of his funniest and should appear in any anthology. Some used are certainly not his best and some seem truncated. Nevertheless for any admirer of Fields' work this will be a happy purchase.

Fields was not a happy man. In later life he was constantly battling against pain and illness. His later work was merely that of guest artist in the 1940s' review films. In many ways he is a parallel of the great director Erich von Stroheim. The latter, as was Fields, was a man of paradox and enigma, much of which he deliberately fostered. His origins are obscure. He was certainly of Austrian birth but whether he came from the military class he maintained is uncertain. He arrived in America at the time D. W. Griffith was starting his career in silent films and his last directorial work coincided with the introduction of sound. From then on he played only parts, often directed by men of less talent than himself. Occasionally he wrote or co-operated on scripts. He wrote three novels, all of which are now out of print, and two of which have never been published in England. All his personal work had the imprint of *auteur.* The one novel sometimes to be found in second-hand bookshops, *Paprika,* is a blueprint of his intentions and realisations as a director. He died of cancer in France in 1957, a forgotten and unused director for almost 30 years.

Perhaps because of the ambiguities there has been no satisfactory biography of von Stroheim, and Thomas Quinn Curtiss's book does not wholly fill the gap. Von Stroheim began his biography in retirement. Ill health and lassitude caused him to abandon it and in Curtiss's words said, 'But I am too tired, so tired. You tell them who I was'. Their book is therefore very much a subjective approach based on the man's own recollections and discussions he had with Curtiss. Not much is added to that which we already know. Naturally, Curtiss gives Stroheim's account of his celebrated quarrel with Irving Thalberg. Indeed from it it is impossible not to see Thalberg's point of view: but the acceptance of that view destroyed the *auteur*/director for thirty years.

There is a fascinating account of what may have been the only complete showing of the nine hour *Greed,* but because of the book's format we do not learn much of von Stroheim. There is already much documentation of his films. In particular there is little about him in decline when he acted in a series of

second-rate French thrillers. There is little of his personal life. One of his wives simply disappears unexplained from the text after an accident and we do not know whether she lived, died or was divorced. Perhaps the only person who can now write fully of von Stroheim is Denise Vernac, with whom he spent his last years. It is said she is writing a book about him. Until it is published Mr. Curtiss's book will have to suffice.

In the terms of the Hollywood directors, François Truffaut has no great output in terms of films realised, but it is a steadily growing one. There are already three films which have appeared in France since C. G. Crisp's study of him. This is written not in criticism of Mr. Crisp, since I am late in catching up with his book, but to show that Truffaut is not sitting on his reputation. Already there is a formidable bibliography of Truffaut's writing and assessments of his work. Mr. Crisp's book is a welcome addition. Indeed it is an invaluable contribution to the work of the nouvelle vague French directors. Mr. Crisp contributes, not only a full length study to each film up to and including the 1970 Domicile Conjugal, but also an introduction which assesses and catalogues the difficulties of the school and their early interrelation one with another.

Until some distributor can be persuaded to release the film in England we shall have to make do with written accounts of *La Sirene du Mississippi* and its relation to other films of this *auteur* par excellence. Mr. Crisp at least partly fills that unwelcome gap for us.

JAMES MORTON

CRITICISING SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare Survey 25. Edited by Kenneth Muir. Cambridge University Press. £3.60.

A. C. Bradley and His Influence in Twentieth-Century Shakespeare Criticism. Katharine Cooke. Clarendon Press. Oxford University Press. £4.25.

Indispensable to all English Literature students, the latest volume in this famous series opens with an illuminating essay by Michael Jamieson on 'The Problem Plays, 1920-1970: a Retrospect', discussing the assessments and revaluations of the group of Dark Comedies—'Troilus and Cressida', 'All's Well That Ends Well' and 'Measure for Measure'—of which research has unearthed no new fact about the original date of writing or the circumstances of the first performance of any of the plays. In an outline of their modern treatment by such producers and writers as William Poel, F. R. Benson, Walter Pater, Walter Raleigh and Bernard Shaw we are reminded that Shaw said of these problem plays that 'we find Shakespeare ready and willing to start at the twentieth century if the seventeenth would only let him'.

This *Survey 25* also includes an article on 'Troilus and Cressida' by R. A. Yoder, one on 'Theory and Practice in Peter Brook's "Measure for Measure"' by Herbert S. Weil, Jnr., another on 'Man's Need and God's Plan in "Measure for Measure"' by Sarah C. Velz, 'The Design of "All's Well That Ends Well"' by R. L. Smallwood, and 'Directing Problem Plays' by John Barton talking to Gareth Lloyd Evans.

A feature of this stimulating volume is the ample space devoted to the Year's Contributions to Shakesperian Study; and each volume is edited by Kenneth Muir.

A timely gesture of restitution and recovery of a great critic's reputation should be welcomed in Miss Katharine Cooke's book, *A. C. Bradley and His*

Influence in Twentieth-Century Shakespeare Criticism. The author of 'Shakespearian Tragedy' has for many years been a conspicuous target of the almost blasphemous hostility shown to Bradley's critical masterpiece by twentieth-century critics. As one pundit put it, 'literary iconoclasm is the final remedy for literary superstition'. As far back as 1932 Dr. F. R. Leavis wrote in an article on *Othello,* 'we must not suppose that Bradley sees what is in front of him'; 'with such resolute fidelity does Bradley wear blinkers', and refers to him as 'still a very potent and mischievous influence'.

Other destructive opinions of A. C. Bradley's great work have sought to demolish his reputation during the 'thirties, but they have been countered in the last two decades by a growing number of deeply percipient critics led by Professor G. Wilson Knight, and the work of critical rehabilitation proceeds apace. Miss Katharine Cooke rightly says, 'Now Bradley is read on account of what he said and criticism is so much the richer. What he said is not necessarily true or even more true than what many other critics have said, but it was the product of a sensitive, well-educated, honest mind; it is the communication of a reading of Shakespeare, conditioned by "a vivid and intent imagination" subjected equally and simultaneously to a "process of comparison and analysis" '.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS

Braunsweg's Ballet Scandals (Allen & Unwin. £4.95). This is a fascinating volume of the memoirs of the impressario, Dr. Julian Braunsweg, as told to James Kelsey. Born in Warsaw in 1897, Dr. Braunsweg was educated in Moscow. Caught up in the Russian Revolution, he returned to Warsaw and thenceforth has pursued a career of promoting ballet internationally. He has met and frequently has had to deal with most of the great ballet stars, including in more recent times, Margot Fonteyn and Nureyev. It is a long chronicle racily told of numerous promotions and tours often enlivened by the temperaments and irrational outburst of his artists. What to many would have been frustration, these so-called 'ballet scandals' were simply a challenge to Julian Braunsweg to persevere and continue the good work. During the last war, in London, he organised recitals and presented shows in aid of war relief. With the war over he resumed his international promotions. There is no doubt that he will be most remembered for his establishment of the Festival Ballet which, out of earlier beginnings, made its debut in Edinburgh in October 1950, and then on to London. Dr. Braunsweg has much to say of Dolin and Markova, who really established the Ballet company artistically. For many years Dr. Braunsweg promoted home and foreign tours of high artistic performance, but finance was always a problem in spite of official grants and private support. A crisis arose in the summer of 1965 and he was forced to leave. He was not involved directly in any takeover negotiations. 'What I believe happened was that somehow it was decided that I must go. But there was no way of getting rid of me. I was the proprietor of Festival Ballet. The only way to get me out was to make my dismissal a condition of the benefactors' gift. It worked'. In spite of the blow, Dr. Braunsweg has continued to promote companies of inter-

national reputation, including the Royal Ballet.

A Westminster Childhood (Cassell, £3.25). John Raynor, the song composer, left behind after his tragic death in a road accident in 1970 a manuscript account of his childhood at Westminster School, beside the Abbey, where his father was Master of the King's Scholars from 1886 to 1921. It is a delightful account of a very sensitive and intelligent child brought up in a strict Edwardian and religious atmosphere, amid historic surroundings.

The Guardian Omnibus 1821-1971 (Collins. £5.50). This 'anthology of 150 years of Guardian writing' has been chosen and edited by David Ayerst, who has already written the history of this famous English newspaper. It is admittedly a 'one-sided book. It has a built-in bias—the outlook of a succession of intelligent, middle-class Englishmen, to varying degrees Left of Centre in politics. This consistent bias, which must be allowed for, is part of the value of these extracts'. This continuity of outlook was ensured by the 'common outlook' of four generations of owners, including, of course, the Scotts. Among the most interesting items are the early extracts which show the paper's growth from a local journal to a provincial newspaper with an international reputation and influence. Its coverage was limited. Mr. Ayerst points out that 'at first the world portrayed is confined to the busy new world of industrial Lancashire'. This no doubt partly accounts for strange omissions: 'there is nothing, alas, about the American Civil War'. Was the Manchester Guardian interested in the tragedy of the Irish famines 1846-88? There is nothing in this volume to show that it was. One of the great problems, of course, in a collection of this kind is that of selection, and Mr. Ayerst has sought to give balance by including, for example, pieces on the arts as well as the more heavy contributions on home and international affairs. As such, this volume is the record of the Guardian's part in many of the public debates upon great issues during this century and a half. It is a large volume of more than 750 pages in which the reader can browse always with interest and with particular appreciation if he be liberally inclined.

Mind's Eye, An Autobiography, 1927-1972; Basil Dean (Hutchinson, £5.50). Basil Dean continues, in this the second volume of his autobiography, his life and, often, quite hard times as an independent producer and theatrical entrepreneur. In addition to his work in the theatre he became involved with the early days of Ealing Studios and produced some of the early films of Gracie Fields and George Formby. They, and innumerable other well known faces, flit through the pages. Unfortunately few of them stop long enough to make more than a fleeting impression. The list of actors and actresses with whom Dean has worked is impressive and seemingly endless. Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Marius Goring, and so many more come and go as Basil Dean's influence declines as the years pass.

Theatrical reminiscences are the credit side of the book. The debit side is Mr. Dean's singularly irritating style. Describing Ivor Novello found in bed with two women, he writes, 'I was struck by the picture of sheer physical beauty, the two girls nodding and smiling like twin rosebuds and Ivor as innocent of evil as a Persian kitten, although, mind you, he could scratch at times.'

An entertaining enough book to read with one eye watching the television screen. (James Morton)

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THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

by James Scott-Hopkins, M.P.

THE European Parliament has been in existence for almost fifteen years. Undoubtedly in the early years of its life, its powers and its activities were very muted. Indeed, the criticism that it was only a 'talking shop' was very largely true.

Like many things in life, the injection of new blood has the effect of galvanising and rejuvenating the existing body. This, I believe, is what has happened in the European Parliament.

It would be quite wrong for the British Conservative delegation to claim all the credit for the undoubted changes which have taken place since 1st January, 1973. But any unbiased observer would admit that the Parliament today in Europe is a very different animal from what it used to be. Just one small fact illustrates this: the attendance of the Members of the Parliament, both at plenary sessions and at Committees, has increased by 53% since January this year.

When I first arrived there, I wondered what the new British group would be able to achieve. There we were, with centuries of tradition behind us as Members of the British House of Commons, with control at home over all aspects of our national life and, of course, over our executive. Not a penny can be spent in the United Kingdom without the House of Commons knowing about it and examining it: no policy decision by Government goes unchallenged.

I asked myself whether it would be the same in Strasbourg. To be frank, of course it was not and is not. At this moment in time, the European Parliament controls only a fraction of the amount of money spent by the Community. It has no right to initiate policies and, indeed, no fundamental right to reject policies which it does not like. That at least is the theoretical position.

Perhaps here I should describe briefly the three bodies which operate in Europe.

At the top of the tree we have the Council of Ministers who meet when necessity requires it, sometimes once a week for as many days as are neces-

sary to come to conclusions. These Ministers may be Finance, or Transport, or Agriculture, depending on what the subject matter for discussion and decision is. At these Council meetings each Minister fights his national corner, bearing in mind, of course, the overall European concept.

The second institution is that of the Commission, a rapidly growing body, at the moment 7,500 strong, all Eurocrats drawn from all the Civil Services of Europe. They owe their allegiance solely to the Community and not to the nations from which they come. At the head of the Commission are the thirteen Commissioners, drawn from the various member States. They, too, owe their allegiance solely to the Community. Most of them are political personages in their own right. For example, the President of the Commissioners, Mr. Ortoli, was a very distinguished French Civil Servant.

The Commission and its Commissioners are charged with initiating policy for decision by the Council and, when those decisions are taken, for implementing them and, finally, for ensuring that the various nations of the Community do indeed carry them out. The third body is the European Parliament, with the small power that I have described but, nevertheless, the Council, because of the articles of the Treaty of Rome, in 95% of its work, cannot take decisions on policy matters put to it by the Commission unless Parliament has given its advice.

So here we see the first method of control that Parliament has. If it does not like a certain policy proposal put forward by the Commission, as long as Parliament sits on that proposal and gives no advice, then both the Council and the Commission are hamstrung. The snag here is that after Parliament has expressed its disagreement with the proposal, neither the Council nor the Commission is compelled to pay any attention.

There is yet another sanction which Parliament has and that is the power to sack all thirteen Commissioners should it disapprove of the performance of the Commission. This Motion of Censure as it is called has only been tried once in the whole of the fifteen years of Parliament's life and that was last year. The move was initiated by the French deputy but he failed to get the necessary majority in Parliament. It very nearly took place again in the July plenary session when Parliament felt that it had been insulted by the absence of one of the Commissioners who should have been present to answer Questions put by Members. Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed and, although a serious matter, it was decided that this was not a question for censure, but merely for expressed disapproval.

It will be clearly seen from this brief, discursive account of Parliament's position that, at the moment, it is purely negative, both in its Committee work and when it is working with the Commission, in examination of proposals, and also in its plenary sessions, when it is confronting both Council and Commission. It can stop, it can delay, but to many of the Members of the Parliament, this is not sufficient. We want the ability to initiate and to decide, to amend where required the proposals of the Commission, and to know that those amendments will be upheld when accepted by a majority vote in Parliament.

Looking back through the history of the British Parliament makes one

realise that power there was gained gradually and, basically, through the control of money. Hold the purse-strings and you have the executive in your grasp. This is how we propose to proceed in Europe.

I am pleased to be able to say that in the autumn of this year far-reaching proposals are being put forward by the Commissioner in charge of financial matters, Mr. Cheysson of France, which will give Parliament infinitely greater control over the budget of the Community. For instance, we shall have a board of auditors reporting directly to us on the way that the money has been spent, be it in the agricultural sector, or the regional policy sector or any other. By 1976 we hope that before any expenditure by the Commission, whether or not the money has been authorised by the sector in question, Parliament will have to give its approval. If these changes are achieved, then indeed the reality of power and control will begin to rest in the democratic body of Parliament.

Let me say a word about the Members themselves. As things are at the moment, it is a tough life. We all have two mandates, one for the House of Commons and the other for the European Parliament. This involves us in a great deal of travel to the various centres of the Community, Brussels, Luxembourg and Strasbourg. It is not an insuperable task, looking after our constituencies and taking part in debates in the House of Commons, as well as dealing with our European responsibilities, but it is one that cannot go on indefinitely. As greater power is given to the European Parliament, so will it be more demanding on its Members. Inevitably this will mean, at some stage, perhaps within twenty years or even ten years, direct elections. We have a long way to go before then and a whole article could be written about this alone, but in my view direct elections are bound to come. This can only be all to the good for democracy both in the United Kingdom and in Europe.

Now may I turn to the kind of work that the European Parliament does and the subjects that it deals with. Firstly, I should make it quite clear that, in 1973, the Treaty of Rome excludes all matters dealing with defence and foreign policy. You may well think that this is an extraordinary way of going about things, but the Founding Fathers of Europe in the early fifties, and later when de Gaulle came to power in France in 1958, decided that an all-embracing Treaty, leading inevitably to a Federal State of Europe, would be too much for the nations to swallow. Further, they decided, quite rightly in my view at that time, to deal only with economic, monetary and financial union, leaving the ideal of eventual political union to be decided by future statesmen.

The Paris Summit meeting in 1972 was a watershed in the development of the Community. Up to that time, progress had been made in the development of a common policy only in the agricultural field and even there, there were enormous problems looming, made worse each time a currency crisis swept Western Europe, because, remember, the basic ideal of the Community is that there shall be no obstacles to fair trade within the Community. This entails being able to sell one's product in fair competition in any of the

Member States. As I have said, the only field in which this had been even marginally achieved up to the September Summit, was agriculture.

At that meeting definite lines of advance were not only decided upon, but were solemnly agreed between the Heads of State. Common regional policies, transport policies, monetary policies and financial policies were all to be achieved within a specific time-table.

So, when we arrived in January, 1973 we were met by a situation wherein a great deal of our time was spent with the details of the agricultural policy, the dispensing of money for joint projects, the paying out of money and the collecting of it to keep the level of farmers' incomes at a reasonable standard. The detailed work here was, and still is, enormous. There were a great many harmonisation proposals for all sorts of minor matters, such as jam and marmalade, all designed to help and ease fair trade within the Community.

Over and above this, there were the decisions of the Summit. These have resulted in the last six months in an avalanche of Discussion Papers and proposals from the Commission, in order to put those decisions into practice. You will have heard of Commissioner George Thomson's regional policy: the only thing which is lacking here is the decision by the Council of Ministers as to how much money will be available. You may have heard of the proposals by Commissioner Scarascia Mugnozza on the environment and the cleaning up of pollution of air, land and water. These are all enormously time-consuming proposals and even at this stage, the detailed work of examination by Committees and by Parliament involves most lengthy and prolonged discussion.

But the important point to be made here is that it is all actually happening. There are common policies coming forward and the time-tables which have been drawn up are being kept, or very nearly.

Nevertheless, in the monetary field, unhappily, progress has not been so rapid. The continuing crises, stemming from the weakness of the dollar and the problems of the American President at home, are bedevilling a solution to the common monetary ideal.

What Europe is striving for is not necessarily one common currency, but that the nine currencies of Europe should be commonly backed by the huge reserves and resources of the nine nations of the Community. We want parity between them in regard to exchange rates and that they should face the rest of the world, in monetary matters, as a unified body, speaking and acting with one voice.

But, alas, as I have said, progress is slow. I hope that as the other policies develop, such as the regional policy and the adaptation of the agricultural policy, the great disparity between the countries of the Community, such as the wealth and strength of Germany and the poverty and weakness of Italy, will be equalised.

I have not mentioned the United Kingdom here, but, unhappily, we fall into the latter category at the present time.

There is no doubt in my mind that if the Community is really to progress along the lines that the Founding Fathers, and we ourselves, now wish, this monetary problem must be overcome in the shortest possible time.

In conclusion, you will see that our work is varied. We try individually to specialise in one or two fields, in order to be able to give the detailed study necessary to each. We are working to create a proper status, not for ourselves as Members, but for the institution of Parliament, as the only means of exercising democratic control over the executive which, in the years to come, will play an increasingly important part in all our lives.

I am, as you must realise by now, a dedicated believer in European unity, not only to prevent war, as I am convinced it will do, but also as a means of leading our peoples to a better and fuller life. After all, our British race is composed of a mixture of many peoples, mostly originating from the Continent of Europe in years gone by. This is no time for us to turn our backs on history, but rather to face the future in Europe with confidence and enthusiasm.

[James Scott-Hopkins, M.P., is a member of the British Conservative Delegation to the European Parliament, our spokesman on agriculture, and the vice-president of the Public Health and Environment Committee.]

DANGEROUS DRUGS

by Robert Lindsay

WE are all drug takers. The stimulant may be tea, coffee or something more bizarre like munching nutmegs, sniffing gasoline or model aeroplane glue. Absorption of these produces little change in our level of consciousness and so the law does not countenance any restriction on these harmless activities. But there are drugs which are deleterious and mind bending and so their sale on the open market is forbidden. A brief examination of the more controversial of these is essential.

Heroin (known also as H, Junk, Horse) is perhaps the most rapidly addictive. A conservative estimate is that there are 3,000 addicts in Britain today. Heroin (chemical name—diamorphine) is a semi-synthetic powder refined from a morphine base. It is a small white tablet which, when prescribed by doctors, is dissolved in water before being injected. There is also an illegally imported Chinese variety but this is a light brown powder, the bulk of which often comprises caffeine, glucose and barbiturates. Ordinarily, junkies inject it into the vein and the effect is to produce a feeling of euphoria, relaxation and eventually drowsiness. The aftermath (known as the withdrawal symptoms) is unpleasant; the individual suffering depression, shivers, nausea and insomnia. The majority of addicts suffer liver complaints; boys often become impotent while girls cease to menstruate. The drug causes undernourishment which leaves the subject prone to infection and illness.

Cocaine (known as Coke, Snow, Charlie, 'C') comes from the South American coca bush. It acts as a stimulant and is often taken in conjunction with heroin by junkies. It is a white substance usually taken in powder or pill form. The effect is to produce exhilaration, a feeling of increased strength and at times hallucinations. It can result in paranoid delusions, skin abscesses, digestive disorders and, if inhaled, destruction of the bone partition between the nostrils. Cocaine is less common than heroin in Britain for its scarcity makes it extremely expensive to procure; as much as £20 is paid for a single grain.

Barbiturates (Sleepers, Barbs, Clowns) are synthetic sedatives derived from barbituric acid. They are commonly prescribed by physicians as sleeping aids and tension reducers. More than a million Britons take them. The barbiturates' contribution to medicine is enormous. However, there is a body of opinion who frown upon their use, pointing out that after gas they are the favourite means of death, that they are addictive, and can cause psychosis and brain damage.

The barbiturates' antitheses are the amphetamines (variously known as Speed, Dubes, and Blues). These are stimulants; the best known being Benzedrine (bennies), Dexedrine (dexy), Methedrine (meths), Durophet (black bombers) and Steladex. The 'purple heart' is a combination of amphetamine and barbiturate. They are usually taken in capsule or tablet

form. The effect is to increase alertness, well-being and energy, but the aftermath is fatigue and depression.

Lysergic acid diethylamide (more commonly known as LSD or acid) is a semi-synthetic colourless chemical, a normal dose being no bigger than a printed full stop. The average dose is 100 micrograms; one ounce would send 300,000 adults on a trip. Ingestion of LSD persuades the user that his thought processes have been accelerated; he experiences an alteration in time perception ('acid heads' often talk of the 'eternal present'), loss of self-identity, increased tolerance and an interchanging of the sensory perceptions (colours are heard, music is scented, etc.). This drug is not addictive but habitual ingestion can produce brain cell damage, especially among the young, whose brain cells are still developing.

Cannabis (loosely termed the Weed, Pot, Charge, Tea, Ganja, Grass or Hemp) is derived from the plant 'cannabis sativa'. Since time immemorial it has been used in China as an anaesthetic; but as a mind altering power it came of age in India. The potency of cannabis varies according to the amount of the chemical content T H C (Delta-l-tetrahydrocannabinol which is found in the resin of the plant. Usually the warmest climates produce the highest T H C content. The mildest types of cannabis are Marijuana (so christened in Mexico) which is common in Europe and America, Dagga (South African), Kij (North African) and Bhang (Indian). The highest potency is to be found in Hashish and Charas; both are Indian varieties. The word Hashish is of sinister derivation. Hasan-Ibu-Sabbah, an Indian religious leader, who refined assassination to an art, rewarded his homicidal disciples with this drug. 'Hashish' is either a corruption of the word 'assassin' or the master of the practice. Suffice it to say that hashish is thought to be about ten times more powerful than marijuana. Hashish and Charas are the only cannabis derivatives that can produce hallucinogenic effects with any regularity. Cannabis is usually smoked as a cigarette (reefer) and smells rather like burnt grass. It creates a euphoria, multiplicity of sensations, lassitude, a distortion of perception and time sense, and often a transformation of the external world. There are no serious withdrawal symptoms, though the user suffers dryness of mouth, reddening of the eyes and usually an increase in appetite.

The Misuse of Drugs Act, 1971, forbids possession by the public of over a hundred drugs, though these are only a small fraction of the drugs known to man. Among these 'controlled' drugs are heroin, cocaine, LSD, amphetamines, opium, cannabis and many of the barbiturates. Since these drugs play an important part in medical practice, doctors, dentists, veterinary practitioners, pharmacists and drug researchers are excluded from the blanket prohibition. Doctors may prescribe these drugs but they are subject to stringent requirements themselves regarding the issue of prescriptions and ensuring that the drugs are kept in safe custody. As well as prohibiting possession, the Act forbids an occupier or manager of premises permitting drugs on his premises or the use of utensils in their preparation or ingestion. There are provisions against importing, exporting, and cultivation or manufacture. It is an offence to incite another to commit a breach of the Act. The

police have special powers to enter premises if they have reasonable grounds to suspect that the Act is being contravened.

The penalties are severe. 'Pushers' (those who supply drugs), occupiers who permit their premises to be used for drug purposes, and cultivators of the cannabis plant are liable to a maximum of fourteen years' imprisonment. Being in possession of certain controlled drugs, which include heroin, cocaine, opium and LSD, can result in a sentence of seven years; while possession of amphetamines or cannabis carries a maximum sentence of five years. What if the offender does not know that he is in possession of a particular 'controlled' drug? Well, the web of the law is finely and intricately spun and the Act provides for this contingency. In order to escape the rigours of the Act the accused must show that he did not suspect or have reason to suspect that the drug he possessed was a *forbidden* one. It is not enough for him to show that he did not suspect or have reason to suspect that it was the specific drug which in reality he possessed. Why does the law prohibit the free circulation of these drugs? As the title of the 1971 Act indicates, drugs are not intrinsically good or bad. It is the use to which they are put which determines their value.

The public are largely ignorant of the effects that many drugs can have on the human constitution. The Act directs a committee to advise the government on the use of drugs. This committee, called the 'Advisory Council', has the task of educating the public in the use of drugs, supervising their distribution, providing facilities for users, co-ordinating the activities of community centres and promoting further research. The effects of many drugs are unpredictable. Practitioners have to exercise great caution in prescribing. Each person's chemistry is different. For this reason it is impossible to indicate typical effects of drugs.

These general observations on the experiences undergone by drug-users must not be regarded as typical. Indeed, many experts might assert that they are not even common. But there is no doubt that heroin, barbiturates and opium are physically addictive. Similarly, it is incontrovertible that the use of heroin, LSD, cocaine and opium without proper medical supervision carry a weighty risk of savage retribution. Human existence can become no more than an animated nightmare. The user who procures an illegal drug is unable ordinarily to verify the ingredients of that drug. Even if he is aware of what constitutes a normal dose he cannot ensure that the supplier has given him what he thinks he is obtaining. Pushers are almost always unscrupulous and very often ignorant of the quality of that which they are peddling. Frequently, different drugs are blended without the recipient's knowledge.

Many drugs, particularly hallucinatory ones (i.e. where things are seen for which there is no evidence) are socially disruptive, since the user's intellectual and visual functioning is impaired, and this is often unbeknown to him. (Quite recently, a man on an LSD trip killed his mistress, imagining her to be a snake which he was fighting in the bowels of the earth.)

Yet there is a body of opinion which believes the law is too restrictive.

The extremists contend that LSD should be freely available. Chief among these is the American, Timothy Leary, who contends that LSD is our natural birthright and that deprivation constitutes indefensible attempts by the authorities to bring about malnutrition. But LSD is not a food, it is a drug and is therefore justifiably controlled. Secondly, he contends that the use of specific drugs brought about a personality reform in criminals and that statistics were revealed to prove it. Unfortunately, the use of drugs was only one among many therapeutic and material aids given to the criminals in the crusade to reform them. Thirdly, he asserted that LSD demonstrated that modern life has diminished consciousness of our surroundings, ourselves, and things to which we are related beyond ourselves. This is undoubtedly true. Writers such as Teilhard De Chardin, Camus, Sartre and psychologists like Fromm, among many others, have already made us forcibly aware of this truth.

However, there is a more moderate body of dissenters against the present law and their efforts are directed towards the legalisation of cannabis alone. First, there is the purist jurisprudential contention for legalisation; the belief being that physical or moral injury to a person as a result of taking cannabis is not a sufficient reason for prohibiting its use. The drug should be forbidden only if people other than the user are endangered They contend that there is evidence to demonstrate that cannabis produces neither mental nor physical deterioration in the user, nor does it result in conduct which is socially disruptive. Cautious support for such a view was given in the 1968 Wootton report, which was produced to advise the government on drug dependancy; it concluded that 'no reliable observations . . . (of mental deterioration due to cannabis) have been made in the Western world'. Cannabis would, however, only be freely available to adults, since they have the benefit of more experience and knowledge of the choice which they are making.

It is argued that easy availability of cannabis would reduce the prospects of the user graduating to more powerful drugs, such as heroin, since he would no longer be compelled to obtain his supplies from underworld sources. Conversely, the Conservatives say that heroin addiction is often the result of initial flirtations with cannabis and point to the high percentage of hard drug addicts who graduate from cannabis. To legalise cannabis would be, they say, to encourage this trend. It is said that even if cannabis is shown to be socially disruptive it is no more so than alcohol; that to permit the open sale of one and yet prohibit the other is arbitrary and capricious. They further point out that opium is as popular and freely available in the East as alcohol is in the West. Moreover, whilst opium is physically addictive, cannabis is not.

Finally, it is maintained that in making drug laws we should try to balance the benefits against the costs to society of prohibiting a given substance. In the case of cannabis it is believed that as many as a third of college students take the drug. (As one eminent American researcher tersely remarked 'obtaining drug-naive subjects these days is like recruiting virgins for a black mass'.) The cost to the authorities of attempting to enforce

prohibition is disproportionate to the value of the law itself. Restrictions which are so widely flouted and abused, so the argument goes, only bring the law into disrepute.

As we have seen, cannabis varies considerably in its potency. We have already emphasised the distinction between marijuana and hashish. You will recollect that hashish is thought to be about ten times more powerful in its effect. Hashish can be as hallucinogenic as LSD, but there is evidence that demonstrates that even the milder marijuana can produce extreme anxiety and paranoia in certain subjects. The present legal stance expresses society's apprehension. More research is still necessary and if marijuana is to be legalised the public must be educated to use it with caution and discrimination.

It follows that the current legal stance on this drug may be no more than a transient posture and it is significant that the most exhaustive investigation into the use of hemp (this comprises three types of Indian cannabis—bhang, ganja, and charas), which was set up by the Secretary of State for India in 1893, concluded that the drug's social and moral effects were not sufficiently adverse to warrant prohibition of its use in that country. But it may be countered that what applies to India may well not apply to Britain. The adage that 'East is east and West is west' could have some validity here. The Indians have been using cannabis for thousands of years and are well acquainted with its properties and dangers. The Indians have long appreciated its medical value in arresting migraine, controlling coughs, appeasing the desire for opium and alcohol and restoring appetite as well as curing convulsive diseases such as epilepsy. Secondly, it is questionable whether the passive, languid and introspective qualities which hemp induces are characteristics which the individual can afford to cultivate in our society.

Why are the drug laws so often infringed? It is significant that most illegal drug-takers are under thirty. Various factors account for this. Some use drugs for kicks, others because it is said to be 'anti-establishment', while a few maintain that drugs have a value in extending the dimensions of men's knowledge. Surely gratification exacts too high a price? 'Kicks' can become ghastly death rattles. Certain drugs do produce a feeling of ecstasy, euphoria, self-transcendence and ego-dissolution, but many bring about unpleasant experiences. Very depressed, paranoid and hysterical temperaments are particularly susceptible. By 'anti-establishment' is presumably meant that which is against the established order. Yet the 'controlled' drugs are not a new invention nor have they always been prohibited. Many religious movements used drugs to generate fervour—particularly in their embryonic phases of development. For generations opium has been smoked in the Orient, and in America marijuana was widely smoked before 1937.

Do psychedelic drugs really have an important part to play in extending the boundaries of human knowledge? Unquestionably, they can do. There are vast tracts of the brain which we never use and there is evidence that drugs can operate on these. Not surprisingly, artists have left the most vivid accounts of their own experiences.

Hashish is thought to have been brought to Europe from Egypt by Napoleon's soldiers. This sparked off its use in France and Parisian intellectuals in the mid-nineteenth century extensively used it to stimulate their creative faculties. Among these intellectuals were Alexandre Dumas, Charles Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier. *The Count of Monte Cristo* (Chapter 31 *Sinbad the Sailor*), *The Artificial Paradise* and *Club des Hachichins* are testimonies to the respective authors' experiences. Aldous Huxley vividly describes the effects of mescalin in *The Doors of Perception*. Perhaps the most interesting English book by a drug addict is De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, though opium more often produces torpid inertia than the animated experiences which he relates. The reader should bear in mind that these are works by highly imaginative writers who are naturally not averse to embroidering their descriptions. Poets have been similarly inspired. Both Housman and Dylan Thomas espoused the cause of another drug which is not illegal—alcohol. But in the search for fresh sources of inspiration there have been numerous casualties; these include painters such as Van Gogh and Modigliani. Drugs do not instil creativity. That gift must be already present; they can at most heighten and augment it. The user can achieve a greater self-realisation but it is arguable that any chemically induced state of being is unnatural and therefore any experience realised is fundamentally inauthentic. Astonishing alterations in temperamental attitudes have been felt and observed in users. LSD research on animals revealed that carp, a fish which ordinarily lies in the depths, became a surface swimmer. Under the same drug spiders constructed a more perfect web (though mescalin had the opposite effect), while a tomcat, usually noted for his aggression, cowered before an untreated mouse.

If the reader wishes to pursue the subject further he would be well advised to consult Dr. Cohen's lucid and impartial *Drugs of Hallucination* which concentrates on research undertaken in the U.S.A. into LSD; also Professor Snyder's *Uses of Marijuana* in which he appeals for the legalisation of marijuana; while a small paperback entitled *Drugs* by Peter Laurie sets out in sobering form the varied implications of hard drug use.

Drugs are playing an ever-incerasing role in medicine today. Accordingly the law is compelled to scrutinise rigorously the use to which they are put. But the law does no more than ordain the outer boundaries of social conduct. This decade may well see marijuana released from strict control. Coincidentally, it was another Mexican plant with magical properties which, according to legend, whispered to the tribal patriarch: 'There are several ways that you can use me. Unless you use me in only one way, the right way, I may harm you. Use me the right way and I will help you.' The legislature can only adumbrate 'the right way'.

LIBERALISM AND AFRICA TODAY

by Sir Bernard de Bunsen

THE Centenary of David Livingstone's death was commemorated on May 1st at the spot where he is buried in Westminster Abbey with a tribute by Dr. Robert Gardiner, that distinguished Ghanaian scholar, Reith Lecturer and international civil servant. Many conflicting outside forces have played on Africa beside the Christian Gospel, trade (which Livingstone and the earlier Emancipators saw as a means of rescuing Africa from the evils of the slave trade), rivalries between competing colonial powers seeking 'spheres of influence' and between them carving up the Continent and settler communities in East and Southern Africa. But with whatever narrowness and sectarianism the missionaries sometimes pursued their aim in the decades that have followed there is no question that the missionary movement was among the liberating factors, opening the way towards political consciousness and ultimately independent nationhood. For many years the Missions pioneered and held the field in Education and I suspect the majority of Africa's present leaders (though I have done no count) came from missionary founded schools, though today such great schools as Budo in Uganda and the Alliance High School in Kenya are aided by African governments.

But in England the missionary movement had perhaps its most liberalising influence on Englishmen's attitudes far beyond the pews of respectable churchgoers who gave their sixpences to missionary collections, particularly on the young men attracted into the Colonial Service both by a sense of adventure and often vocation. Not that this idealism usually took them as civil servants far towards any political radicalism (though occasionally it threw up a rebel such as McGregor Ross or Norman Leys in Kenya) but their commitment was to the people of their Districts, and in this, however unconsciously, they too climbed on the shoulders of Livingstone and reflected something of the liberal tradition.

Up to the First World War this tradition where it was alive (and it was not always so as we know from the chequered history of Kenya and Rhodesia) was in the main protective, the shielding of native people from other cruder forces, economic and political. The first interventions of Government in Education and Health were to assist, and later to supplement what the Missions had begun. Looking back with hindsight to the Thirties we can criticise the lack of bolder initiatives and the anticipation of events to come; as well as the failure to observe the signs of the coming avalanche which was to be released by African involvement in the Second World War. The 'man on the spot' is seldom able to prophesy or even see the significance of what may be happening around him.

Only a handful of politicians and their associates at the distance of London (a mighty distance of a month's sea journey) read the political signs aright in the Thirties. Few of them had ever been in Africa (any more

than Wilberforce and the Emancipators who followed him had ever met a slave) and they were regarded as cranks for their persistent interventions in and out of Parliament over, for instance, the Kenya land issue, compulsory labour on European farms, or for befriending Jomo Kenyatta, to take only Kenya issues. But in typical liberal fashion they formed themselves under the leadership of Charles Roden Buxton into a group who were in touch with the incipient political movements in Africa. Some became an active nucleus in the Parliamentary Labour Party's 'Committee on Imperial Affairs' (note the title)—among them Arthur Creech-Jones who later, after the Second War, as Secretary of State at the Colonial Office, devoted himself to active and bold policies consciously aimed at political advance towards self-government as a practical and necessary policy—a great man more recognised then and since in Africa than in the Labour Party.

Thus, stimulated by African demand, grown immeasurably through the experience of Africans in the Forces in the Middle East and Burma, which opened their eyes to the wider world, including its defects, and the response of British Governments, Education came to the front. Schools were developed, University Colleges started, teaching hospitals built. British professional bodies such as the General Medical Council undertook new responsibilities in guiding and recognising the curriculum and standards of the new Medical Schools. The British Universities in particular came together in the Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas with such notable figures as Alexander Carr-Saunders to guide the development of the new University Colleges, to stimulate the active co-operation of British Universities and channel the flow of British money and of academics joining their staffs. The University of London admitted the Colleges into 'Special Relation', giving their African graduates the hallmark of an internationally recognised degree. A new 'missionary' wave, albeit not in dog collars or pith helmets, nor necessarily with consciously held religious convictions, poured out. It was an exciting venture to take part in the building of a University community in Africa and to see the first of our graduates taking their place in the Senior Civil Service and the professions, some as colleagues on our own staff, and others in public life.

Like the missionaries we took with us in the main the institutions and the kind of courses with which we were familiar in England, modified as experience and research proceeded. This is understandably under fire both in independent Africa and England today as being irrelevant to the African setting; and the emphasis on a personal choice of course and on a liberal education out of keeping with coming manpower requirements—a dominant factor in University planning today. Yet up to the time of Independence, or only shortly before, this is what our students and most of their elders demanded of us as they sought to prove themselves against international standards and in a wider setting than their local communities. Besides, as they assured reforming educationalists from England and visitors from America, Shakespeare and Edmund Burke and even (at one phase) the English novelists of the 19th Century were indeed relevant to them! It hardly mattered that they would never see a chandelier; the ladies of the

Victorian novels were recognisable enough as characters in Buganda society and at the Kabaka's Court on the neighbouring hill. Those interminable struggles of the Medieval Barons against the Kings spoke to them of stresses and strains within African tribes between the traditional powers of chiefs and the assumptions of the young educated generation. We can, I believe, be more properly criticised because in the years immediately preceding Independence we moved too slowly to meet the new manpower situation that would inevitably arise; but fundamentally I do not believe that Englishmen can convincingly 'Africanise' the curriculum. We can only offer with conviction what we know and have experience of and, equally important, give Africans their heads in rejecting, modifying or accepting it.

We can through research help them uncover some of the facts of African history, agriculture or medicine, and here and there a teacher like Margaret Trowell who started the Art School at Makerere can release Africans' imagination and creativity by putting the materials in their way and leaving them free to create what they will. But the 'Africanisation' of the curriculum will essentially be carried through by Africans—a case for the faster 'Africanisation' of the teaching profession today. What we could and I believe did achieve was to provide an educational springboard which brought Africans of many traditions and backgrounds together and made independent nationhood, when it came, possible and viable in terms of its initial civil service, professions and public life; at the same time introducing some at least of East Africa's present leaders to the experience of a wider world beyond tribe, territory and race. Perhaps this was as fundamental as teaching Africans to be African?

Independence, through the release of African energies and consciousness of nationhood, has brought vast changes to Africa, which only Independence could bring. If the new nations—in East Africa but 10 years old—are still in the making and subject to long-standing tribal tensions that shook the Congo at its birth, and later Nigeria and now Uganda, the more remarkable is their resilience and energy—a tribute as much to the quality and drive of their young graduate civil servants as to the politicians. How young they were precipitated into major responsibilities. No wonder tummy ulcers developed earlier in life than they do in Whitehall! But Independence and the withdrawal of Britain from Colonial rule and the sense of direct responsibility (as well as occasionally pomposity) it cultivated, have, I believe, also profoundly affected Liberals at home—as they have even more obviously affected Colonel Blimp sitting, if I remember rightly from David Low's cartoon, in a hot bathtub lamenting the good old days of Empire, but for whose sufferings we are less concerned.

In the wider sense in which I have used the words, the 'missionary movement' is over. Of course it was the stated aim among liberally minded expatriates in the years leading to Independence in Africa to work themselves out of their jobs and they could, and at least some did, join in Independence ceremonies as a fulfilment of their work. But I suspect that the impact has been greater and more confusing on liberals at home. There

are signs of retreat, of some cooling off from the commitment which they felt when they could more directly influence events in Africa through Parliament and Whitehall. Maybe liberals have lost one role and not yet found another. Perhaps, too, in their advocacy of the cause of independence they had sometimes over-idealised Africans without reckoning on their being (thankfully, as I think) human beings just as we Westerners are ourselves, good, bad and indifferent, though facing in many ways much tougher problems. There is sometimes a tendency to magnify virtues in those we teach, particularly those of another colour. Some liberals have come to share in a certain disillusionment that affects the public at large these days, an impatience with African problems or crises, fed by seeing some of the things they worked or hoped for as the fruits of Independence—free Parliamentary systems on the Westminster model, the rule of law, university freedoms, racial toleration and so on—go under in certain parts of Africa; or worse, the oppression of African by African as in Uganda at the present time. Others, whose liberalism may be tougher, have thrown themselves into the struggle for justice in Southern Africa, but because of past associations and commitments feel inhibited from open criticism of such events further North, fearful perhaps of appearing to range themselves among the 'neo-colonialists'.

Are events in Africa no longer our business? Should we, can we disengage from concern for the welfare of peoples with whom we were so closely associated? Is this what de-colonisation involves and liberalism dictates? Of course, the problem of the liberals' role in relation to independent countries is no new one, though I doubt whether it presented itself so clearly to those who felt an overriding liberal obligation to oppressed peoples in the Turkish Empire or to sufferers from Tsarist and Hitler's oppressions. This perhaps was because British people assumed that their obligation to oppressed peoples went with Britain's status as a first-class power; perhaps, too, because interventions in others' affairs is a less sensitive business if the others are more obviously 'foreigners' to us (even if white ones). We are today haunted in the case of the new nations of Africa by fears that ill-judged intervention by the former Colonial power could easily make matters worse.

It is indeed true that the African nations must find their own feet. Yet as liberals we cannot betray our conscience or still our sense of continuing relationship with the peoples of the independent African nations any more than we can fail to intervene, as best we can, over South Africa, Namibia or Rhodesia. As friends and colleagues rather than rulers, liberals have now to discover a new role and a new relationship, and this will and must be difficult. Too much has passed between us.

A new relationship can only be formed in a new mutual respect. We have the job of re-discovering one another as independent peoples, disengaged from our pasts of ruler and ruled with all the overhang of mutual sensitiveness. Such a re-discovering of one another needs practice and effort, as much or perhaps more for liberals as for anyone. It means some degree of

detachment as well as mutual understanding—the ability on both sides to speak and think independently and objectively to each other.

It is but ten years since the independent nations formed themselves from colonial territories of widely differing peoples, languages and ways of life, territories shaped by the political and administrative ends of the Colonial Powers. Inevitably national consciousness is still in the making. Nationhood is not born overnight. We hear much of the strains and breakdowns. How much do we equally hear in our Press of the vigour and constructive accomplishments—of the trebling of secondary school places and the doubling of their Higher Education since Independence, against the background of an undeveloped economy? How much do we know of Tanzania's community schemes aimed, through the people's own physical efforts rather than through an over-reliance on external aid, at raising the living standards of the rural populations and involving the people actively in their national development? How little do we take account, to offset the breakdowns, of the African accomplishment of peace and reconciliation between Northerners and Southerners of the Sudan (surely a lesson they might teach us and the Irish these days), or of the reconstruction of life and relationships between the regions of Nigeria so soon after the devastation of civil war? Africa has great resilience, and liberals and liberalism are not wholly confined to England.

So I think, without papering over any of the cracks, we need to acquire a more balanced and objective picture, including accomplishments that deserve respect and which may in the longer run be more significant than the setbacks. If we do so, we are in a better position, without timidity, to speak out directly on events and regimes which offend our common humanity, as we must speak out about racialist acts against Asians and the present oppressions in Uganda where African friends and colleagues have disappeared or been murdered. We remain colleagues across the irrelevant boundaries of colour, race or nationality. If we claim to act on liberal principle we cannot allow a line to be drawn on the Zambesi, south of which is a field for conscience and north of which is a barred territory.

Yet to qualify to be heard in Independent Africa we must be seen to act over the deeper rooted, more systematic and highly organised evils of racial injustice in Southern Africa inflicted by white minorities. The lack of a clear stand on these issues by Britain is the cause of the greatest strains in the rebuilding of our relationships with independent Africa and on the survival of the Commonwealth.

The lack of British leadership, and our repeated abstentions on motions put forward by African delegations at the United Nations, provokes a growing belief in Africa that only the use of force through Resistance Movements is left them. Of course we must act with our heads as well as our hearts and seek constructive rather than purely violent solutions. Resistance Movements alone cannot topple Apartheid in South Africa. But to veto or abstain on African initiatives without putting forward our own alternative solutions on so over-riding a matter affecting black and white

relationships the world over is to capitulate. Here is a sphere for liberals. If our own Government is without any solutions, hoping that somehow time is on our side, can we not set to work and think them out? Too little, I believe, is known of the nature and effects on the Apartheid system of the heavy involvement of external investment in South Africa and Namibia, on which to reach effective policy decisions. Which course—to increase or to withdraw our commercial involvement—is more likely to produce radical social and political changes in South Africa? There is a major study on this in progress, conducted by Universities on an international basis. It deserves support. There may be a place for demonstrations of protest in Trafalgar Square to express our own consciences or release our sense of frustration but, outside possibly the realm of sport, they do not seem to have affected matters much in Whitehall, let alone in South Africa. Some new, more effective ways have urgently to be found.

It is a common-place of our international vocabulary—though one that is substantially ignored—that we must act to close the ever-increasing gap between the rich and the poor countries, without which no stable relationship with the Third World can be attained. The need for capital to stimulate their infant economies and temporarily for professional and technical experts to train Africans is hardly reflected in the level of expenditure we allow our Overseas Development Administration or contribute through international agencies. Sweden in terms of contribution per head of her population is well ahead of us. But great as is the need and the obligation on us, aid has its perils and does not necessarily endear and may in times of stress accentuate suspicions. It can, and has been used as an instrument of diplomacy or of cruder political pressures. It has on occasion led to rivalry among donor countries, both Western and Eastern, to produce projects of their own devising rather than contribute to the expressed needs and development programmes of the African Governments. They in their turn have sometimes played off one donor against another. On the whole, British aid in these respects has a better record than some, though by making Overseas Aid a department of the Foreign Office rather than a Ministry in its own right it is open to some suspicion in Africa, and there are cases where aid has been turned on and off as a political weapon, as recently with Tanzania and Uganda. We need to take a longer term view of our relationships, particularly with the institutions which we helped to build. The cutting off of support for English University staff at Makerere and teachers in the secondary schools and their consequent withdrawal will not cure Amin any more than a ban on the flow of English University men to the South African universities, as some liberals in this country and refugees from South Africa urge, will cure that country of Apartheid. It can only depress and isolate further those Africans fighting against such evils in exposed conditions on the spot, on whom reconstruction and our own future relationships depend. Far more important than aid, with its inherent danger of continuing dependency, is the encouragement of African production through the freeing of the channels of trade. Only so can the new nations climb out of the dependent status.

So we in Britain now have the challenging job of finding a new relationship with Africa as colleagues rather than missionaries, if by this we mean imposing of our own convictions on others—even to their good—which we are no longer able, or I hope willing to do. I have written mainly of the changing role of liberals in this country in the construction of a new, more adult relationship with Africa. But Britain is no longer the sole arbiter over the bigger issues which haunt Africa, such as Apartheid and the poverty of her resources. International debates at the United Nations composed of national Governments have often been sterile. Yet it is there where solutions must be found and where liberals should exert themselves. Is it possible that liberal-minded voluntary groups that have in the past so significantly tilled and fertilised Westminster and Whitehall might spring up on an international basis to fertilise the United Nations? Just as today we demand more popular participation alongside Ministers and Commissioners in the affairs of the European Community that so vitally affect us all, we need the initiative and the pressures of voluntary groups to break through the thickets and impasses of national manoeuvring in the wider international setting of the United Nations.

[Sir Bernard de Bunsen was formerly Vice-Chancellor of the University of East Africa and is Chairman of African Educational Trust and the Africa Bureau.]

ANTHROPOLOGY IN ALL DIRECTIONS

by Rosemary Firth

TO be President of the Anthropological Society 'might be a bit of a hindrance when you go in for a seat in Parliament' wrote T. H. Huxley to Sir John Lubbock in 1867. Today anthropologists appear to be a respectable, serious minded and hard working group of people, since over two hundred of them assembled in Oxford for a week in July and, resisting the appeal of sunshine on green lawns, the splendid flower gardens and quiet courtyards of St. John's College, spent six hours every day attending to the research findings of their colleagues from all over Great Britain, Europe, America and the Antipodes. It was a memorable occasion. There were delighted meetings between friends who had not seen each other for years, protracted talk over the long tables in Hall where we took our meals, sherry in the open air, and port after a formal dinner with the college silver and ritual speeches. In general there was an atmosphere of carefully planned comfort, and leisure for discussion. *The Times Literary Supplement* even published a special number (3722, July 6, 1973) on *The State of Anthropology*. As one tourist remarked: 'There seems to be some important conference going on; I wonder what it is all about?'

To get at the root of what it was all about, one should go right back to 1871, the year when Darwin's *Descent of Man* was published, and The Anthropological Institute was first formed to provide a forum for discussion of the new 'natural science of man.' (See George Stocking's *What's in a Name? Man* vi. 3. Sept. 1971.) Previous to that time, organised anthropology in England had been torn between a number of interests of mixed calibre. The subject was associated with controversy over 'man's place in nature', his relations with supposedly inferior races, with challenges to religious dogma, and with that philanthropic body The Aborigines Protection Society. Quarrels between members with different interests developed: as on whether women should be admitted to sessions discussing circumcision or phallic worship, on the propriety of criticising Christian missionary work, or of 'cultivating their science as a party-weapon in politics and religion.'

Eventually, the Anthropological Institute established itself 'in the centre of the road' as a forum for general discussion of 'the progress of anthropological science.' Since then, it has grown steadily in stature and importance; it owns one of the world's largest specialist libraries and runs a serious quarterly, *Man*. Today, the Royal Anthropological Institute—as it has become—is seeking new ways to develop its activities and to open its doors even more widely to a public interested in the study of Man.

It was on account of these heterogeneous interests however, along with a large lay membership, that a separate Association of Social Anthropologists of the Commonwealth—to give them their full name—was started by a small group of committed teachers of the subject in 1946.

All were members of the Institute and remained so, but they wished to narrow discussion to the main problems which interested them at the time, to provide a professional identity and to develop a rigorous new methodology. Membership was by invitation only, as it still is, but they increased their ranks from the rapidly growing number of their own students, from twenty members in 1946 to a hundred and twenty in 1960. Today there are probably over three hundred members, many of them teaching in overseas universities, some of which such as Ghana, Malaysia and Papua-New Guinea, did not exist in 1946. Departments have spread all over this country and there are few universities where social anthropology is not taught in some form today. It is spreading to polytechnics, colleges of education and schools of medicine, nursing and social work. Some people are even trying to introduce it in diluted form to school work.

Such a proliferation of interest and activity must change the nature of any professional group, and there is bound to be questioning from the many new, younger members of the style and activities of their association, as well perhaps as of the boundaries of its theoretical interests.

Early meetings of the Association, unlike those of the Institute, were small, frequent and informal, and no record of them exists outside the minutes of the association, but it is clear that around lively polemical discussion there grew up an identifiable school of British social anthropology, based on field studies inspired by the brilliant if very different personalities of a handful of professors originally trained by Bronio Malinowski and A. R. Radcliffe-Brown. The extent of rivalry between these two original teachers seems to have been exaggerated with time, in the wake of a conflict which sometimes seems to be an inevitable ingredient of academic nourishment in university circles.

The nature of an anthropologist's training, working alone in an alien group on whose co-operation he is dependent not only for his scientific material but also for his safety and comfort, makes him very conscious of the binding nature of his own social relations and perhaps helps him to be flexible and adaptable to new ideas. I think it is fair to say that anthropologists are not so quarrelsome a lot, nor so intolerant of each other's work in face to face relations as some of their published writings might suggest. A profound re-orientation, rather than a radical mood of change, seems to be a better way to describe what is happening to this group at the time of their second decennial conference, their twenty sixth birthday, and on the eve of welcoming their first woman chairman.

To see the present in perspective, let us look at what has been done in the last quarter century.

An early pre-occupation of most of the social sciences has been to justify their use of the term 'science', as against the physical sciences, as well as to differentiate themselves in method from the other social sciences. Between the wars, arguments developed as to the extent to which 'laws' could be found to regulate social behaviour, and whether these 'laws' were perceived objectively or elucidated subjectively by the field work technique of participant observation. Radcliffe-Brown attempted to create a natural

science model of society in which each part meshed in with every other, in such a way that any disturbance in one part would upset the proper functioning of all the others. This model was later criticised as being too mechanical and not allowing for change; but it was a necessary thinking step in observing the regularities of behaviour of man-in-society, and also in forcing attention on the relevance of behaviour in its own context. It drew attention to the moral coherence of societies other than our own and to the dangers of ill-considered interference by colonial administrators or Christian missionaries.

The person who did most to show the importance of field observation of social behaviour in context, as a check on the theoretical precision of native statements, was Malinowski. His concern with watching and recording how societies actually do 'rumble along', men adapting or stretching or ignoring the 'rules' as difficult situations arise, gave him deep understanding of what life really was like for his Trobriand Islanders. Some have questioned the depth of his theoretical conclusions, but few would disagree that he laid the foundations of the way in which the raw material of social anthropology should be collected. It is in this technique of gathering his material that the anthropologist will always differ most from the sociologist, economist or political scientist, who works in large scale societies using written records, questionnaires and the like.

The theoretical affinities of these disciplines, however, are drawn closer together, as the laboratories in which the anthropologist works shift from the traditional areas of primitive technology, Africa, Australasia, and the Pacific, to the literate peasant societies of Europe and the near and far east.

Only rarely an anthropologist believes that the gradual loss of his traditionally 'primitive' hunting grounds will deprive him of his characteristic approach to his subject. But the change of material will force him to think harder about the nature and scope of his explanations. Theoretical advances in any science can be measured by what is taken for granted from previous work, as well as what is demolished in earlier theorising, to build upon afresh. The handful of brilliant men and women, students of Radcliffe-Brown and Malinowski, who went into the field between the two wars, and who were inspired to demonstrate or to refute, in their different ways, the ideas of these two, brought back a rich harvest of new facts and insights. Their writings have influenced lay-thinking in this country at many levels, subtly changing what the ordinary man, as well as the administrator, now takes for granted. It may be useful to pinpoint some of the contributions which their studies have made to our 'folk thought', as well as to the inspiration of their own students. *Man and Culture*, edited by Raymond Firth, 1957, provides a critique of Malinowski's theories, and a sample of his students' work.

A classic study of Azande witchcraft and magic has interested a much wider audience than would normally be concerned with African customs. The idea that witchcraft accusations can cloak deep personal jealousies and fears and can act as a safety valve for social conflict, is now widely accepted in sophisticated analysis of current social problems, such as drug

use in the culture of the young, and black-white relations in urban-industrial context.

Detailed studies of kinship behaviour brought back from Africa gradually gave a new dimension to English studies of the family, and have familiarised many laymen, if often rather inaccurately, with such concepts as a nuclear, extended and three generation family, with changes in the functions and obligations of family life, and with alternative codes of sexual morality in different economic conditions.

Detailed study of the way in which religious belief is related to rank, ritual, economic activity and political identification, and of how it can be altered under the impact of technological pressure, has weakened our confident sense of moral superiority, as well as intellectual certitude, about the absolute value of any set of religious prescriptions. Even committed Christians now approach the beliefs of alien peoples with a respectful interest which was uncommon thirty years ago.

The uses of ritual in facilitating role-change, of conflict in maintaining cohesion in small groups, of the social and psychological implications of food habits, the elements of irrationality and magical thinking which surround the relationship of medical men with their patients and the public; the importance of myth and symbol in art and literature; new concepts of the relation between law and custom, of the varieties of sanction which control different kinds of behaviour—all these ideas have had their impact on thinking and teaching among political scientists, doctors, health educators, criminologists, economists and historians, as well as on a public opinion perhaps ignorant of their source. Edward Evans-Pritchard, Raymond Firth, Meyor Fortes, Max Gluckman, Edmund Leach and Isaac Schapera are perhaps the most outstanding names of the men of this great generation, and women also were outstanding, in particular Lucy Mair and Audrey Richards.

The period is probably still too near for any really adequate historical evaluation of it, although some have attempted it. (*Cause and Meaning in the Social Sciences*, a collection of articles by Ernest Gellner, 1973, provides a brilliant account of anthropological method as well as portraits of some outstanding people working in that field). A permanent record of the work inspired by that second generation of scholars lies in the volumes of a series which sprang from the first international conference of the association, held in 1963, in collaboration with American colleagues.

The first four titles of that series were to illustrate the *New Approaches in Social Anthropology* for their colleagues, but they are readable and relevant to a wider public than that at which they were aimed. The titles do not suggest the study of exotic societies, yet each one was based on material personally collected in some small alien society, and meticulously analysed on return. *The Relevance of Models in Social Anthropology* (Editor, M. Banton, Tavistock 1965) was followed immediately by studies of *Political Systems and the Distribution of Power, Religion,* and *The Study of Complex Societies*. Further volumes followed one by one as each year

a conference was devoted to a new subject: economic anthropology, history and anthropology, myth and totemism, socialisation, family and kinship, language, urban ethnicity, and primitive medicine.

Scrutiny of the variety of ways in which other societies organise their action in these fields can throw light on a multitude of problems in our own society. But that was not—to begin with—the anthropologist's prime intention. Rather he hoped to lay bare the coherence of each system; to show that the moral stature of men living in 'primitive' conditions is equal to that of men in 'civilised' conditions; their nature, abilities and problems are different from ours, but not necessarily either simpler or more complicated. In trying to interpret between societies with very different power structures, the anthropologist has been caught in the middle and often suffered as scapegoat because he served neither radical nationalism nor colonial exploitation directly. While sensitive to many of the costs of development, and often defensive of his own peoples' welfare, the anthropologist between the wars, like most academics, was more interested in solving intellectual than political puzzles.

The last five years has seen a new generation reach positions of responsibility, who were trained in the very different climate of post-war university expansion at home, and of rapid economic development overseas. It is not surprising that the present second decennial conference should be titled 'New directions in Social Anthropology', a name, it seems to me, which suggests a breaking away in all directions rather than a coming together in consensual approach as in 1961. The provocations and disturbances of Lévi-Strauss's thinking—certainly 'wild' and often 'indigestible' to many British anthropologists—nevertheless has drawn fresh attention to European and particularly to French thinking once again. (Durkheim was never neglected.) As well as linguistics, the impact of other new methods, from the comparative study of minute variations in animal behaviour to the mathematical treatment of large quantities of material by computer technique, has coincided with renewed interest in political philosophy and systems of thought, thus bringing a very wide range of issues under consideration.

It might seem that, by re-opening the study of primate behaviour, championing the need of third world countries, and giving serious attention to the social implications of Marxist thought, the social anthropologists of 1973 were returning to some of the arenas of 1871—to the ape-man controversies, the protection of primitive cultures and the implications of ideological evangelism. Even on the score of female participation, although something like one-fifth of the membership attendance was female, concurrently, if not in open rivalry, an informal seminar was held in an adjacent hall on 'The Analysis of Models in Women'. Only a fifth of *that* audience was male, but their attention was serious, as befitted the treatment of the subject.

This apparent regression of interest is not really circular, though it might be seen as spiral. We may have returned to some of our old perplexities, but the method of thinking about them is different. And a large measure

of this difference is due to the work of the A.S.A. in the last twenty years which, by turning attention away from very general to quite specific problems, was able to forge an adequate technique and a consistent theoretical basis for thinking meaningfully about these broader issues today.

Through his use of the native speech the anthropologist comes to have an 'insider's' understanding of the belief systems of his people, while retaining the 'outsider's' critical perspective. In switching his attention constantly from the one to the other, he is compelled to realise the double-edged power of words, through which we apprehend the nature of external reality, and by which we seek to alter and control it. Do words have a different effect when orally transmitted from person to person, than when visually perceived through writing? What is the relationship between the play described by the actors in their own terms and that which the observer records and also attempts to interpret? To what extent is the 'meaning' the anthropologist gives to what he describes distorted or illuminated by being perceived through one lens, the local language, and reproduced through another—the alien language of his science?

Many of the issues raised in the conference papers posed questions which could not have been formulated in these ways a hundred years ago, and would have been answered in rather different ways thirty years ago. Many of these issues concern the relationship between action, words and thought, as mediated by ritual, symbol and myth as agents of social order within a system. The system is both enabling and restraining, for the men and women in it are seen neither as helpless victims of a mechanical order nor as having unlimited power to create for themselves a world of their own choice. Emphasis on one or the other aspect of man's dilemma, neither beast nor yet a god either, but with some of the attributes of both, differs according to the theoretical preconceptions as well perhaps partly to the temperament of the anthropologist. But all are concerned with the ways in which men and women use such powers as they can to control their environment and to control each other.

The ethologists who opened the conference observed how the bodily movements of different animals control social behaviour within the group. Different primates use different systems, display and imitation being one type, conflict and avoidance another. Infants learn appropriate behaviour first by the way they are handled by their mothers and later by other adults. The significance of deliberate face to face relations in imposing authority, for example by looking at or glaring at the young, illustrates ways in which social order is maintained *without* the use of language. Human infants are also subject to this treatment, although it has been relatively little studied. Other speakers illustrated the control of size, movement, status and mating patterns within primate groups by the perception of differences in age, sex and biological affinity. Humans, also, react to these distinctions, but less directly. The ethologist's message to the anthropologist, as I see it, is to show the boundaries which his animal nature may set to the pattern of human society. It also illuminates, by contrast, the multitude of cultural

variations which can be developed from natural variation when words, as well as signs, can deliver information.

The psychologist's contribution was to show how individual perception of external signs—sound, colour, behaviour—is influenced by categories of thought expressed in words. Among other things, this is relevant to recognition of disease patterns and reactions to illness among different peoples. Later papers explored in some detail the relationship between words and other symbols, how objects come to denote concepts, abstractness arises from concreteness and 'culture' from 'nature' in Lévi-Straussian terms. For example, the odd genetic and excretory distinctions between kangaroos and other marsupials are used by an Australian aboriginal people as symbols to differentiate men and women and their separate social spheres. In Brazil, myths about young parrots which are domesticated are used to illustrate the development of boys into adults, and to emphasise their respective duties and obligations.

From analysis of the symbolic content of other peoples' thought, it was a natural development to consider that of our own. The anthropologist's approach comes close to that of the logician and philosopher here as he attempts to understand how we identify and relate relevant aspects of external reality and construct each his own model of the world, what Edwin Ardener called 'our view of the social, as a *mani-fold* of both thought and behaviour'.

For some of us, these were very deep waters indeed, but it must not be supposed that the influence of the external environment on men's acts *as well as* on their thoughts was ignored. Rigorous criticism of planning and developing policies was implied by several British papers; and the extent to which the French thinkers were involved in using Marxist theory well beyond the orthodox line was marked. The Canadian, Pierre Maranda, used a Maoist model to study Lau economics, and Emmanuel Terray pushed a definition of 'class' to cover any group whose interests collide with others, thus enabling it to be used for tribal conflict and to the subordination of women in different kinds of situation. Maurice Godelier also used a Marxist perspective to analyse methods of production in societies widely divergent from those of the west, and in a final and rather moving paper on the future of anthropological studies all over the world, George Condominas reflected on the good 'gifts', as well as the destructive 'poisons', which we may have given to the third world. Besides a measure of inevitable guilt, he thought there were legitimate satisfactions in the potential for self-knowledge and mutual insight which would follow when African researchers, for example, studied European society without, as is usual today, identifying with western thought entirely.

So, as the conference had begun with far-off objects—the study of animals and of children—it ended with suggestions for studies of ourselves, subjects over-near for comfort. In the interim, no less than sixty-five papers were presented, drawing on raw material from almost as many sources and using it to record and illuminate the diverse meanings which other human beings have managed to extract from their struggles with the environment,

with each other, and with their ideological aspirations. Among so many and such diverse presentations, only the most impudent or the most naive could hope to see a single pattern. Some of the elder generation, baffled by the new ideas of the young, prophesy a weakening of the Association through the multiplicity of its new interests. One believes it is bankrupt of all but trivial ideas, another that it is only now started on the right track after several false starts!

I have here boldly if rashly attempted to relate some of the new ideas to those which have gone before, and, in accord with one of women's traditional tasks, to mediate between opposing groups. Anthropological study is not a substitute for the consolations of religion or for the inspiration of art. But it does help us to appreciate the limitless directions from which other men have drawn consolation and inspiration, ideas and a sense of purpose, in their melancholy journey from birth to death. We are concerned to map what happens in other societies on the journey between those two points, not to ask what is the purpose of the journey. As scientists, we ask first 'How?' and not 'Why?' Perhaps what we learn from asking *how* will help us to bear our ignorance of *why*, since we can see it is shared by others in so many and such diverse societies.

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BERMUDA STYLE

by Terry Tucker

Part I: Crime

THE historian's greatest difficulty, in traversing backwards through the decades, is to divest himself of the entire set of preconceptions, perceptions, ideas and education of his own time in order to place himself in a totally different milieu; only so can he attempt to enter the minds and understand the emotions of his ancestors. Without this almost superhuman conquest of time itself, we find ourselves absurdly judging the past by the standards, the experiences, the appetites of today,—i.e. we commit the almost universal sin of anachronistic judgment. Perhaps in no field is this more evident than in our view of past attempts to prevent crime and to conquer violence, a problem that has confronted every age—certainly including our own.

But at the moment we are considering the tiny (less than twenty square miles) isolated colony of the Bermudas during the 17th century—their first as an inhabited place. Here, with a settlement resulting from the fortuitous shipwreck on its uninhabited shores of the Virginia-bound *Sea Venture* in July 1609, the problems of enforcing order differed slightly from the same question in the Mother Country in that, inevitably, among the intending New World settlers were many whose ambitious, roving and adventurous dispositions would lead them to dispute the laws and governance of a new society where they expected fewer restrictions. Their adventurousness and their rebelliousness balanced each other in the scales of the western world.

Although this accidental landing meant that the English have been in Bermuda since 1609, deliberate colonisation only started with the despatch in 1612, by the Virginia Company in London, of Governor Richard Moore and sixty settlers for the island colony. Moore was empowered by his Commission to enforce rule according to the contemporary code of the laws of England augmented by specific recommendations and rules of the Company. He did an excellent job. Unfortunately, order was relaxed in 1615 after Moore left for England, since six irresponsible men ran the government turn and turn about until a new governor could be despatched. The place went to rack and ruin, starvation stared the colonists in the face till 1616 when Governor Daniel Tucker arrived as the nominee of the newly-organised Somers Island or Bermuda Company. His lengthy Commission from the Company in London—the Company which was to run the colony from England for the next sixty-nine years—gave the new governor power of punishment in the following words:

> According to the power of His Majesty's (James I) Letters Patent granted to you, we give you authority, with such and so many of the Council as we shall

> hereafter appoint, to punish and correct their misdemeanors according to the form and manner of the laws of England as near as may be, and in cases of rebellion to use martial law

The picture that comes down to us is of a bad-tempered governor who took the law into his own hands, soundly wielding his bastinado on forty slothful workmen before breakfast one morning as a healthy prelude to the day's work, had one man hanged for insolence and disaffection, and got himself so feared that the very set of his hat indicated to the recalcitrant settlers the severity of his mood. But his methods were necessary for the salvation of the colony which he had found starving as the result of laziness and mismanagement under the temporary 'gambolling governors'—and he put it on its feet again as far as food supply was concerned. In 1616, he was instructed to send to the 'Savage Islands' (probably Bahamas) to fetch Negroes for pearl-diving—an episode that eventually led to the importation of both Indians and Negroes and the adoption of slavery as a way of life.

The version of the Laws of England administered by Governor Tucker, known as Dale's Code, was brought by him to Bermuda in 1616. This was the criminal code for Virginia, partly civil and partly military, drawn up by Sir Thomas Dale and Secretary William Strachey, based on the Common Law of England, strengthened to fit special times and circumstances of the American colonies. In this stern code over twenty offences were punishable by death.

Captain Nathaniel Butler, arriving in October 1619, was dismayed at what he considered the cause of much crime in the colony—the vast amount of alcohol consumed. He commented in amazement on the fact that in a settlement of twelve hundred persons—of whom approximately half were women and children—two thousand gallons of alcohol, including Bermuda bibby, were consumed every three months. Beside leading to crime, bibby had the further disadvantage of the destruction of the endemic palmettos, from whose sap Bermudians had early learned to distil this powerful brew, whose onomatopoeic name was supposed to resemble a duck slurping water or a Bermudian in his cups!

Under Governor Butler's administration the first Bermuda Parliament met. This historic event took place in the church in St. George's (then the only town, and destined to remain the capital till 1815) on 1st August 1620. Three hundred and fifty years later—in 1970—celebrations of this epochal occurrence were again held in St. Peter's with the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness Prince Charles, reading the Throne Speech. Thus Bermuda's Parliament, following hard on the heels of that in Virginia, is now the oldest in the British Commonwealth overseas, It has been in continuous existence since August 1620—when the Governor, his Council, and sixteen Burgesses, two from each of the eight parishes, met in their first session,—making its own laws and setting forth a very concise Constitution. This Constitution stated that Bermudians were free denizens with power to make their own laws as long as these were not contrary to those of the Mother Country. As Bermuda had no inhabitants when colonised, all contemporary English laws were automatically in force in the colony, and are still in force

except where they have been supplemented, repealed or amended by Acts of the Bermuda Legislature.

Little change has been made in Bermuda's Constitution over the years, until the sweeping New Constitution which came into effect on 8th June 1968, and under which Parliament was convened on the 14th June of that year. But that, in Kipling's inimitable phrase, is another story.

So, the early settlers in Bermuda had to obey the Laws of England except where alterations were made to suit local conditions; they had also to obey the local laws passed by their House of Assembly; ecclesiastical discipline was enforced according to the rule of the Church of England; and the regulations of the Bermuda Company had to be respected. Breach of any of these constituted an offence and could lead either to immediate punishment or presentment before the Grand Jury at the Assizes.

The early laws, specifically made to meet local conditions, are fascinating reading. They deal with the manning of the forts against probability of invasion, the disposing of aged, sick, and impotent, making and maintenance of roads and bridges, conservation of turtles, wild pigs, and valuable endemics like the cedar trees and palmettos. Though some of this smacks anticipatorily of our 20th century conservation schemes, the 17th century recommendation as to 'disposing of aged, sick, and impotent' is perhaps a trifle disillusioning to modern eyes since the operative word is used in its most literal sense—to get rid of! In fact, that particular Act of 1620 ran (in part):

> In respect, that there can be found noe greater disease and canker to a new setled plantacon than the stuffing it with idle and unprofitable persons whose bellies for the most part also are extraordinarylie cravinge and there mouthes as Ravenous.. drones and horsleaches living upon the sweat and blood of other men... all such soe asserted and so disposed as aforesaid shall be shipped back againe unto the place from whence they came.

Governor Butler's first practical reaction to the question of liquor-consumption in the islands, was to have a cage built for drunkards in St. George's. And the Bermuda Company in London stigmatised drunkenness as a sin of such magnitude that a deceased inebriate was to be buried under the highway with a stake driven through the heart.

If today we find it excessive that under Bermuda's early seventeenth-century law the death penalty applied to over twenty types of crime, we may remind ourselves that in England it far exceeded that number and that between 1680 and 1722 capital crimes were to be raised from eighty to over three hundred and fifty. Increase in the severity of punishment was being tried in desperation as a cure for the increase in crime. The early colonists, mainly men intent on bettering their condition, did not fully adopt this savage penal code even though an element of turbulence is a likely characteristic of new settlements. However, to study the long list of offences for which appropriate punishments were given in seventeenth century Bermuda is to gain an interesting, and often amusing, sidelight on the island life of those days. Here are a few of them:

ABSENCE FROM CHURCH AND NEGLECT OF HOLY COMMUNION. After the reading of the First Lesson, churchwardens, constables

and sidesmen were empowered to search the churchyard for loiterers, and then to enter any houses in the town; if their entry was obstructed, they were at liberty to break in the doors. A careful survey was kept of the sexually-segregated and socially-graded congregation to make sure that there was no sleeping, yawning or gesturing among those who, with glazed eyes, watched the reversal of the hour-glass in the pulpit as the lengthy homily started on its second instalment.

ABUSE OF LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE by such 'Schismatics' as Brownists, Congregationalists, Anabaptists, Independents, Papists, the Society of Friends (Quakers) and others—the list varying from time to time depending on who was in power. In our permissive age, it is difficult to realise how awkward fanatically-held opinions—however excellent—could be. Thus the Quakers, in line with their tenets, would not take an oath in the Courts, refused to serve in the Militia, and made loud objections and disturbances in church.

MURDER—the one crime that inevitably 'will out'—seems in those early days to have resulted more from hot-blooded scrimmages than from premeditated killings. The earliest, committed by Walters, one of the cast-aways from the *Sea Venture* in 1609, who struck a sailor under the ear with a shovel, was eventually pardoned by Sir George Somers himself. A verdict of *se defendendo* was returned in 1629 in the case of one Thomas Cammocke, gent, charged with the murder of the Quartermaster of a ship, by stabbing him with a knife. Another scuffle, with drawn knives, in 1657 between Edmund Morgan and Anthony Herbert resulted for the latter in a wounded arm which turned septic and had to be amputated. Herbert died after the operation, whereupon Morgan was hanged.

PERJURY. At the Assizes held in St. George's in March 1618, one Robert Hall was indicted of 'insolent perjurie . . . for that thou hast taken this corporal oathe falsely econtrarye to the lawes of Almightye God'.

PERVERTING JUSTICE. The Laws of the Bermuda Company (1622) laid down the penalties for anyone who 'shall attempt by private solicitation to packe the Court to any unjust or unlawful end'. In December 1662, four planters were presented for bribing one Thomas Hopkins 'to smother a felonius act . . . even upon his oath in open Court'.

PETIT TREASON—defined as the murder, or attempted murder, of a husband by a wife, or of a master by a servant (though not, apparently, the reverse of these!) naturally included the occasional Poisoning Plots instigated in Bermuda by the Negroes. In England, the Bishop of Rochester's cook had been publicly boiled alive for this offence during the reign of Henry VIII—as also was a woman offender. The penalty was always death for this offence, but, in these islands, by burning, as was done to Sally Basset in June 1730 after her attempt to poison her master's family. This event is often mistakenly included with witchcraft trials, though the punishment in Great Britain and her colonies for the practice of witchcraft was death by hanging, never by burning as on the European continent.

ROBBERY INVOLVING BREAKING AND ENTERING. Not unnaturally, in an island attempting to ensure its citizens safe and peaceable

living conditions, this crime was treated with extreme severity. What is of interest today is to note the trifling goods for which many were willing to jeopardise their lives. In 1662 an entry 'by force and arms' netted the robber 'one dozen of Tobacco pipes, price two pence'. Forty-four years earlier, one Paul Deane of Smith's Parish was indeed 'hanged by the necke until he were dead' at Gallows Island off St. George's square (an island later swallowed up to form half the present Ordnance Island) for robbing a house of one Holland cheese. The extreme penalty was not always exacted, as we shall see in considering types of punishment.

SABBATH-BREAKING. Perhaps nowhere does the abyss in thought between ourselves and our ancestors appear wider than in considering what formerly constituted serious desecration of the Sabbath. Ecclesiastical discipline was stern.

For example, the ferry, which was, for 250 years, the only means of communication between St. George's Island and the Main Island, was never allowed to run on Sundays. (Act of 1623: 'The same fferrye shall be attended everye day in the weeke except Saboth day'.) And on 20th March 1620, Captain Nathaniel Butler, as Governor, issued a formal Proclamation 'for the observacon of the Sabaoth day', setting out dire punishments to all who either played, worked or travelled on this day. Such proclamations were read aloud at morning prayer to all the people and also fixed up 'in some emynent and high place of the Churche that all men may reade and knowe it'. A further Proclamation was made on the subject by Governor Forster in July 1652 stating that 'the common Prophanation of the Lord's day by sailing in boats and travelling by land be forborne by all manner of persons of what quality soever'. . . . Among the laws transmitted by the Somers Island Company of Coleman St., London, was one in 1669 'For the sanctifying of the Lord's Day'. This Act rendered penal all travel by land or water; frequenting any ale-house, victualling-house, or strong-water house; sending for any wine, punch, rum, strong waters, spirits, or any other liquors unnecessarily; tippling; walking about during the time of public worship; pursuing ordinary callings or doing ordinary work; selling or buying; neglect of public worship.

In the meantime, the Grand Inquest in 1629 had presented Mary Frith, the wife of Henry Frith, 'for breaking of the Saboath by making of an apron', and on the same day three boys, William Alberie, Edward Harman and Thomas Farrer were brought before the Court 'for prophaneing the Saboth day by fishing'. While the following year, a Captain Jennings fell foul of the law by 'permitting a gang of his to carry a caske in a boat for ffig drinke on the Saboth day'.

In fact, Sundays were kept entirely for 'holy exercises'—a day on which there should be no merry talking, jesting, or singing of songs; let alone travel, fishing, games! . . . Later, both shores of St. George's Harbour and the north coast, were patrolled all day Sunday by the leading parishioners to ensure that nobody was sailing or 'shoaling'.

A complaint was even voiced against the aristocratic governor, William Popple, that sometimes of a Sunday evening after Divine Service he played

at trap or cricket in his own park. However, he defended himself by remarking that he had seen the same in many an English village under the benevolent eye of the clergy.

Rather ironically, two of the Church sidesmen were admonished for pulling their boat further up the beach on a Sunday.

SCANDALOUS LIVING. In case the more specific charges did not catch every offender in their meshes, the all-embracing charge of scandalous living could be made to cover Loose Living, Neglect of Children, and any other moral offence not previously categorised.

A Proclamation was issued in 1652:

> for the restrayning of the evell (of neglected children) whose parents keep them at home and will not hear of putting them forth as servants that they may be brought up in some honest labour or calling, according to the Law and Coustomes of the parrishes in England. It is petitioned that every Tribe or Parrish may have power to put them out to service whereby they may be kept from Idlenes which is the root of all mischiefe.

The following year, a second Proclamation inveighed against:

> the fondness and folly in many parents over their children who choose rather to marry and bring up children in idlenes than to make provision for theire Trayneing up in some manuell occupation whereby they may be kept from sloth and laziness but alsoe made able to get their livelihood by some commendable course of life.

But far more punishable was the behaviour of such as Ellen Gardiner, whose husband in 1627 applied to the Court with a complaint of her 'loose life'—whereupon he was granted an attestation 'to the end hee may obteyne a Divorce from her by authoritie from England'. And at the Assizes of June 1667, the wife of John Bayly of Devonshire Tribe was presented 'for that shee, the said Susana, is a person of scandalous life, found by her Conversation to promote dissention in the neighbourhood'. She was 'ducked with three ducks . . . from aboard a vessels yard arme lying at the Bridge'. Slightly different was a case in 1651 where both parties shared the blame, Nicholas Spencer and his wife being presented 'for very Lewd Livers'; and a Thomas Longbottome 'for conniveinge at his wife's infidelity' was declared infamous.

WITCHCRAFT. The terrible prevailing delusion of the 17th century, the belief that many people had made a deliberate pact with Satan in exchange for superhuman powers, held sway in the Somers Islands from 1650 to 1696. The Scottish prisoners from the Royalist wars, sold into servitude in Bermuda, certainly tended to strengthen this horrible superstition which, in the British Isles, had been fostered by James I, that wisest fool in Christendom. Certainly Josias Fforster, in his last term of office as Governor of Bermuda, lent himself to a travesty of judicial enquiry which was in fact a brutal persecution of many harmless old women and half-crazy men. Altogether there were 22 witchcraft trials here, with six convictions, of which one was reprieved since she was found to be pregnant. The remaining five were hanged at Gallows Island (now a part of Ordnance Island) off the town square at St. George's. One of the *tests* for witchcraft was that of

'swimming the witch'—that is to say, the victim was thrown into water where, if the body floated, it was regarded as proof that the waters of Christ's baptism had earlier been rejected. . . . Only one man was among those hanged for this offence and he proved to be the weakest vessel. All of the women went to their deaths protesting their innocence despite their 'rejection' by water. John Middleton confessed to what he hardly understood; but in doing so he involved others in his fate, since those who pleaded guilty were forced to name accomplices with whom they had foregathered.

This was the wave that later broke on Salem.

WRECKING. In the early days of the colony's history, wrecking became quite a flourishing business, when disabled ships upon the reefs were gleefully referred to as 'turtles in the net'. A—probably apocryphal—legend that clings to ancient St. Anne's Church in Southampton, is of the stormy Sunday night when, during his sermon, the parson noticed some of his restless congregation slipping out of the church. 'Now, boys', he is reputed to have said, glancing through the windows at the turbulent sea and tucking up his gown, 'just wait for the blessing, so that we'll all start fair!'

Be that as it may, the record of the Assizes of December 1652, contains a lengthy reference to the barbarous lengths to which Bermudians went in attacking and destroying ships in distress that fell upon the coast 'to the great dishonor of Almighty god whose name we make profession on and to the shame and disgrace of this Plantation. . . . It was then ordered that a proclamation should issue forth for the restrayning of this evil'.

Here, then, is a brief selection; other 'crimes' include 'wife beating', 'swearing', 'tale-bearing', 'scolding, nagging and quarrelling', 'immorality', 'incest', 'incontinency', 'infanticide', 'insolence', 'lying', 'slander', 'sloth', 'smuggling', 'stabbing and wounding', 'bastardy', 'blasphemy and profanity', 'wearing brave apparel', 'brawling', 'burglary', 'coining and melting down of coin', 'adultery', 'dealing with aliens', 'neglect of conjugal duties', 'contempt of court and of the government of these islands', 'cruelty', 'defamation of character', 'desertion from local militia', 'theft and pilfering', 'treason' (as distinct from *petit treason*), 'un-natural offences', 'vagrancy', 'destruction of natural resources', 'keeping disorderly houses', 'disturbing public worship', 'drunkenness', 'familiarity', 'forestalling', 'fornication', 'promoting unlawful games', 'heresy', 'immodest behaviour' and the 'unlawful presentation of stage plays'.

Horribly ingenious methods of punishment and correction were soon put into effect in an effort to restrain all these crimes and moral offences. These will be considered in Part II of this article.

[Terry Tucker, novelist and historian, will contribute an article on 'Punishment in Bermuda Seventeenth Century Style', in a later issue.]

MENCKEN'S THIS WORLD SATIRE

by R. Olivar-Bertrand

A FEW weeks ago my family doctor said: 'I am not worried by the mistakes of our presidents. I am worried by the enormous mass of people who endorse them.' My dear Doc is a nonconformist, one among the thousands isolated in this big country, all of them apparently lost in a magma of more than two hundred million people. Apparently, as it was in Henry Louis Mencken's times, with whom legions of Americans identify themselves better than with Rev. Billy Graham, Mencken was certainly not a radical, but he didn't share either the gorgeous belief that God, the United States flag and the President are an inmutable trinity. Since his adolescence, Mencken decided 'to be the native American Voltaire, the enemy of all puritans, the heretic in the Sunday School, the one-man demolition crew of the genteel tradition, the unregenerated neighbourhood brat who stretches a string in the alley to trip the bourgeoisie on its pious homeward journey'.[1]

Born in Baltimore in 1880, he died there in 1956. According to the sketches published on the aftermath of his trespass, we know that he was a journalist, critic, philologist, and a champion of heterodoxy[2] against conventional principles and mortality. Deep down in his heart, Mencken was a pessimist, maybe because of his humorous traits . . ., maybe because he passionately liked the truth, as he wrote about Havelock Ellis, 'the unsafest of all things to tell'.[3] No utopia is looming up in his writings; but deep down, I repeat, an aura of melancholia is plucked up in each of them, *e.g.* in his Notebooks, published posthumously as Minority Report. We read:

> I know a great many more people than most men, and in wider and more diverse circles, yet my life is essentially one of isolation, and so is that of every man. We not only have to die alone; we also, save for a few close associates, have to live alone[4]

Only a harvest of Mencken's multifarious topics, no matter how modest it be, can give us his spiritual profile. Let's begin with religion which he saw, as many Victorians did at the turn of the century, 'apparently foundering, in a final irretrievable plunge, after a long-drawn-out process of settling lower and lower', as Arnold Toynbee has recently written.[5] Mencken had no leisure to verify what the British historian did, that the ancient and supposedly extinct religion 'promptly sprang up again like a jack-in-the-box'.[6] So we shall quote Mencken that

> all great religions, in order to escape absurdity, have to admit a dilution of agnosticism. It is only the savage, whether of the African bush or the American gospel tent, who pretends to know the will and intent of God exactly and completely. . . .[7]

Mencken knew no graveyard of dead gods. He piled them in oblivion, in a crowded hell of

> mighty gods in their day, worshipped by millions, full of demands and impositions, able to bind and loose—all gods of the first class, not dilettanti. . . . Men laboured for generations to build vast temples to them—temples with stones

> as large as hay-wagons. The business of interpreting their whim occupied thousands of priests, wizards, archdeacons, evangelists, haruspices, bishops, archbishops. To doubt them was to die, usually at the stake. Armies took the field to defend them against infidels: villages were burned, women and children were butchered, cattle were driven off. . . .[8]

All had gone down the chute. And Mencken listed them, almost two hundred, 'theoretically omnipotent, omniscient and immortal', and all were dead. In a letter to Alfred A. Knopf, his editor, Mencken encourages him to publish a compilation to be called *The Agnostic Handbook,* in which the following items had to be included: (a) Huxley's essay on the value of witness to the miraculous; (b) extracts from Haeckel, Wheless, Paine, Ingersoll . . .; (c) contradictions and absurdities in the Bible; (d) summaries of the butcheries during the Inquisition; (e) extracts from New England Blue Laws. . . .[9] Two years later, Mencken keeps his friend Charles Angoff aware of his finding in the Near East:

> If you ever want any Jordan water for baptising children let me know I have a large supply of it. It is very powerful and one drop upon the tongue of a dog is sufficient to convert him to Christianity.[10]. . . By this mail I am sending you one of the gallstones of Adam. It was removed from his carcass in prehistoric times and preserved in the museum of Jerusalem. I had it stolen by a friendly English policeman. Please handle it carefully. As you will observe I have had it wrapped in asbestos. It is of immense potency and may easily set a house afire. It cures ordinary warts in three minutes and can stop a cold in no more than ten.[11]

Both 'the first' Aldous Huxley and Mencken saw in the Western culture ascendancy of reality over fantasy, the nerve of risk and adventure, scoffing at the inhabitants of those Asiatic parts where men 'stayed at home and contemplated their navels'.[12]

Smart people of every century have been critics of their times and nation, 'most of them piously hated by the contemporaries, 100 percenters, some of them actually fugitives from rage and reprisal', reminds Mencken. The first targets were usually the politicians and the traders of patriotism, portraited by Mencken in a simple sentence: 'Whenever you hear a man speak of his love for his country it is a sign that he expects to be paid for it'.[13] A good politician? It was as unthinkable as an honest burglar. In his contempt of the mob, made up of 100 percenters conformists—blue, white, even learned collars—Mencken included military and clergymen, too:

> A professional soldier, regarded realistically, is much worse than a professional politician, for he is a professional murderer and kidnapper, whereas the politician is only a professional sharper and sneak-thief. A clergyman, too, begins to shrink and shrivel on analysis; the work he does in the world is basically indistinguishable from that of an astrologer, a witch-doctor or a fortune teller. He pretends falsely that he can get sinners out of hell, and collects money from them on that promise, tacit or express.[14]

More than often we are given reasons why the working classes in the United States vote conservative, while the contrary is what we see in the rest of the western world. Does it explain the scarce possibilities of a Great Revolution taking place in this country? Mencken says: 'The plutocracy is comprehensible to the mob because its aspirations are essentially

those of inferior men: it is not by accident that Christianity, a mob religion, paves heaven with gold and precious stones, *i.e.* with money'.[15]

Mencken always recognised the hard time women had, oppressed, as they had been, 'by man-made laws, man-made social customs, masculine egoism, and the delusion of masculine superiority'.[16] In *Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub,* Theodore Dreiser had written: 'Does the average strong, successful man confine himself to one woman? Has he ever?', to which Mencken replied:

> Did he argue that Otto von Bismarck was not a 'strong, successful man'? If not, he should have known that Bismarck was a strict monogamist—a man full of sin, but always faithful to his Johanna. Again, there was Thomas Henry Huxley. Again, there was William Ewart Gladstone. Yet, again, there were Robert Schumann, Felix Mendelssohn. Johann Sebastian Bach, Ulysses S. Grant, Andrew Jackson, Robert Browning, William T. Sherman, Sam Adams. . [17]

The truth, always the truth and nothing but the truth, seems to have been the highest apophthegm in Mencken's literary output. Next, courage to communicate it against the whole drift of the American law, as he viewed it, headed toward

> the absolute prohibition of all ideas that diverge in the slightest from the accepted platitudes, and behind that drift of law, there is a far more potent force of growing custom, and under that custom there is a national philosophy which erects conformity into the noblest of virtues and the free functioning of personality into a capital crime against society.[18]

Mencken disliked actors and, of all actors, he hated 'the most offensive to the higher cerebral centres'—the one who pretended intellectuality. . . .[19] Did Mencken know that Bertrand Russell never called himself an intellectual? What Mencken knew is that the commonest issues in this world should be recalled, persuaded as he was that in doing it with art and wit, they never tire. Making fun of originality, in which he didn't believe,[20] Mencken ran through life voicing old truths wrapped in vigorous expression.[21] And this he derived from one of his beloved authors—George Bernard Shaw.[22]

To say the least we must remember that, since Petronius, the best satirists have always exaggerated the evils they felt compelled to skin. Also we must add the daring political criticism—better autocriticism—permitted in the United States, inconceivable in most countries. And in re-reading these particular quotations, we should not forget the wise sentence of Oliver Wendell Holmes (one of the two excellent judges excepted by Mencken in his diatribe) saying that 'All generalisations are false, even this one'. . . . Mencken was not gleeful, but heartbroken when stating that in the United States,

> the general average of intelligence, of knowledge, of competence, of integrity, of self-respect, of honour is so low that any man who knows his trade, does not fear ghosts, has read fifty good books, and practices the common decencies stands out as brilliantly as a wart on a bald head, and is thrown willy-nilly into a meagre and exclusive aristocracy.[23]

Although admitting that third-rate men have existed in all countries, the overloaded corruption of his times led him to say that only in the United State they were 'in full control of the State, and with it of all the national standards'. Mencken undermines the adventures of the legend, and writes

about an American 'romance', not reality on, for instance, the winning of the West, too rhetorically celebrated. And contrary to the old notion that the United States was peopled by 'the offspring of brave, idealistic and liberty loving minorities', he states that

> the majority of non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants since the Revolution, like the majority of the Anglo-Saxon immigrants before the Revolution, have been, not the superior men of their lands, but the botched and the unfit; Irishmen starving to death in Ireland, Germans unable to weather the *Sturm und Drang* of the post-Napoleonic reorganisation, Italians weed-grown on exhausted soil, Scandinavians run to all bone and no brain, Jews too incompetent to swindle even the barbarous peasants of Russia, Poland and Roumania.[24]

When these sentences were written, hardly four years after the First World War, the rise and despotic rule of Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler and Franco, to name but a few, had not begun. The waves of immigrants set in motion by Nazism, the Spanish Civil War and the Second World War were still in the future, and so the arrival on these shores of thousands of persecuted men, excellent professors, first-rate artists and writers, as well as plain diligent people eager to share their skills with the American community. For Mencken the youth of the American people was a myth, the idealist doctrine emitted by Wilson and Company had been 'icing on the cake', poverty and hardship in the United States rare and almost unknown. . . .[25] He closed his argument saying that 'capitalism, in the long run, will win in the United States, if only for the reason that every American hopes to be a capitalist before he dies'.[26]

On the margin of all printed texts, let us remember Mencken's opposition to both Communism and Fascism, which his comprehensive and liberal mind took as disgusting aberrations, especially the latter. 'I suspect that the Fascists will grab and hang us long before the Communists get a chance at us', writes Mencken just when Hitler had begun squeezing Germany; and his wholehearted friendship pushes him to add: 'In any case, it will be a pleasure to accompany you to the death-house'.[27] Three years later, when the frenzied Nazis were sweeping their country with terrorism, shocking the world and arousing Popular Fronts everywhere, Mencken rejects every form of socialism. In a long letter to a well known American Humanist, Corliss Lamont, he states:

> Thus I agree with you completely that, if anything resembling Communism is ever set up in America, it will probably come in by some route differing considerably from the Russian route, and produce different effects. Nevertheless, it seems to me to be fair to say that when the American Communist speaks of revolution, the thing they have in mind is essentially a repetition of the Russian Revolution. And that the thing which principally excites them is the thought that, when it comes, they will get a grand chance to cut off the ears of persons they now dislike.[28]

The word 'social' was particularly suspect to Mencken. Lacking the philosophical maturity of, say, Professor Ayer, in assuming that some form of socialism must be the best cure for the ills of every human society, Mencken categorically declares:

> My belief is that all the progress of humanity has been due to differences between man and man. Every effort to eliminate these differences artificially carries with it an appalling social cast. The Russians, I am convinced, will

> produce nothing really worth while, whether in the arts or the sciences. They are not heading towards the civilisation that every enlightened man values, but toward the stupid pseudo-civilisation of the South and the Middle West. . . .[29]

Taken overall, Mencken's cogent satire did a lot to stirring the traditional mental ataraxia of 'the good American' so much praised by the Daughters of the American Revolution. To say that he could do it with less eloquence, *i.e.* less journalism, is another thing. Occasionally, we feel compelled to remind him of two lines of Poe:

> Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

NOTES

[1] Alistair Cooke, from the Introduction of his *The Vintage Mencken* (New York, Vintage Books, 1955), p. IX.

[2] 'An old student of heresy', in words of Will Durant. From a letter to Mencken, Aug 18, 1926. (The Mencken Papers, Manuscript Division, NYPL.) So far the best bibliography we have is Enoch Pratt Free Library Baltimore, *H.L.M.: the Mencken bibliography compiled by Betty Adler with the assistance of Jane Wilhelm. Published for the E.P.F.L.B., on the occasion of its 75th anniversary* (Johns Hopkins Press, 1961).

[3] 'The Cult of Hope', in *Prejudices, Second Series* (N.Y., Knopf, 1920).

[4] Quoted by James T. Farrell, in his Introduction of *H. L. Mencken Prejudices. A Selection* (N.Y., Vintage Books, 1958), p. xi.

[5] *Experiences* (London, Oxford Univ. Press, 1969), p. 321.

[6] *Ibidem.*

[7] 'Quid est Veritas', from *Damn! A Book of Calumny* (N.Y., Philip Goodman, 1918).

[8] 'Memorial Service', from *Prejudices, Third Series* (N.Y., Knopf, 1922).

[9] Baltimore, July 8, 1932 (Mencken Papers, MSS Div. NYPL).

[10] April 12, 1934. *Ibidem.*

[11] April 17, 1934. *Ibidem.*

[12] E. H. Hutten, 'Culture One and Indivisible', in *Humanist* (London, May 1971), p. 137.

[13] From *Sententia* /1912-48/, selected by Alistair Cooke, *op. cit.*, p. 231.

[14] 'The Politician', from *Prejudices, Fourth Series* (N.Y., Knopf, 1924).

[15] 'A Glance Ahead', from *Notes on Democracy* (N.Y., Knopf, 1926).

[16] 'The incomparable Buzz-Saw', from *The Smart Set,* May 1919.

[17] 'Cavia Cobaya', *Ibidem,* August 1920.

[18] 'The National Letters', from *Prejudices, Second Series* (N.Y., Knopf, 1920).

[19] 'The Cerebral Mime', *Ibidem.* One of Mencken's bibliographic items reads: *The Charlatanry of the learned* (1937).

[20] 'Originality is no longer possible—even in sin', runs an Epigram of Oscar Wilde.

[21] Had he read Emerson's 'The man is only half himself, the other half is his expression'? ('The Poet', from *Essays, Second Series,* 1883.)

[22] See his *Bernard Shaw; his plays* (Boston, J. W. Luce, 1905).

[23] 'On being an American', from *Prejudices, Third Series* (N.Y., Knopf, 1922).

[24] *Ibidem.*

[25] *Ibidem.*

[26] In a letter to Aldous Huxley, October 27, 1934 (Mencken Papers), he stresses his conviction: 'There is not one chance in a million that the United States will ever go Communist. The Americano is incurably capitalist in his hopes, if not in his talk.'

[27] To Will Durant, October 3, 1933 (Mencken Papers).

[28] To Corliss Lamont, April 22, 1936 (*Ibidem*).

[29] Also to Corliss Lamont, May 9, 1936 (*Ibidem*).

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MAKING COLLECTIVE SECURITY EFFECTIVE

by Paul Derrick

WHEN Barbara Ward made the final speech at the International Disarmament Conference of Non-Governmental Organisations in Geneva in September 1972 she declared that the experience of history suggested that man would find a way of achieving complete and general disarmament in spite of the very great difficulty of the task. Law and order was maintained within nation states by the organised use of force; and one day a way would be found of establishing peace throughout the planet.

Like the League of Nations, the United Nations was intended to provide an effective system of collective security and Article 43 of its Charter laid down the way in which it would operate. But Article 43 was never really put into effect because effective power lay with the great powers represented on the Security Council and, in particular, with the United States and the Soviet Union which both came to possess massive nuclear potential. The United Nations was compelled to do what it could to maintain peace and to prevent minor disputes developing into major ones.

Forces serving under the authority of the United Nations have helped to keep the peace in various places, as in Cyprus and the Middle East; and have occasionally operated on a substantial scale as in the Congo. Sometimes, as in Biafra and Pakistan, it has been difficult to determine whether a conflict was a breach of the peace or merely a civil disturbance or civil war in which case intervention by the United Nations would have been interference with the sovereign right of a government to maintain law and order in its own territory.

As talks continue on strategic arms limitation and on mutually balanced force reductions in Europe, statesmen may be wondering whether the peace keeping operations of the United Nations might one day develop into an effective system of collective security and ultimately into some form of world government. It may be that some form of collective security or world government is an essential condition of complete and general disarmament; though progress towards these things might only be achieved gradually as the arms race was slowly brought under control by patient negotiation.

There appear to be three major obstacles to the peace keeping operations of the United Nations developing an effective system of collective security. The first is that collective security did not work very well in the inter-war years. Governments were expected to assume unlimited liability; but in practice members of the League were not prepared to take military or effective economic action against clear cases of aggression as in Manchuria and Abyssinia. The second obstacle is the fact that neither the League nor the United Nations has had the *resources* to take effective action against aggressors. And the third major obstacle is the fact that the world is locked in an ideological confrontation which makes it difficult for Great Powers to commit themselves to collective security.

The League of Nations was remarkably successful in preventing re-armament until the Disarmament Conference of 1932. It stopped four wars after they began within a few days and settled scores of disputes by peaceful means. It was only in the thirties, with the rise of the Nazis following the great depression and the machinations of the arms manufacturers and the failure of the Disarmament Conference of 1933, that the weakness of the League became apparent. In the post war years a number of countries have been prepared to provide troops for service with United Nations' peace keeping operations, in accordance with Article 43 of the United Nations Charter. The mechanics of United Nations peace keeping operations are kept under review by the Committee of Thirty Three which reports annually to the UN General Assembly. The troops of many smaller countries have done good work in the service of the United Nations and the question arises as to whether a sizable proportion of the armed forces of all countries might not be permanently organised for such service with their own uniforms and command structure and ships and aircraft quite separate from the national forces of each nation state.

Collective security did not work very well in the thirties, partly because governments were reluctant to commit their peoples to war with a major power. When war did break out President Roosevelt promised the allies 'all aid short of war'. Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon knew that the American people were not prepared to go to war over Vietnam or Cambodia—so war was not declared. Some technical advisers were sent instead, to be followed later by troops. In the Spanish civil war the Germans and the Italians sent troops and planes but they did not declare war—nor did the despatch of the International Brigades involve any declaration of war.

In the Middle Ages the feudal system of maintaining law and order worked—in its way—partly because the liability of feudal lords to a monarch or overlord was *limited* to the provision of military contingents without necessarily involving war. Mercenary forces have quite often been used in support of national forces and they might also be used in support of international law and order. It is worth recalling that the Swiss Confederation had some difficulty in making collective security work effectively between the formation of the Confederation in 1291 and the Defensional of Wyl in 1647.

This matter is discussed in some detail by Professor William Rappard in his book *Collective Security in Swiss Experience* (Allen and Unwin 1948). At the time of the Defensional of Wyl most of the thirteen sovereign cantons were Catholic but the Protestant cantons were more populous and wealthy. The Defensional provided for a force of 12,000 men made up of limited contingents from each canton; and it appears to have worked better than previous arrangements had done precisely because the liability of the various cantons was limited. The Defensional was, of course, ultimately superseded by a federal constitution and a federal army; but the history of the sovereign Swiss cantons while they were still sovereign surely has lessons for the sovereign states of today.

If the armed forces of all countries were organised on a dual basis with substantial forces, quite distinct from national forces, specifically organised for service with the United Nations, collective security might, perhaps, stand a better chance of working effectively. Such forces might provide the nucleus for some kind of 'International Police Force'; but one very formidable problem would be the *financing* of any such force. The resources of the United Nations are very small indeed compared with those of most governments and, indeed, compared with those of many multinational corporations. As its costs increase with continuing inflation and as member states quibble about certain contributions which they could easily afford the organisation finds itself perpetually balancing on the verge of debt. Its precarious financial situation makes it more difficult for it to fulfil its proper functions.

There is a clear need for the financial strength and the authority of the United Nations to be greatly increased and the need to sort out the world's monetary problems might possibly provide a way of doing this. As inflation has continued in the post war years national reserves in the form of gold have inevitably declined as *a proportion of world imports* which has tended to have an adverse effect upon world trade. Fortunately, Britain and America have been running adverse payments balances and pounds and dollars have been widely acceptable as 'reserve currencies' in place of gold. Overseas military spending and the expansion of multinational corporations have contributed to these payments deficits; but the rest of the world is not willing that world trade should continue to be financed by such payments deficits. In theory payments deficits have to be repaid one day and there has recently been a certain unwillingness to hold dollars. But as it is absurd to rely on gold discoveries to finance the expansion of world trade the nations have agreed to issue Special Deposit Receipts, sometimes called Special Drawing Rights, or 'paper gold', to ensure that reserves are sufficient to finance world trade in spite of inflation.

Many people believe that in an inflationary world national currencies in general and the dollar in particular are not likely to maintain their value as well as gold. The purchasing power of the dollar has declined significantly since 1934 and the free market price of gold has risen over threefold since 1968 to over $120; but the official dollar price of gold has only been increased very slightly and the US Government has strongly resisted any further increase. One result of this is that many people and governments are unwilling to hold dollars.

Mr. Nixon talks a great deal about getting away from gold but his real purpose seems to be to hang on to the still large US stocks of gold; and when he insists on the gold value of the dollar being maintained when its real value has fallen he is behaving in essentially the *same* way as Herbert Hoover was forty years ago when he insisted on the dollar price of gold remaining the same in the name of maintaining the gold standard. The rigid and doctrinaire US attitude on gold, insisting on the maintenance of an artificial price of gold while talking of getting away from gold, has undoubtedly contributed to talk of the possibility of trade war. If the

reserves of all countries holding gold were increased by a substantially higher gold price it would stimulate demand for US and other exports and increase the real value of US gold reserves. To change the price of gold when it is expedient to do so is, of course, the direct opposite of returning to the gold standard with its rigid link between the accident of gold supplies and the supply of money to meet the need of trade. The Russians are realistic enough to recognise the relevance of the gold price (as well as having an interest in the matter) and a substantial change may well be part of a general settlement when the experts have found how difficult it is to make the international monetary system work while maintaining the gold price at an artificial level. The small adjustment in 1971 was due to the insistent demands of practically all major trading countries except the US.

But if the price of gold is raised significantly it will not only help the Russians and the South Africans as producers; it will also mean a windfall for the rich countries of the world, such as France and the US, that hold most of the gold. This is clearly unfair to the developing countries whose needs are so much greater. If the official price of gold should be trebled it would be therefore reasonable for the countries holding gold to transfer say one quarter of their government stocks to the UN: or possibly to the IMF to be held *on behalf of the UN*. With one quarter of the world's governmental gold stocks the financial position of the UN would be considerably stronger than at the present time. Every member state of the UN issues currency for the use of its people and the currency is acceptable partly because the law says it must be accepted but also because it is convertible into other and more generally acceptable currencies.

The UN itself, as a world government in embryo, should also have the power to issue money and its money would be more acceptable if it possessed large gold stocks, larger than those of any single country. It is sometimes suggested that the Special Deposit Receipts issued by the International Monetary Fund are a kind of money, a kind of 'paper gold'—and so they are in that they are generally acceptable which is the basic characteristic of money by definition. But SDR is an idiotic name. Any real international money should have a *physical existence* like any national currency and a convenient *name* such as 'international dollars'. The introduction of decimal coinage into Britain would have been more difficult than it was if the monetary authorities, anxious to make a mystery out of money, had decreed that the new unit of account should be designated Personal Drawing Rights instead of New Pence. It is not convenient to use the letters SDR as a unit of account.

When Mr. Maxwell Stamp proposed in 1960 that the International Monetary Fund should have power to issue 'Fund Certificates' along the lines of what have since been called SDRs, he proposed that they should be issued not to the major trading nations more or less in proportion to their trade but to the developing countries more or less in proportion to their need. He also proposed that the Fund Certificates should be *given* to developing countries and not merely lent: owned reserves are clearly of more value to any country than a kind of an overdraft. The need for

SDRs to be largely non-repayable has since been recognised; but the rich countries showed at UNCTAD III that they were very unwilling to accept any kind of link between the issues of SDRs and aid to developing countries. The idea that this would be inflationary was effectively demolished at UNCTAD III: inflation is, after all, something that is generated internally. And some time before UNCTAD III Professor Triffin suggested in the review of the *Banco di Lavoro* not only that SDRs should be used to help developing countries but that they should also be used to help UN agencies such as the World Health Organisation. It is but a short step from this to say they should be used to help finance the UN itself: and that they should be issued by the IMF *on behalf of the UN.*

A large part of the world's money is issued by commercial banks and bankers are inclined to think that this is part of the natural order of things. Others, however, believe that the issue of money is one of the the functions of the state and that if an international currency is issued by the IMF it should cease to be a profit making corporation and should become an agency of the United Nations as the precursor of a World Government. Moreover if the UN is to become some kind of a World Government it should possess not only the *power to issue money*—one of the prime marks of a government—but also the *power to tax.* If the member states of the United Nations want to create an effective system of collective security it would, therefore, be useful for them to give the UN the power to *tax member states in proportion to their expenditure on arms.*

The European Economic Community with its community levies on imports has set the world an example on international taxation. A part of the revenue from Value Added Tax in Common Market countries will also go to Community funds and a similar arrangement could be made with corporation tax. It should not be too difficult to calculate governmental expenditure on arms or for the United Nations to levy a tax on member states in proportion to their expenditure on arms. If it was a very heavy tax it might tend to discourage such expenditure; but expenditure on forces organised for service with the United Nations would naturally be exempt from the tax.

By measures of this kind it might be possible to strengthen the United Nations financially and enable it to make considerable progress towards becoming a world government. If the UN had revenues and resources comparable to those of a major power member states might be more disposed to pay attention to its resolutions.

It may be that complete and general disarmament will depend upon the creation of some kind of World Government; but it is difficult to envisage this in a world divided into communist and non-communist states. The US intervened in Vietnam because it was unwilling to see the whole of the country under communist rule but may by its intervention have antagonised many people in developing countries and increased the chances of communist revolutions in some of them.

Revolutions—which may actually lead to war—arise partly because of the great poverty of millions of people in developing countries and their

contrast with the great wealth of a relatively small number of people in the rich industrialised countries. These inequalities are no longer acceptable, particularly as the world seems to be moving towards an ecological crisis which will make demands for greater equality more insistent. The capitalist pattern of production which has contributed considerably to these inequalities is not really acceptable either; and there is increasing talk of participation and new forms of industrial relationships. Some of these were discussed at the third Congress of the International Industrial Relations Association held in London in September 1973 with delegates from both East and West. Mr. Heath seems to have become an interventionist and a planner while the Yugoslavs appear to be dedicated to *laisser faire*, whereas reforms in Hungary and the Soviet Union are moving towards participation. If a convergence of ideas about the ordering of industrial production in what can be called a co-operative direction leads to a lessening of ideological tensions and thus to disarmament it will at the same time help both East and West to increase their aid to developing countries.

The November issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Labour Party in a Capitalist Society* by Oliver Stanley, *Some Royal Marriages of the Past* by Sir Charles Petrie, *Photography and Reproduction* by E. Maxwell Fry and *Francisco Morazán and Central American Unity* by Lionel King.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

The Salamander. Morris West. Heinemann. £2.25. *The Fatal Gift*. Alec Waugh. W. H. Allen. £2.50. *Lent Term*. Elizabeth Sutherland. Constable. £2.20. *The Eye of the Storm*. Patrick White. Jonathan Cape £2.95. *Dances of Death*. Gillian Tindall. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.25. *The Sailor and the Fox*. Brian Burland. Eyre Methuen. £1.95. *The Lionheads*. Josiah Bunting. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.50. *Three Wogs*. Alexander Theroux. Chatto and Windus. £2.25.

For the student of politics who sees the shift of power between parties as a disciplined, well mannered affair, *The Salamander* will provide a rude awakening. The setting of Morris West's new novel is post-war Italy and the action covers the volcanic upheavals in 1945 of a country ideologically and geographically disintegrated. Regional rather than national allegiances do not make for governmental solidarity and with such fundamental issues at stake the ferocity of internecine warfare is scarcely surprising. Abduction, ambush, ruin, exile—even death may be the penalty meted out to those civilian guerrillas who fear the ascendancy of Communism as much as the return of Fascism during the birth-pangs of the new democracy.

The Salamander of the title is in fact a mythical creature who lives in fire. Thus, it can be taken as a symbol of survival. In the present context it is also the secret code name of one Cavaliere Bruno Manzini and his intrepid followers. Manzini is the bastard half-brother of the Count Pantleoni, General of the Italian Military Staff, an austere military officer of the old school, who, as cryptically announced in the opening paragraph, is found by his servant 'dead in bed'. This is the point at which the narrator, Dante Aligheri Matucci, a highly respected Colonel of the State Secret Service, enters the stage with an assignment to 'stage a clean exit for the corpse'. That the general, an ardent neo-Fascist, was murdered rather than a victim of 'cardiac failure by natural causes' is immediately plain to Matucci: and through the dead man's papers and possessions the existence of the Salamander cult is quickly established. Early on in the search the trail leads Matucci to Pantleoni's Polish-born mistress, Lili Anders, herself a 'double agent', deeply enmeshed in the dangerous power-game. With commendable dispatch, Matucci makes his own proprietorial arrangement with her. In contrast to the uncompromising display of masculine malevolence, Lili's protestations of emotional integrity have a phoney ring, and failure to portray the only female character effectively seriously detracts from the overall impression of authenticity. Despite this defect, *The Salamander*, already a Literary Guild choice and Book of the Month choice in the United States, will not disappoint the reader with a taste for a highly coloured background and the gratuitous ingredients of lust and violence.

Power politics of a much less effectual kind form the backbone of Alec Waugh's new novel, *The Fatal Gift*. For anyone who has followed the vicissitudes of authorship and publishing over the past five decades, the name of Waugh—the brothers, Alec and Evelyn, together with their influential father, Managing Director of Chapman and Hall for many years—serves as a

twentieth century milestone. Evelyn died recently, leaving behind him a string of books which are a part of inter-war social history. Alec, happily, lives on to produce, after a brief silence, a new very long novel, so contrived that Arthur, Evelyn and a number of literary celebrities of their day are presented as semi-fictional characters; with the author, Alec, as a Maughamesque 'observer'. The narrator first meets Raymond Peronne, 'the second son of an obscure but affluent peer' in his brother, Evelyn's rooms at Oxford. The life story of this man,—gifted, though never achieving anything spectacular, spans five decades, backgrounded by home politics and the 1939-1945 war. On a purely temporary basis Raymond Peronne takes up residence in Dominica, in which unusual small kingdom—despite occasional forays,—he passes the remainder of his life, regardless of repeated attempts by family and friends to lure him home to England. Many personal entanglements and ups and downs disturb his peace during a half century of self-imposed exile and inevitably the people who surround Peronne tend to become shadowy as they are taken up and set down again at the narrator's whim, which method frequently has the result of slowing down the action. Alec Waugh's best achievement in this novel is as a descriptive writer. The presentation of the doomed, enchanted island in all its moods is impressive, a reminder of earlier successes; yet his narrative skill breaks through in a most effective finale. The explanation as to why Raymond was unable or unwilling to leave Dominica is a singularly dramatic one, for it concerns a 'spell' cast on him by a native woman who has formed an obscene Lesbian attachment for the Dominican girl he wishes to marry. Perhaps, after all, the frustration of Raymond's purpose was unimportant? Marriage, as presented by Alec Waugh, is a side issue to life: one to be relieved of its monotony by sporadic 'affairs' and his detachment serves to put the 'union of souls' into a convenient perspective.

How very different is the attitude of Elizabeth Sutherland whose first novel, *Lent Term,* presents an almost claustrophobic study of an outwardly tranquil domestic idyll. Alison Osmond has five sons by the time she is forty, and life with her clergyman husband, Ken, in a socially restricted clerical community, has become overlaid with the mundane performance of running the spacious though squalidly neglected Rectory. After the departure of her youngest child to boarding school, Alison regards the general disorder with distaste and accepts as a diversion a drive to a diocesan committee meeting in company with the Rural Dean, during which innocent expedition she finds amusement in probing the reasons for his childless marriage, while basking complacently in her own fecundity. Playing with fundamental issues like a child with matches, Alison soon reaps her reward. The car becomes bogged in snow on the homeward journey and Alison and the Dean spend the night at a crofter's cottage as man and wife. Oversensual and eager for a revival of her once formidable sexual desires, she arouses responses in the supposedly conventional Dean to an extent totally unenvisaged. The result for him is a serious mental breakdown. Reluctant to break off the pursuit of her quarry, Alison follows him to the mental hospital where he is incarcerated and has little compunction about telling him that she has conceived a child which he will not be allowed to acknowledge as his own.

A few weeks later, mercifully for all concerned, a convenient car-skid induces a miscarriage; thus Alison is spared the ordeal of living a lie with her husband and five sons and the author the necessity of the honest working-out of an important basic issue. This is disappointing, but the reader's compensation

lies in Elizabeth Sutherland's unerring ability to record the most ordinary conversations and happenings with humour and insight.

Family relationships of a totally different kind provide the subject of Patrick White's massive new novel, *The Eye of the Storm,* concerning a wealthy Australian clan, the matriarch of which, eighty-year-old Elizabeth Hunter, lies dying in her luxurious bedroom tended by three nursing sisters. A familiar narrative device is employed. As the patient fights for consciousness between bouts of oblivion, scenes and episodes of her long life re-enact themselves to form a pattern of fulfilment and frustration common to most human beings. Elizabeth Hunter has been beautiful—though not spectacularly so; she has certainly been vain and selfish and unfaithful to the honest, unexciting husband whom she has never professed to love.

There were two children of the marriage: Dorothy, the discarded wife of a French prince and the actor-knight, Basil, internationally acclaimed. A nice touch is that he approaches the reunion with his mother as though it were a star scene in a new play. Through a series of flash-backs and interior monologue sequences the lives of these two are structured as comprehensively as that of their estranged parent. Unfortunately, most of the information so expansively conveyed is not particularly interesting or original, and scarcely justifies the immense length of the novel (six hundred and eight pages). This is not to deny the acute observation of sick room routine—so effective that the reader can almost smell the antiseptics and deodorants — the city of Melbourne and surrounding Australian countryside. Yet it is hard to dismiss the conviction that the Hunter saga would have gained enormously by being drastically reduced in length.

The briefly touched upon anecdote of the short story may come as a welcome contrast to the turgid expanses of an over-long novel. Gillian Tindall has elected to present her new collection, *Dances of Death,* as 'short stories on a theme,' and in her Foreword she suggests that

> Death has now replaced sex as the great taboo subject of our otherwise frank twentieth century society... I have not explored very far—not, in fact, beyond today's prevailing idea that death equals extinction; I have not attempted to look below the horizon. It is not the extraordinary possibility of life after death which interests me at the moment but, rather the ordinariness of death, the awkward mystery, within the context of daily life.

Leaving the thriller writer aside, Gillian Tindall suggests that novelists tend to use death either as a plot mechanism or 'as an artistic solution too weighty for what has gone before'—a statement difficult to unravel in terms of the creative writer's attempt to reflect life — and death — in relation to human experience. Nor is a ready solution discoverable in a careful study of the twelve stories which, quite apart from their somewhat portentously expressed purpose, provide interesting reading on their own merits. *Mother Russia,* the story of a young girl's suicide following the disillusionment of her return to present day Moscow—the 'romantic' city from which years ago her mother fled in panic,—is probably the most arresting, but there is quiet charm in *An End in Great Russell Street,* the smoothly nostalgic account of an elderly man attempting to cross a busy street. The nerve-jarring noise of excavators becomes confused with memories of a fatal plane crash which wiped out several members of his family: and as he collapses on the pavement his own moment of extinction catches him unawares. Possibly *The Loss* is the most satisfying because despite dutiful observance to the 'theme' it conveys a promise of continuing life as well as an insistence on death. In this case, the

wife it was who died and her dog becomes the sole comfort of the bereaved husband. The dog gets lost on Hampstead Heath and is finally discovered wandering on a main road only to be rejected by the owner in order that he may be free to go on holiday abroad. Inevitably, the stories vary in quality and flexibility yet the overall impression is one of tepidity, mingled with a hope that this talented author will shortly return to the full-length novel form.

How strangely dissimilar a familiar setting can appear to different people! Brian Burland's new novel, *The Sailor and the Fox,* is about Bermuda, but the much publicised 'holiday' isle celebrating its 350th anniversary is scarcely recognisable from the tourist brochures despite vivid intermittent scenic glimpses. This is a grim, cruel, minute-by-minute description of a boxing match and its two protagonists and accounts for the entire scope of the novella, rightly described by one well-known critic as 'economical'. Occasionally, interrupting the general 'bloodiness', comes a small appealing vignette.

> One of the things Sailor liked best about their own little cottage was the ancient wooden sink in the kitchen. They had an old hand pump too that pumped water up from the tank; it made lovely gurgling noises and Sailor liked the knowledge that his ancestors, on his mother's side, had been using that pump for at least four generations. And he liked the memory of how, as a boy, on hot summer days, he'd pump and put his head under it.

It is a far cry from the self imposed brutality of professional boxing to the genuine suffering of hapless people caught in the cross fire of a contemporary war.

In *The Lionheads,* a documentary novel in the prevailing fashion, Major Josiah Bunting writes from the personal experience of a serving officer with the Mobile Riverine Force of the Ninth Infantry Division of Vietnam. In a courageous and finely phrased Foreword the author makes plain his own bitter opposition to American participation in this most debatable of all USA interventions. As he himself writes of those who unwillingly or unthinkingly took part in it:

> Many died. And of these many died uncomprehending. They might have had a notion about stopping Communism... but mainly they died because they felt obliged to be brave in the presence of their buddies, and, being brave, they were often exposed to enemy fire.

Josiah Bunting claims that *The Lionheads* is purely a work of fiction but inevitably the types described are universal and presumably drawn from life. Wisely, he has confined the action to relatively minor engagements in the Mekong Delta. These are conveyed in short, sharp episodes written in the present tense, which adds to its sense of immediacy.

As in all such conflicts the action is 'stop-go' and there are hours of tedium for the participants as well as danger. That there is no attempt to present the war as a panorama is unimportant. What comes through is the unflinching honesty of the author, making this one of the most valuable and uncompromising comments on the Vietnam war to come out of America.

And finally yet another work of fiction from the USA—*Three Wogs.* The author, Alexander Theroux, is a young writer born in Massachusetts, who spent some part of his youth in a Trappist Monastery; after which he devoted several years to a comprehensive programme of travel, including a long stay in London. The best of three long-short stories which comprise this volume, *Mrs. Proby Gets Hers,* was written as a result of acute observation of faded genteel residents in South Kensington. Mrs. Proby, with her miniature pet-dog and abominable prejudices, is a mercilessly exuberant portrait. The tedium of her daily life is relieved by the nourishment of an almost pathological hatred

of her neighbour, a Chinaman named Yunnum Fun. The distaste is mutual. He plans to murder her and does so, escaping detection. Alexander Theroux has qualities of pace and humour which are irresistible; also the ability to merge the realism with fantasy so that the dividing line is barely discernible.

Also received:

In Lord of the Golden Fan (Cassell £2.50). Christopher Nicole has written a most unusual historical novel set in the seventeenth century, concerning the true story of an Englishman, Will Adams, who sailed to the far-famed islands of Java and Sumatra and finally settled in Japan—the first Englishman to explore Japanese civilisation. Ambitious and original and definitely successful as a piece of imaginative reconstruction.

Tea on Sunday (Gollancz £2.10). In this complicated and 'authentic' style of thriller, Lettice Cooper, the well known author of many 'regional' novels, attempts her first work of detection. Until almost the end, character is more important than sensation; so much so that it is unfortunate when the story dons the mantle of a conventional crime story. The murderer is revealed rather too soon for the maintenance of tension to the last page and the would-be humorous 'trick' ending comes as something of an anti-climax.

Apple Tree Lean Down (Macdonald and Jane's £1.95). In this first novel of rural life at the turn of the century, Mary Pearce displays considerable promise. A genuine knowledge and frank discussion of the plight of the agricultural worker at this period places it far above the conventional 'country' story. Inevitably, covering as it does the span of three generations, characterisation becomes blurred with the proliferation of many additional members of the family; yet for the first half at any rate *Apple Tree Lean Down* is well worth reading.

The Rock Harvest (Constable £2.10). Extremely effective description of a remote Scottish island enhances an otherwise unexciting story by Rock Hudson about an assorted group of residents. several of whom decide to build up a shark hunting enterprise with insufficient working capital. There are good touches; the ambivalent attitude of the young hero towards two women, one of whom bears his illegitimate child, and the slow sinking of one of the partners into alchoholic apathy. A curious technical device and one which does not make for clarity, is the ambiguous presence and identity of the narrator.

NON-FICTION

JIM CALLAGHAN AND THE IRISH PROBLEM

A House Divided. Right Hon. James Callaghan, M.P. Collins, £2.50.

In December 1967 and after the devaluation crisis. Jim Callaghan left the Treasury and moved to the Home Office. I know that at this time he felt politically bruised and was seriously considering retirement for a while to the back benches. There was no political logic or necessity behind this desire but defending the parity of the pound while facing the joint hostility of the City and the narrow partisanship of the Conservative opposition had left him uncharacteristically low in spirit. How strange this all sounds in these days of patriotic-continuous devaluation.

This mood remained and indeed was reinforced by the new atmosphere of a Home Office with its residual and seemingly low-tempered responsibilities so unlike the Treasury. His mood and his view of his new responsibilities were

soon to change. Of all the Home Office problems it was that of Northern Ireland that brought out clearly the political outlook and concern for people that had brought him into the Labour Party. To see Jim Callaghan actually in the Bogside, in the Falls, in the Shankhill was to see him at his best. He showed over his period of office a feeling for understanding the Irish question and for the people of that island.

They were in his view, whether Catholic or Protestant, fundamentally decent people and could be brought together to work for the good of the province and for the island. His job on behalf of the government was to make the political changes that ought to have taken place before.

There were those in the years up to 1969 who just shut their eyes to the problem of Northern Ireland. There were others who genuinely believed that the play-it-cool approach was not 'a head in the sand' attitude but a real understanding of the nature of the problem. It would all sort itself out in time. I was given this line when as a junior defence minister I was involved in keeping job-providing facilities in the province. Regional development, large grants to Catholic schools, etc.—all this was part of the long-term approach. Whichever group they came from—and they were to be found not only in Belfast and Westminster but in Dublin—they were wrong, and Jim Callaghan is right to pay tribute to the small group of Labour members over the years, but particularly after 1964, Kevin McNamara, Stan Orme, Paul Rose, who tried to force the issue out into the House of Commons.

His book *A House Divided*, based on the records in the Home Office, gives his account of the events in the six counties when, after some forty-five years of quiescence, the affairs of Ireland reappeared on the British political scene. It was events in Northern Ireland which forced the House of Commons, the Government, and a Home Office where Northern Ireland rated at about the level of local authority bye-laws, to wake to reality. It was the basic question of civil rights, of status, that stimulated the new generation of young people emerging from Catholic schools and from higher education—the John Humes, the Austin Curries, and the Bernadette Devlins. They rejected, and for differing reasons, the old-style nationalism; they questioned the developments in the Republic. As some of them coalesced into the Social Democratic and Labour Party they allied with those of a more traditional working class approach—Gerry Fitt and Paddy Devlin in Belfast who are, as I know, correctly praised in the book.

It was civil rights and not the IRA or the border that brought Ireland back to the forefront of British politics. The great value of Jim Callaghan's book is that for the first time, and based on his own papers, there is spelled out Labour's approach to the events between 1968 and 1970—the fall of O'Neill; the splits in the Unionist party; the attitude of the government in the South; the UVF explosions; the problem of the RUC; the end of the B Specials; the intervention of British troops; the role of Quintin Hogg: the role of the Trade Unions and of the Northern Ireland Labour Party; the Cameron Report; the Downing Street Declaration. This record of the response of a Labour government is relevant today at another crucial time in Northern Ireland affairs.

To deal with Northern Ireland meant a busy life for the Secretary of State and a new organisation at the Home Office. It meant firm control by the Secretary of State himself and on his instructions by the junior ministers. It is for this reason basically that he always felt uneasy at the London-based laissez-faire approach of Reggie Maudling. It was only another version of the 'let

sleeping dogs lie' of the previous half century. It explains Jim Callaghan's praise for the ministers of Defence in the Labour Government who kept their firm control on defence responsibilities. Indeed, it was not only at the Home Office that lack of ministerial control appeared after the 1970 elections. The Carrington period at Defence, and before Littlejohn, has been marked by a slackness in administration which stems from a belief that Defence is really only another branch of Foreign Affairs. It is easier to shine in politics from the safe distance of the House of Lords.

The Maudling approach failed and Willie Whitelaw appeared and carried on where Jim Callaghan left off. They have much in common.

I, on behalf of the Labour Party, have no hesitation in supporting the Whitelaw White Paper approach. It is a belief in a political solution; it is an approach which we have influenced in practice. It does not mean unqualified approval—particularly on timing. It does mean that Ireland is not going to be the political football it was—as we are reminded in this book—in the years before 1914.

I must confess, however, despite the approach of Quintin Hogg to Jim Callaghan up to 1970 and that of Willie Whitelaw to me since 1972 — I sometimes wonder what would have happened in the House of Commons to a Labour government which had introduced the direct rule for which it was prepared. I sometimes even wonder how a large number of Conservatives in a disarrayed party which had lost a General Election would behave towards a Labour Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. None of these thoughts has weakened my resolve to support the White Paper approach. It is in essence the right direction to go.

Suppose this approach does lead to progress—then much needs to be done and soon. Very little has been said or written about the machinery of any 'Irish dimension'. It is not so long since there were cries at the mere mention of the phrase. Jim Callaghan puts forward interesting ideas on a Council of Ireland—including a constitutional court to guarantee basic civil rights.

He is firm on the need for 'Westminster to look once again at the structure of the Royal Ulster Constabulary in order to examine the possibility of separate, locally-based forces under suitable control as a better way of policing particular areas in the Province.' There is no doubt that the question of policing is currently a stumbling block to progress in the Assembly.

He puts up ideas for industrial and agricultural development. He more provocatively raises the issue of educational integration and the even more evocative subject of the history syllabus in the schools. A discussion of these alone would keep the Assembly going for months. They will have to be faced up to at some time.

A power-sharing Assembly has much work to do. In time, non-sectarian politics could develop. It is in the light of such development that I see a role for the Northern Ireland Labour Party and for the Trade Unions. They have both held their heads high in the midst of sectarianism. I have been proud to have been associated with them.

At the moment the question of whether an Assembly can be set up is still relevant. Its first meeting was both loutish and low level.

If it does fail then it will not be because of the IRA. The cause of failure will not be the SDLP or the Alliance or the small NILP—it will be because of the actions of a group of Loyalist Unionists. Jim Callaghan repeats what he has said in the House of Commons; what has been said by Harold Wilson, and by me as Shadow Secretary of State. Indeed, he speaks for the Labour Party when

he says, 'If by sabotage of the political structure of Northern Ireland the majority deliberately contracted out, then Britain should feel morally free to reconsider the link between herself and Northern Ireland, the provision of troops to Northern Ireland and the financial subsidy to the Province.'

Nobody is talking of walking out and leaving chaos. Nobody is ignoring the real problems which would need discussion first at an all-party conference and with the government of the South. Nobody is ignoring the grave problems which would even then be left. A radical reappraisal would not be easy. Civil war would be a danger and involve the South.

What is being talked about is the possibility of failure of the White Paper approach, of the approach adopted by the Wilson Government—that Catholic and Protestant can live and work together peaceably. The people of Northern Ireland need not be divided against themselves. In the end only they can solve the problem of the province and of Ireland.

But 'If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.' This is the message of the Jim Callaghan book. It is a text that should be the basis of many a sermon in Northern Ireland. *A House Divided* is an illuminating title for a history of events of 1968 and 1970 and for reflections on the future. It merits the attention of all with a real concern for the future of Northern Ireland.

MERLYN REES

THE ISRAELI KIBBUTZIM

Family and Community in the Kibbutz. Yonina Talmon. Harvard University Press, 1972. £6.

The author, a woman professor at the Hebrew University, died young in 1966. In the introduction to this book, there is a moving tribute to her by Professor S. N. Eisenstadt, head of the Department of Sociology, of which she was a member.

The present volume of over 250 pages is not strictly a book, but contains reprints of eight highly specialised papers on such matters as *The Family in Collective Settlements, Mate Selection,* and *Aging in a Revolutionary Society.* It is all part of a Hebrew University-sponsored sociological study of the Kibbutz, carried out between 1955 and 1965 by some twenty students of the Research Seminar of the Sociology Department, under Professor Yonina Talmon's direction. There is a long list of references, but not a true bibliography (for example, Bruno Bettelheim's famous book—*The Children of the Dream*—is not mentioned)

Family and Community in the Kibbutz is only for advanced students: the basic facts are taken for granted. For the general reader of this review, the following supplementary information may be of interest.

The Kibbutz movement started before World War I, somewhat by accident. There are now over 230 villages in Israel without any internal money economy. The proceeds from the sale of their agricultural and industrial production goes into a common fund in each kibbutz. Each family in the kibbutz receives free food, clothing, housing, medical care, education (for all children up to eighteen) and a rich cultural life. Admission is voluntary; but full membership is subject to acceptance by the membership of each kibbutz as a whole, after a probationary period. Members may leave whenever they wish.

In the Russian *kolkhoz,* membership is compulsory. Utopian villages have existed from time to time, especially in the United States, mostly on a religious basis. Nearly all have disintegrated after the second generation, except for the

Hutterites in Canada. Some kibbutzim in Israel are already being run by members of the third generation.

The 230 or so kibbutzim are divided between four federations: one—very small—is for those that are very religious. Of the other three federations (with approximately 75 kibbutzim each), one is for the larger villages, another is very left wing; the third is less so.

In recent years, there have been three main developments in the kibbutzim. Most of them have established small factories; about 40 per cent of their income is now derived from industry, and only 60 per cent from agriculture. Secondly, they employ a certain number of non-members, to the distress of some purists. Thirdly, nearly all of the older kibbutzim are now well-off.

Taken as a whole, the kibbutzim provide Israel with much of its leadership, both moral and military. The conflict between these two aspects is well analysed in a paperback, *The Seventh Day,* based on conversations with the younger members.

The kibbutzim have also provided a vision of what Man is capable of. To me, they seem to be the most important contribution from that part of the world since the Bible. In some respects, they are almost too good to be true.

The kibbutzim are a product of a particular place and time, in response to a particular set of circumstances. So far, all attempts to found copies of the kibbutz in other countries, with non-Jewish members, have so far been unsuccessful.

I must confess that I am always afraid when a swarm of sociologists and psychologists descend on any phenomenon. In their resultant reports, it is often hard to see the wood for the trees. Nevertheless, I welcome the present volume, in the hope that some of its readers will be moved to come to Israel and see for themselves how far the kibbutzim have developed. They already attract thousands of young people from all over the world who work in the villages every summer. They are attracted by the socialism of the members, their hard-headed pragmatism, and their sacrifice of many worldly ambitions.

EDWIN SAMUEL

THE PERSONALITY OF CROMWELL

Cromwell: Our Chief of Men. Antonia Fraser. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.95.

Opinions about Cromwell have varied and continue to vary between those who regard him almost as a saint and those who denounce him as a regicide, tyrant, and hypocrite. The author considers that because there has been so much concentration on the political and social trends of the age in which he lived, the personality of Cromwell has tended to fall into obscurity; the aim, therefore, of this latest contribution to the already voluminous Cromwellian saga is to restore that personality. In many ways Cromwell was a typical English country gentleman, though of Welsh extract; he liked his beer and wine, and there was a bucolic streak in him for he possessed a deep-held English country taste, was fond of hunting and hawking, and had an abiding love of horses. Nor did fame and responsibility remove these tastes.

As a soldier he was one of the rare military geniuses who were born, not made. He had a masterly grasp of battle tactics, as is evidenced in all his victories from Marston Moor to Worcester, took the greatest care to ensure that his soldiers were provided with all the necessaries, with the result that real affection existed between them and him. The battle of Dunbar was the greatest victory of his career and yet his position appeared hopeless at the outset of the conflict.

It was, however, temperamentally unlike Cromwell to consider a defeatist course, one of his undoubted assets being his type of military optimism. He was a brilliant cavalry leader of enterprise and daring, an unconventional tactician who owed nothing to early training, and a commander who created the finest army in Europe. His military achievements alone merit him a niche in the hall of fame.

After the Battle of Worcester, Cromwell never took the field again, but much remained to be done. As Milton wrote: 'Peace has her victories no less renowned than war . . . ' Two great issues confronted Cromwell: the nature of a new parliament and the nature of a new national church. He succeeded in solving neither of these problems. What can be said in his favour during these years following Worcester is that the Western Design, involving the conquest of Jamaica, caused the emergence of a vigorous imperial policy by which Britain, through the Navigation Acts, excluded foreigners from trading with British colonies, secured absolute control of these colonies, and set in motion the creation of a powerful navy.

The character of Cromwell, full of paradox, discloses a dichotomy. He was undoubtedly a man of action; his military exploits brought him fame and improved his position in the political sphere, eventually elevating him to the role of dictator. His capacity for decision won him victories in war, and in peacetime engineered the dissolution of the Rump. All efforts to overthrow him were overcome by his quick, evasive action. On the other hand, Cromwell, the strong man of history, has another side to his character. This is the Cromwell who carried out a lifelong dialogue with himself concerning the intentions of the Almighty, and this trait led him to periods of indecision, prolonged at times, as with his changing attitude towards the King in 1648 and his stalling over the offer of the throne by parliament in 1657. He would appear to be waiting for the inner voice to produce the answer rather like the mystic who hopes to solve his problems by intuition and meditation.

One may overlook Cromwell's bouts of indecision over vital matters but there can be no extenuating circumstances to account for the massacre of Drogheda or even the violent manner in which he turned out the Rump parliament. 'In each case', writes the author, 'he felt himself assailed by some unlooked-for piece of aggression or double-dealing and reacted accordingly'. It is hard to reconcile such cataclysmic outbursts with the normal Cromwell who made friends so easily, not merely with the military fraternity but with chaplains, preachers, Puritans, Catholics, and Royalists. Antonia Fraser has succeeded in presenting to us this man of contrasts—godliness, military prowess, political acumen, and an intense affection for his family, all being indissolubly interwoven—and at the same time by her skilful utilisation of contemporary sources re-created the spirit and atmosphere of mid-seventeenth century England.

S. F. WOOLLEY

'PIED MARTIN'

Kingsley: Life, Letters and Diaries of Kingsley Martin. C. H. Rolph. Gollancz. £4.00.

C. H. Rolph opens his intimate portrait of Kingsley Martin with one of his subject's childhood recollections. It appears that on discovering he could walk unaided, the young Kingsley was helplessly outraged when his hand was firmly grasped by the adult with whom he was about to cross a road. The moral one was meant to draw from this was that you either held the child's hand so tightly

that escape was impossible, otherwise he might suddenly break free and run more dangerously than if let to walk unaided.

As Rolph suggests, in many ways, this was the story of Martin's life. Ever ready to grasp 'dependent' hands and lead those more bewildered than he. Yet Martin, while certain of his destination, was unsure of the route, occasionally finding himself either back at the kerbside or hesitating in the middle of the road. Hardly a trait one would associate with a man who was to fashion, from relatively small beginnings, a weekly destined to become one of the most influential organs of left-wing opinion in the English-speaking world—and there have been many aspirants to this status that hardly stepped into the road before being swallowed up in the traffic of world affairs.

That Martin inherited, retained and attracted a fine array of journalistic talent during his thirty year tenure as editor of *New Statesman* is in itself a fitting epitaph. His qualities as a journalist,—the ability to get at the nub of an issue by asking direct, if tactless, questions, as an instructor and adviser to young writers, and as an astute, if blunt, critic,—come across clearly in this portrait. So too do his faults. Martin's rather strict parsimony, almost meanness, to his contributors, his impatience with those of an 'inferior' intellectual level, and his tendency to uncritically befriend many whom he considered to be on the receiving end of an oppressive regime—particularly if the latter took the form of British imperialism. This stemmed, as Paul Johnson puts it, from Martin's irrational belief that the longer the period of exploitation suffered by the oppressed, the greater their collective moral strength. These qualities and shortcomings impinged directly on his role as editor. Rolph, however, pays particular attention to his subject's private life which Martin had effectively kept from the public eye through his career.

Martin emerges as a man of stark contrasts. Stern yet vulnerable, pettily mean yet occasionally prone to acts of extreme generosity. An agnostic who whistled in the dark. Adept at summing others up while agonisingly aware of his lack of self-knowledge. He laboured under a rather pathetic illusion of his innate attractiveness to women, misreading interest on their part for infatuation.

His life was not without personal tragedy. His only marriage ended in divorce after 14 years in 1940, Olga, his wife, becoming finally a more than eccentric recluse, sharing her squalid cottage with some 20 cats. Her life was brought to a premature end when she was killed in a car accident in 1964, Martin blaming himself for her life of unhappiness and eventual death. Though he had lived with Dorothy Woodman for over 30 years, a relationship broken only by his death in 1969, Miss Woodman could do little to alleviate his sense of guilt for Olga's death. Neither could the third of Martin's female triumvirate, the enigmatic Verity, yet the three exerted a considerable influence on his life in their respective ways.

Kingsley Martin emerges from Rolph's sympathetic, yet dispassionate portrait as a melancholic, complex, self-searching individual. No doubt Kingsley the Editor will be recognised by both his friends and his enemies, as will Kingsley the Critic by his reading public. Mr. Rolph gives us these facets of Martin's character certainly. More, he clarifies our understanding of this man of many parts by a skilful, if imbalanced, account of Martin's intense personal involvements which clearly coloured his many and varied professional relationships. Whether as public or private man, Kingsley Martin emerges from this private memoir as a Socialist with a very human face.

R. A. WILFORD

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The British General Strike, 1926 (Historical Association, 36p). Miss Margaret Morris has produced a useful monograph of the strike which paralysed the country for nine days in May, 1926. Its immediate cause was the miners' strike, but Miss Morris discusses the social, economic and political background. She agrees that the strike was a political weapon being used by the T.U.C. However, she concludes that calling off the strike was not 'a matter of urgency'; with its continuance, terms for ending the miners' strike could have been explored. She does not discuss the effect upon public opinion of the judgment of Mr. Justice Ashbury in declaring the strike illegal and more expeditiously bringing the general strike to an end.

Local Government (Penguin, £1.50). The first edition of this excellent book by Mr. Richard Buxton in the series *Law and Society* was first published in 1970. Since then British local government has been restructured on a two-tier basis by the Local Government Act, 1972. The drastic changes have been incorporated and analysed in this new edition by the author who is a lawyer with considerable personal experience as an elected councillor. One of the main objects of the changes has been to enable the individual to play a greater part democratically in local government affairs. About this ground roots democracy, however, Mr. Buxton is most despondent. He considers that citizens may 'exercise *some* influence over decision making' in district councils; the county council is much more remote. He concludes: 'It may be feared that, once the news value of the present reorganisation has dissipated itself, local government may slip back into its old mould: remote, mysterious, and little understood by anyone except its practitioners, despite the important influence that it continues to exert over people's lives.' The author is probably over-pessimistic. So much depends upon the mood of the public which is now taking an increasing interest in local affairs.

The Devil's Decade (Sidgwick and Jackson, £3.50). In this trenchant volume, Mr. Claude Cockburn has written his own view and interpretation of the 1930s, in which he played a varied and very active part as journalist, reporter and correspondent. He was, perhaps, particularly known for his news sheet, *The Week,* and for his reporting of the Spanish Civil War in which he fought for the Republic. Inevitably his account of this decade, proceeding from economic misery, the rise of Nazism and German rearmament to the outbreak of war, has a left wing slant. He writes graphically in sweeping terms, without doubts or hesitation. For example, on the May Committee Report of July, 1931, he writes: 'its basic tenets and directives accepted by authority in every sphere and at every level, it set the style for the life and labour of the people; rich life and poor life, profit and loss'. On Anglo-German relations, he accepts the view that Sir Samuel Hoare 'was of a cowardly and treacherous nature'. In 1935, at least, he and the Government welcomed 'almost anything that could bring Britain and Germany closer together', however contemptible in the eyes of Hitler or treacherous in those of the French. On Munich and after, Mr. Cockburn gives emphasis to the unsuccessful efforts of Soviet Russia to make an alliance with Czechoslovakia at a time when Hitler was not prepared to start an all-out war. There are numerous photographs which form one of the best features of the book.

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FRANCISCO MORAZAN AND CENTRAL AMERICAN UNITY

by Lionel King

CENTRAL America might well have played a more exalted role in the affairs of the Americas and the tragedy of her 150 years of Independence been averted had the ambitions of one of her ablest sons been realised. Francisco Morazán, the leading figure of the early years of Independence, dedicated his life to the conviction that the future of Central America depended upon the maintenance of Federal Union based on liberal institutions.

The Spanish governed Central America, the area comprising the present day republics of Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras and Nicaragua, as the Captaincy-General of Guatemala, the five administrative regions acquiring their present boundaries towards the end of the colonial period. The republic of Panama, commonly bracketed with its five neighbours, was a province of Colombia until 1903 and lies outside the scope of this survey.

The Spanish colonial empire in the Americas began to break up during the Napoleonic annexation of Spain, 1808-14. The Independence movement, arrested briefly upon the restoration of the Bourbons, was set in motion again in 1820 when a Liberal coup in Madrid relieved the absolutist Ferdinand VII of his powers. On September 15, 1821, a *cabildo abierto*, an open forum, was convened in Guatemala City by the Captain-General, Gavino Gainza, after representations from elements favouring independence. One petitioner was Pedro Molina, a physician and journalist who had recently coined the terms 'liberals' and 'serviles' to describe the conflicting liberal and conservative attitudes in local society. Generally those present, drawn from reactionary circles, were alarmed at the prospect of reforms initiated by colonial administrators despatched by the new regime in Madrid. Royal officials present lent assistance and the meeting summarily declared the Captaincy-General free from obligation to Spain, the actual declaration being written by José del Valle, a Honduran lawyer. Mexico to the north had shortly before declared her Independence with the same motives. Indeed, it was planned to invite a Bourbon prince to reign as an

absolute monarch and guarantor of the privileges of the colonial aristocracy. In November, as the *junta consultativa* appointed to guide the infant Central American state was facing challenges to its authority from regional capitals, Mexican troops under General Filísola arrived on the scene. A second meeting in Guatemala City on January 25, 1822, readily endorsed the *fait accompli* of Mexican annexation, El Salvador alone resisting. Mexican domination amounted to little more than a short-lived titular sovereignty. In April the upstart founder of Mexican Independence, the erstwhile royalist General Itúrbide, stepped into the power vacuum to proclaim himself Emperor of Mexico. This comic opera episode ended in March 1823. Events at home appear to have decided Filísola to suspend his punitive mission in El Salvador and return to Guatemala City. Largely at his instigation, a third meeting took place in that city, issuing a third Declaration of Independence of the United Provinces of Central America on July 1, 1823.

This was acknowledged by Mexico a year later, diplomatic recognition also being granted by Britain and the USA. A constitutional assembly comprising 17 members drawn from the five provinces in proportion to their estimated population drew up a constitution on the United States model which was promulgated in November 1824. The reactionary element which had called the tune at the abortive declaration of independence two years earlier withheld its voice. The constitution was a surprising document to be offered as the framework for a fledgling state with no heritage of liberal institutions. There would be a Federal President, a bi-cameral legislature, guarantees of civil rights and abolition of special privileges of nobility and Church. One remarkable clause, attributed to a former priest, Fr. Antonio Cañas, declared an end to slavery, the first instance of a provision of this kind in the Americas. Each one of the states was declared, 'free and independent in its government and internal administration'. Each state thereafter devised a constitution, three of them adopting legal codes based upon the State of Louisiana model. In 1825 Manuel José Arce took office in Guatemala City as the first Federal President after a narrow electoral victory over del Valle. Born in El Salvador in 1783, he had challenged Spanish rule as early as 1811, suffering terms of imprisonment. Though the country had been spared the ravages of a war of independence, his task as President was formidable. Almost all the literate population from whom the legislators and administrators would be chosen were members of the pure Spanish minority. This same minority included the landowning oligarchy which has remained the predominant factor in the region to the present day. Enmity was growing between the 'liberales' and 'serviles', now emerging as formal political groups. The smaller states feared the domination of the Federation by the larger members. Though elected as a Liberal, Arce spent most of his term appeasing Conservative elements, steadily veering to the right himself.

Civil war flared up and after a series of skirmishes, the Honduran, Francisco Morazán, at the head of a Liberal army, arrived in the capital, deposed Arce and installed himself as caretaker President on April 12, 1829.

In March the following year he was confirmed in office, defeating del Valle in the Presidential election. Born in 1792 and of modest background and education, Morazán had begun his political career as a senator in Honduras. His single-minded faith in the Federation and Liberal ideals, which he now proceeded to implement in a programme of sweeping reforms, placed him in the anomalous position of a Liberal dictator.

The Federation extended 900 miles from north to south, and from 320 to 70 miles from east to west, its Caribbean and Pacific seaboards divided by a formidable mountain barrier. The coastal plans were swampy and malarial and the interior largely covered by impenetrable jungle. Regular communication even between the state capitals was virtually non-existent. The racial mosaic of its 1½m. inhabitants, unevenly distributed over a land area of 162,000 square miles, two-thirds the size of France, varied from the predominantly pure Spanish population of 60,000 in Costa Rica to the 500,000 inhabitants of Guatemala, three-quarters of whom were pure Indians. Between lay the largely mixed Spanish and Indian or mestizo states of Nicaragua, 180,000, Honduras 175,000 and San Salvador with 270,000. Although the present-day population has grown to 11 million, the proportions of the various races have remained fairly constant for the region as a whole; mestizo 45%, pure Indian 41%, pure Spanish 10%, Negro 4%.

Morazán, during his relatively peaceful first term 1830-34, enjoyed some success in fostering trade and industry. Commerce and industry, where they existed at all, had been geared to the requirements of the Spanish overlords, cocoa, indigo, leather, gold and silver. Agriculture was at subsistence level. A development loan was negotiated with Britain, immigration encouraged and plans discussed with Dutch interests to construct a canal through the isthmus via Lake Nicaragua. This, the most far-reaching of all Morazán's projects, if carried out, would have given the Federation an enormous strategic and commercial importance. World shipping interests were destined to wait a further eighty years before the opening of the Panama Canal in 1914. Among numerous reforms introduced by Morazán were *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. Freedom of speech and Press were encouraged. Monastic orders were dissolved and religious toleration extended. There were elaborate plans for elementary education of the masses. In Guatemala Morazán's policies were enthusiastically pursued by the short-lived administration of Mariano Galvez who confiscated church property, redistributed land and built schools.

At the 1834 Presidential election, Morazán was defeated by his old rival, the moderate Liberal Jose del Valle. Despite his autocratic methods in office, Morazán was apparently prepared to abide by the verdict of the electorate. Del Valle died, however, before the final result became known. As runner-up, Morazán took office for a second term.

Inevitably the flood of reforms over the preceding four years had provoked the opposition of the church, land-owning oligarchy and anti-Federal elements. Taking advantage of the poor communication between the new Federal capital, San Salvador, where Morazán had removed his Government

to avoid growing Conservative influences in Guatemala City, and the regional capitals, the member states one by one opted out of the union. The President now revealed his considerable abilities as a military commander, embarking on a long series of campaigns to maintain the Federation. After two years of disorders, the Federal Congress, now dominated by Conservative separatists, approved a resolution in May 1838, marking the first stage in the dissolution of the union. Morazán's term as President expired on February 1, 1839 and no further election was held for the office.

On July 18, 1839 Morazán was elected President of the now quasi-independent republic of San Salvador, where pro-union sympathies remained strong. Despite the disappointments of his Presidency, Morazán's dedication to Federation had not deserted him. From his home base he now planned an offensive against the anti-federalists, his first target being Guatemala which had fallen to the reactionary bandit caudillo, Rafael Carrera. This mestizo pig-herdsman had risen to power in Guatemala during a cholera epidemic. The large Indian population in the state had been persuaded by clerics opposed to Morazán's policies that Liberals and foreigners had been poisoning the water supply. Morazán's campaign against Carrera, after some military success, proved hopeless. In 1840, finding opinion turning against him, even in his own state, he resigned and went into exile in Peru.

The Governments of the five new republics now dismantled the last vestiges of the Federal structure. A Conservative reaction swept Liberal reforms aside. The pattern was set in Guatemala where the illiterate but intelligent Carrera, now the adopted champion of the clericals and creole aristocracy and messiah to his mass Indian following, whose ignorance and superstition he exploited, restored confiscated Church property and land. Only in his twenties, Carrera maintained his cruel and oppressive regime until 1865.

In Costa Rica, where reaction had found a leader in Braulio Carrillo, a group of Liberals soon contacted Morazán and urged him to return from exile. Within days of landing he had ousted Carrillo and was proclaimed President in San José on July 11, 1842. At once Morazán began to plan a campaign to restore the defunct Federation. As always, the victim of fickle supporters, his erstwhile friends in the capital turned against him and he was betrayed, court-martialled and shot, ironically on the 21st anniversary of the founding of the state he had fought so hard to maintain, September 15, 1842.

Five, impotent, introverted republics now emerged from the wreckage of the Central American Federation. Yet the ideal of unity was to live on through the nightmare of revolutions, assassinations and dictators which was, with the notable exception of Costa Rica in later years, the regular pattern of their history. One count listed 25 formal attempts, down to the 1930s, to restore the Federation. The Partido Unionista Centroamericano, founded by Salvador Mendieta in 1899, an intellectual rather than a political movement, has fostered the gradualistic approach that people must desire unity for it to be successful. Partido Unionista influence played a part in

the formation of ODECA, the organisation of Central American States, in 1951, a step forward even if the object of the five members was vague: 'to fortify the ties which unite them'; and in setting up the Central American Economic Community which has a more specific goal, ten years later. The writer and Partido Unionista member, Alberto Herrarte, has urged the movement for Central American unity to develop a defined ideology. For him it must be a party of Revolution seeking not merely a change in the ruling oligarchies, but radical change in the social, political and economic structure, to enable Central America to emerge from her present barbarism and prostration. Although the Provincias Unidas structure he died fighting to maintain 130 years ago falls short of Herrarte's assessment of modern needs, Morazán remains a hero to all those seeking unity, and a symbol of what Central America might have been.

THE LABOUR PARTY IN A CAPITALIST SOCIETY

by Oliver Stanley

AS this is a year in which capitalism has been revealing some of its less attractive features, viz.: Lonrho, Poulson and Watergate, reasoned proposals to reform capitalist institutions might have been expected to receive grateful public attention. Nor have Mr. Heath and his colleagues been so successful in handling labour or economic problems, as to permit us blithely to ignore alternatives. Labour's recently debated programme* is simple, positive, dogmatic and uncluttered by any sense of economic reality: all that is needed is to get more wealth out of private hands into public ownership. That would permit more wealth to be used 'socially', for the benefit of the community as a whole. The transfer and redistribution are to be carried out in a civilised manner—not by confiscation, or after any abandonment of the rule of law. The haves will merely be forced by economic pressure to hand over their vile inheritance to the have-nots. . . .

According to Labour, those who own considerable wealth and those who do not seem to inhabit different worlds. Wealth brings privileges, security, freedom and power. The argument is that once the cake has been re-cut, and corporate wealth passed over to the State, all that security, freedom and power will be equally shared for-ever-and-a-day.

This re-cutting process will be performed by three different tools. First, taxation: higher income taxes, a capital transfer tax, and a wealth tax will force the rich to sell parcels of shares—to raise the cash to pay their new tax bills, so making those shares available for public ownership. Second, new public enterprises. The State will take over ports, mineral rights, pharmaceuticals, machine tools, the shipbuilding and aircraft industries; plus majority (but not necessarily outright) ownership of a range of individual companies in the manufacturing sector. These would be selected on the basis of the use to which their resources would be put. They would be managed by a National Enterprises Board,† which would buy up in the market the shares sold by the rich.

Lastly, the workers as workers are to be given a cut of the cake for themselves in the form of a National Workers' Fund. All companies would be required to allot to this fund new shares equal to one per cent of existing share capital for nil consideration, so neatly diluting the value of existing shareholders' interests.

This complete programme—one of the most explicit and coherent produced by a political party—has not received full attention. Its underlying doctrinaire thesis, the crude polemic that wealth needs to be *shifted*, has distracted attention from the original and valuable aspects. It has been inevitably criticised by the right as a recipe for economic disaster, calculated

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* *Capital and Equality:* Report of a Labour Party Study Group: July 1973.

† *The National Enterprise Board:* Labour's State Holding Company: Opposition Green Paper: August 1973.

to undermine (what is left of) international confidence in sterling, and sounding the death knell of the City as an Institution. The concept of a National Enterprises Board has been dismissed out of hand as part of an irrelevant nationalisation myth: that of the oppressed workers—aided by a handful of enlightened intellectuals—storming the strongholds of capitalist power and changing the face of our society overnight into a Marxist paradise.

On the whole, the Labour Party programme has been written in restrained language, but occasionally the old emotionalism creeps in. The catalogue of wealth mentions land, jewellery, valuable paintings and 'financial securities'. There is no mention of life insurance policies or gilt-edged stocks. Capitalists—it appears—have wealth, whilst socialists have 'savings'. The whole document suffers from the overwhelming assumption that wealth, once created, permanently retains its value; that it is a commodity which can be shuffled amongst the social classes in the country, as one might redeal a pack of cards amongst players around a table. The value of the cards is assumed to remain unchanged, the difference being that some players will receive a stronger hand, and others a weaker one.

This seems a naive concept. If the pressure of new taxation is effectively to cause widespread selling in the market, it must also cause all ordinary share prices widely to fall, because there will be more sellers than buyers about. This will trigger off equally substantial falls in the values of, say, unit trusts and life insurance policies, which are invested in ordinary shares, and many small savers will find that the value of their savings has been correspondingly reduced.

Moreover, the psychological effect of introducing such penal taxation would affect the prices of all major investment media, so that there would occur—not a redistribution of wealth—but a signal loss of value, affecting all members of society, rich and poor. In so abnormal a bear market, the rich would probably be better cushioned against their losses than the poor, because of their ability to obtain credit.

Presumably, a major fall in the value of investments is an indispensable part of Labour's programme, for if no such fall occurs, and the rich simply sell to the State some part of their share portfolios at prices equal to current market values, then no real shift of wealth will have been secured. The naughty capitalists will simply re-invest their massive proceeds of sale, so as to entrench their existing positions, and life will go on much as before.

It is true that the State will have taken a major speculative position in British industry but that in itself will hardly achieve a spectacular shift of wealth from rich to poor. On the contrary, if share prices fall *after* the sale, as would seem likely, the effective shift will have been from the State to the rich. Some twenty per cent of Britain's gross national product is presently within the public sector: power, energy, transport and steel. Whether post-war nationalisation has in itself increased or re-distributed wealth remains totally unproven.

In any case, to justify extension of the public sector, one needs to demonstrate that the State is both a more efficient and benign owner of the economic processes upon which Western society is based, than the private

sector. The case for nationalisation depends upon being able to demonstrate that public ownership will increase the sum of future wealth, not redistribute existing totals. Economic arguments as well as doctrinaire Marxist ones need to be advanced.

Are there grounds for believing that the State can exercise commercial power more efficiently than its capitalist counterparts — the Boards of directors of companies? Since the form of company Boards is under review in other connections, e.g. two-tier Boards, the question seems well worth asking. A non-political answer might run rather as follows: the interests, purposes and functions of private business and public enterprise are obverse. Companies exist to make profits for their shareholders—an objective tempered by the considerable obligations which society as a whole imposes.

Public enterprise, on the other hand, exists to carry out social responsibilities, tempered by the considerable need to minimise the taxpayers' burden of cost. Because of these different objectives, there are different decision-making processes, different patterns of administration, and above all different results at the end of a year.

I.C.I. and Slater Walker make profits. British Rail, The Post Office, National Coal Board and British Steel make losses. Those profits and losses are the figures in a 'commercial' profit and loss account. If one could draw up such a statement as a 'social' profit and loss account, the respective results might seem very different. But the burden of commercial losses must fall upon the taxpayer, so that commercial loss-making enterprises are, as it were, a luxury, to be kept to a minimum.

Given this organic distinction, major adjustments of administrative attitude are needed whenever one sector is called upon to participate in the affairs of the other. Yet interaction is inevitable. To suppose that the two sectors can remain wholly self-contained is to fail to recognise the facts of commercial life.

In its Green Paper, the Labour Party catalogued a range of situations, where in its view, government via the N.E.B. becomes entitled, even obliged, to intervene in the operations of the private sector in a mixed economy. In practice, the urge to involve government usually begins within the private sector, and new ministers and civil servants in appropriate departments soon come to experience the constant dialogue with industry: the requests for support, approval, cash, concessions, tax privileges and ways around unexpected foreign obstacles. Industrialists have to come to feel that their policy decisions are largely dependent upon the attitudes of government departments, and how hopelessly unpredictable the attitudes of Assistant Secretaries can be!

To say that intervention is justified simply to stimulate 'growth' is meaningless. Clearly it is important to establish limits of intervention, not necessarily rigid and precise, but clear and detailed, sufficient to guide private enterprise as to what range of support it can expect, and sufficient to warn the taxpayer as to what burden of responsibility his government promises to bear. The relationship, the interface, between government and business

needs definition and management. The National Enterprise Board as the chosen vehicle for this task would justify its existence.

That would, however, be a valuable by-product. The principal function would be to hold and manage the State ownership of enterprises, the value received, whenever the State has been called upon to inject cash into an industry. Cash subscriptions without a corresponding acquisition of ownership should become exceptional. Thus the Board would acquire all controlling, absolute or minority interests, and would be represented upon the Boards of the various enterprises depending upon the nature of the interest owned. The critical point is that the acquisition of those interests would be determined wholly by commercial and economic considerations, not by political theory.

The Labour Green Paper itself lists most of the relevant criteria for acquisition: firstly, to assist regional development, and to help create a demand for additional labour in those areas where unemployment is high; next, to promote or advance new technologies, or new particular products; to promote (or, where required, to dissuade) mergers or takeovers and to act as the government agency in the control of monopolies in industry; to cooperate and set up joint ventures with the private sector where the scale of operations or international considerations makes such ventures necessary; to act as a public purchasing agency (or to monitor such an agency) where the State makes large purchases, for example, to supply equipment to public corporations, local authorities or the armed forces; to supply finance, where export or balance of payments considerations justify support; and finally as an instrument to counter the power threat of multi-national corporations.

The common factor in these situations would be that of social benefit, justifying intervention of management and public money together. The Board would need to be staffed and equipped to investigate and report upon claims presented for the investment of public money, but it would also be empowered to take initiative. After its recommendations had been adopted, it would naturally be responsible for monitoring the investment acquired, securing that the well-defined social objectives had been attained, and the taxpayers' costs had been duly minimised.

The costs of the agency would need to be borne by the Exchequer. From time to time, the N.E.B. would receive loan interest and ordinary share dividends from enterprises in which the State's investment had proved successful in commercial as well as in social terms. To suppose, however, that the N.E.B. would be self-financing is self-deception. The nature of its functions must limit its success, measured in commercial terms alone. Profitability would infer that its social functions were being neglected.

The Labour Party is unhappily committed to oppose this view of National Enterprises Board as failing to go far enough—as reserving profitable situations for the private sector, and burdening the taxpayer with the lame ducks. The unprofitable infrastructure of the economy is regarded as a mere base for private profit-making. The implied criticism here is that the

private sector is currently exploiting the public interests to secure its own ill-gotten gains.

The same criticism can be levelled at Labour's own recipe. It is explicitly argued that acquisition of certain key points in capitalist society is necessary to secure a profitable base from which to expand public ownership. This seems a divisive view of society in Britain, one which predicates a conflict, born of the original categorisation into haves and have-nots. If the Labour Party could free itself from this Marxist dogma, and develop its planning of a National Enterprises Board as a non-partisan instrument of government, it might be possible to find people to work for it, who have the necessary experience and capacity and who, at the same time, believe in it.

[Oliver Stanley's latest book, *The Creation and Protection of Capital*, will be published by Sweet and Maxwell Ltd., in January 1974. His working career has been equally divided between the Civil Service and the private sector, i.e. Merchant Banking.]

BRITONS READ BOOKS

by Brigid Brophy

IN contradiction of the rumour that we are a philistine country, Britons read books at the rate of at least 11 per year per head (babies' and other illiterates' heads included).

Reading a book is a pop activity: nearly 25 times more pop than, for example, going to a soccer match.

Yet writing a book is the worst paid job in Britain.

The explanation is that, for most of the book-reading in Britain, the authors aren't paid at all. The rate I cited of 11 books a year is the borrowing rate from public libraries. The total British borrowing rate is higher still, because borrowing also takes place (in what quantities isn't published) from university, polytechnic, college and school libraries.

In Britain, which will soon be the last literate country sticking to this obsolete system, an author is paid only when a new book (not a second-hand one or a remainder) is bought. Even then he is paid on a non-princely scale. The retailer takes 35% of the purchase price; the publisher takes as much as he can get—his proportion is unlimited except by his costs and by what he is bound to pay other parties; the author, whose proportion is limited by contract, usually takes 10% (and less on a paperback).

When it is a library that buys a book, the author gets his 10% (or nothing, if the library is buying up remainders or review copies), and in exchange the public extracts from him service *ad infinitum*. A volume in a British public library is lent, on average, 6½ times a year. (The average takes account, of course, of all the old dusty tomes on library shelves. In their early years in a library, most books are borrowed far more often than the average.) When it drops to bits from intensive service, the library book is re-bound and put back into service.

In other countries it is now generally recognised that, just as you pay the librarian for dispensing a service to the public, so you pay the author for originating the service which you pay the librarian to dispense. New Zealand, Sweden and Denmark make annual payments to authors for the service they provide through libraries. Other 'developed' democracies are actively preparing to do the same—and, in many cases, consulting Writers Action Group, the organisation that campaigns for such payments in Britain.

The irony of Britain's lagging behind is that, given that it is just to pay authors in all countries that have library systems, nowhere is it so pressingly just as in Britain. No other country has a library system so extensive and so used. Consequently, no other library system encroaches so catastrophically on what an author can earn from the sale of his books to individuals.

It was about 1920 that British public libraries, originally designed to supply books to a Victorian working class that was too ill-paid to buy them, started on a huge expansion. Simultaneously, the British public

started on one of its silent social revolutions. The result is that today no British citizen disdains to use a 'free' library, and hardly any British citizen lives out of reach of one. It is bookshops that have become rarities.

Before expansion, at least ten books were bought in Britain for every one book borrowed. In the USA now, where the library system is much less pervasive, books are still bought and borrowed in roughly equal numbers (which isn't, however, preventing Congress from considering payments to authors for the borrowings). But in Britain now, for every one book bought, at least eleven are borrowed.

As a result, during the past seven inflationary years, authors' earnings have actually decreased. By now, 56% of the authors in Britain earn from their books less than £10 a week—less, that is, than a quarter of the national average.

This is a crisis: as much for readers as for authors. Professional literature in Britain, written in the languages and idioms native to these islands, is in danger of being starved out of existence.

The fundamentalist objection to paying authors for library service is that a library, once having bought a book, may do as it likes with its own property. Anyone, the argument runs, may buy a fleet of cars and lend or hire them out, without having to make further payments, beyond the original purchase-price, to the car manufacturer.

However, there is no Act of Parliament that compels every local authority to run a large enough fleet of cars to satisfy all the local citizens who might like, without paying a fee, to drive a car away, keep it for three weeks and then renew or exchange it. The Public Libraries Act obliges local authorities to do precisely that in respect of books; and our education system obliges educational authorities to provide libraries for students. The duty is placed on the libraries by Parliament, for the public good; and the libraries cannot discharge their duty without encroaching on authors' livelihood; so it is to Parliament and to public money that authors are entitled to look for recompense.

Authors' claim to be paid for their library service was first voiced in Britain (by my father, John Brophy) in 1951—five years after Danish authors, and four years before Swedish authors, achieved payment. All that the claimed right achieved in Britain was a name: Public Lending Right (PLR).

This name never did much by way of explaining itself, and it has now been used in so many contradictory senses (including one in which you might think that PLR stood for Publishers' Lending Right) that British authors would do better to adopt the unequivocal Swedish term and demand Author's Money.

Until 1972 there was no equivocation about what authors were asking for. There were only two working models, the Danish and the Swedish. In both, annual payments are made to all in-copyright authors (or their estates), from central government funds. In Denmark (and now in New Zealand), payment is by flat-rate per volume in library stock. In Sweden, it

is by flat-rate per loan. Each author's total of loans is calculated from a sample of recorded loans. Reference volumes, which aren't allowed out of the library, are credited with the annual average of borrowings chalked up by removable books.

The disruption that took place in 1972 was caused by the Report of the Working Party set up by Lord Eccles. The Working Party included representatives of publishers and of the Society of Authors, whose membership probably constitutes about half the book authors in Britain. (One of the three people nominated by the Society to represent authors was in fact a publisher.) What the Working Party did not include was a single author dependent on books for his livelihood—or a single expert on automation.

Ironically, the extent of the British library system, which gives British authors' claim to justice its urgency, became in the Report the pretext for denying them justice. Our libraries were said to be too big and complex for the Swedish method to be practical here. The Danish method was dismissed without a pretext. Instead, the Report outlined a scheme that abandoned annual payments, abandoned the principle of paying all authors, and (though still calling itself Public Lending Right) abandoned any connection with lending.

The scheme (which, perhaps by coincidence, resembles one used in German commercial libraries, libraries of a type now virtually extinct in Britain) consisted of making a once-only surcharge, proportionate to selling-price, when a new book was bought by a library. Administration would cost £400,000 a year. That deducted, the surcharge would go to publishers, who would pass on only 75% of it to authors.

By this scheme, all books already in libraries would continue to be lent for evermore without payment to their authors: an injustice to any author with a book in a library, and a hardship to old authors. Indeed, the old-age poverty endemic to authorship would, under this scheme, never be cured. An author would get his single payment in his productive and highly-taxed years, and would get nothing when he ceased to write but was still borrowed. By a desperate argument, the scheme was claimed as 'fairer' to reference books, perhaps on the unjustifiable assumption that expensive reference books are more often consulted than cheap ones; but in fact the scheme would leave the whole present reference stock to be consulted in future scot-free, whereas both the Scandinavian methods pay annually on every reference volume.

The Working Party scheme was advantageous only to publishers. Besides taking his actual 25% (and the use, presumably, of the author's 75% until he handed it over at his next accounting day), the publisher would benefit by the early receipt of a lump-sum towards recovering the cost of his investment. With a library surcharge added to lump-sums for the U.S. and the paperback rights (on which the hardback publisher takes 40% to 50% of the author's advance), the publisher would be quickly relieved of any strong incentive to sell any books directly to the public.

The scheme was welcomed (jointly) by the Publishers Association and the

Society of Authors. Under pressure from protesting members, the Society suggested that the Swedish method might some day be operated in addition to the Working Party scheme, and it recommended 'compensation' for the books left out. However, the first is pointless (in what proportion should the available money be divided between the just and the unjust schemes?), and compensation is not feasible. (You would have to compile a list of books already in libraries—in which case, you might as well put the Danish method into operation at once; and to pay in just proportion for existing stock would mean leaving no money for the surcharge on new books.)

In September 1972, since its previous champions had dropped the campaign for annual Author's Money, Writers Action Group (WAG) was formed to pursue it. Within a year, on a subscription of £1 and the enthusiasm and generosity of its members, it had acquired 350 author members, famous and unknown, bestselling and esoteric, plus some 60 associate members, including publishers who agree that the publisher should take no more than a 10% agency fee; and it had, by making enquiry of electronics manufacturers and specialists, discovered that the extent of the British library system is no longer a plausible pretext for denying authors justice.

Sweden began distributing Author's Money on a loans-sample of one five-hundredth. WAG proposes an irreproachable sample of one-twentieth, to be collected, without pain to librarians, by automatic data-capture apparatus of a kind already installed, for their own purposes, by 60 public libraries in Britain. Simply, when he checks a book in (or out), the librarian passes an instrument like a pen across a coded strip stuck in the book.

For a capital cost of about £250,000 a central authority can buy the machines necessary to record a twentieth of all loans, and can place them in the libraries it needs for the taking of a representative sample. (Urban reading tastes differ from rural, Scottish from Welsh.) In return for recording the loans, librarians will get the use of the machines for easing their own chores. At a quarter to half of the annual running cost of the Working Party scheme, the loans can be recorded and transmitted to a computer which will prepare the authors' annual cheques.

The Working Party Report inevitably divided authors: perhaps it was meant to. Some authors supposed that the half-a-loaf (or, more precisely, dry crust) it sketched was on offer. As the months have passed, it has become clear that it wasn't. Authors who swallowed the betrayal of the older members of their profession swallowed in vain. Most authors have always admitted that WAG's was the preferable scheme. None can now contest its feasibility. (It has been independently checked and costed by computer firms.) Even the Society of Authors is now committed, if it accepts a recommendation passed at its last AGM, to ballot its membership on their preference between its and WAG's scheme.

However, there are two cardinal questions in the Author's Money debate: whom the money should go to, and where it should come from. On the first question authors are, sometimes painfully, moving back to the unity they

enjoyed before the Working Party Report was tossed into their midst. It is widely agreed that the money ought to go to all in-copyright authors, annually, in proportion to loans; and WAG has shewn that it quite practically and cheaply can. WAG's policy has been adopted by the Arts Committee of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and is likely to receive support from M.P.s all round the House.

No sooner has this trend towards agreement declared itself than potential divisions have appeared elsewhere. Some are mere diversions, like the cry for income tax relief for authors on the Irish model: a relief for which British authors will give much thanks provided it isn't a substitute for the Author's Money payments that alone can bring most of the profession up to the level of paying income tax at all.

The graver danger is that authors will be split by the question of where the money should come from; and this question has the power to divide authors' political support. The only unifying answer is the one adopted in all the countries that pay Author's Money and in nearly all of those, including the USA, that contemplate it: central funds—that is, ultimately, income tax.

In Britain there have been thoughts of making libraries pay from their own resources. Public libraries would have either to cut the money they spend on books or to persuade their local authorities to increase the rates. Local authorities have made it quite clear that they would cut spending. For authors (and for readers and for literature) that would be disaster. Most authors would lose income from sales, and many, whose books are economically viable only on the strength of the library sale, would cease to be published.

At the same time, the authors' cause would forfeit its all-party support. To the Left and the Centre alike, the rates are a socially unacceptable source for Author's Money, because the burden of rates falls on everyone whereas income tax is paid only by those who can afford it.

One seemingly neutral and peace-making proposal is to make a 'simple' amendment to the Copyright Act without specifying the source or the destination of the money involved. Such a peace-making step would, however, precipitate the battle over the source of the funds, and would precipitate it on party-political lines. West Germany has passed such an amendment: authors have received no money; central, regional and library authorities are squabbling over who should pick up the bill.

There is one potential source of funds that is even less socially acceptable than the rates. It was in recognition of its unacceptability that authors quickly gave up their original naive plan to charge the borrower directly at the time of borrowing. One of the bitterest ironies of authors' 22-year-long struggle is that a few sinister kites have now appeared floating that idea again. It is still socially unacceptable (and will probably and properly remain so until we introduce equal incomes) and it can be floated only as a Right-wing political gesture.

An Early Day Motion in Parliament expressing nothing more specific

than pious sympathy with authors' plight, has commanded large, all-party adherence. Significantly, the one amendment to it, also much supported, makes the proviso that the charge shall not fall on the borrower. That is a warning of the sympathy that would be lost to authors were a government tempted, on the analogy of museum charges but with a yet smaller chance of squeezing the measure through Parliament, to introduce a socially unjust tax on knowledge under the disguise of doing justice to authors.

Authors were, and are becoming again, united in a simple request to government: for £4m. a year from central funds. Conspiracy-detectives will have no trouble in recognising the diversions and divisions cast in the path of this campaign as engineered in the interests of starving out the native product and making our excellent public library service a bonus overflow market for U.S. books. The true motive is no doubt pettier; but the same effect might be brought about by the mere mean wish to run the excellent public service without paying its originators.

The administration and technology have been worked out; Phase Three can't legitimately impede paying a profession whose incomes are positively falling. If the Government doesn't act, it will be declaring its intention to kill literature in Britain.

[Brigid Brophy is one of the founders of Writers Action Group (WAG). Publications include *Mozart The Dramatist* and *The Finishing Touch*, also several plays. Among these is *The Burglar*, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre in 1967.]

SOME ROYAL MARRIAGES OF THE PAST

by Sir Charles Petrie

WEDDINGS, Royal and otherwise, have never before received the publicity which they do in this twentieth century: one reason was that they tended to take place in the evening, and another was that, as often in the United States today, they were solemnised on private premises. For example, when George Canning was married on July 8th, 1800, it was by special licence in Brook Street at an hour variously stated as half-past seven and half-past eight at night, although the Prime Minister, the Younger Pitt, was one of the groomsmen. The day of the fashionable wedding had definitely not arrived. Even when Queen Victoria was married forty years later it was not in the splendour of Westminster Abbey but in the somewhat straitened circumstances of the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

So far as Royalty was concerned, for upwards of a century there was no particular reason why a marriage should have aroused any enthusiasm. Romance took flight from the British monarchy when George I ascended the throne in 1714, and it did not return until Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, married Princess Alexandra of Denmark in 1863. For the rest, there could hardly have been a less inspiring succession of monarchs than the Four Georges and William IV; and their wives were no better. They were German by birth and nationality, for only in Germany could the Kings and Heirs Apparent of the Hanoverian Line find princesses of Royal Blood, which had become essential since the fall of the Stuarts, and also of the Protestant faith which was a *sine qua non*. With the exception of the two who had the misfortune to marry George I and George IV respectively they made excellent wives, but were without grace, style, or distinction; and they were plain-featured. Indeed, there was no special reason why there should have been any particular interest when they married into the British Royal Family.

Not that either party to these marriages had any say in the matter. The ancient primitive custom of marriages being arranged by the elders of the tribe, collectively for the good of the tribe, and not by the pair concerned individually according to their personal tastes and inclinations, survived in the Royal Family. Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, for example, had never met, nor even seen a picture of each other, when they were married: the marriages were simply ones of convenience, undertaken as a matter of duty for the sake of the resulting offspring, who were needed to ensure the succession to the throne and keep out the Stuarts.

Where British princesses were concerned, political considerations often crept in, but the young ladies in question had to be extremely circumspect, as was shown in the case of a sister of George III, who was married off when she was barely eighteen to a crapulous lunatic who happened to be King of Denmark and Norway: the result was that she had a notorious *affaire* with the Danish dictator, Struensee, and after his fall and execution, she faded into oblivion to die in Hanover in her early twenties.

Nor was there any pomp and circumstance about these marriages to compensate for their lack of romance. The aforesaid Augusta of Saxe-Gotha was only seventeen when she landed at Greenwich in 1736 to marry the Prince of Wales. She was escorted from Germany by two members of the British peerage, but was unaccompanied by a single female attendant of her own race. No member of the Royal Family met her, and at Queen's House, a Royal residence in Greenwich Park, only the servants were there to wait on her. It was not until a few days later that she was conducted by land to Lambeth, crossed the Thames by boat to Whitehall, whence she was carried in a sedan-chair to St. James's Palace to be presented to her future husband and his father and mother. That evening they were married in the Chapel Royal by the Bishop of London, and after the service there was a heavy supper. Yet she was little more than a child, and for many months afterwards we are told that her only pastime was playing with a doll, while her Mistress of the Robes was one of her husband's concubines.

The return to the more generous traditions of an earlier age may be said to have begun with the marriage of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, subsequently King Edward VII, to Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The young couple were already in love with one another, and the bride was as beautiful as the princess in a fairytale. Advance propaganda had also been at work to ingratiate her with the British public, and Tennyson, then Poet Laureate, expressed the mood of the hour when he wrote:

> Sea King's daughter from over the sea,
> Alexandra!
> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Dane in our welcome of thee
> Alexandra!

Princess Alexandra crossed the Channel in the Royal yacht, which, with its escort of British men-of-war, anchored in the Thames opposite the pier at Gravesend on March 17th, 1863. The Prince of Wales went on board, and meeting his future wife at the door of her cabin, took her by the hand and kissed her most affectionately, to the great delight of the crowds assembled both afloat and ashore. She landed at Gravesend pier, where she was received by sixty fair maids of Kent in white dresses, red cloaks, and straw hats, garlanded with oak leaves and acorns, and they strewed the way with violets, primroses, and sprigs of myrtle. In London the decorated streets were packed with dense masses who went into raptures over her: all the same, the actual wedding did not take place in the capital, but in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. By all accounts it was indeed a colourful spectacle—the only notable absentee was the King of Denmark, whose private life was a public scandal, and who had not been invited.

It had now been established that members of the British Royal Family could have a say in the persons whom they were to marry: the question next arose what was to happen if that person happened to be a commoner. No such problem had arisen since the marriage of James, Duke of York, later King James II, with Anne Hyde in 1659, while for precedents in the case of a princess one would have had to go back to the reign of Edward IV, for

where daughters of the reigning dynasty were concerned they were in short supply under the Tudors and Stuarts. It was, however, a point that was soon to be raised.

Just eight years after the wedding of the Prince of Wales came that of his sister, Princess Louise, to the Marquess of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, also at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There are several interesting points about this marriage in addition to the fact that the bridegroom was a commoner, for he was also the Liberal M.P. for Argyllshire, and he continued to sit in the House of Commons after he had married the Queen's daughter. There was apparently no suggestion that he should vacate his seat, though Queen Victoria was not very favourably inclined towards the Liberal Party. Nor was there any objection from the Conservatives, then in Opposition, for when the Queen officially notified their leader, Disraeli, of the engagement, he not only expressed his pleasure at it, but congratulated her on having 'decided with deep discrimination that the time was ripe for terminating an etiquette which has become sterile', namely the Hanoverian custom that Royalty must only wed Royalty.

Lorne had a spell out of the House of Commons when he was Governor-General of Canada, but he returned there in 1895 as M.P. for South Manchester, though this time as a Liberal Unionist, which was probably more to his mother-in-law's taste than as a follower of Gladstone, and he only ceased to take part in active party politics when he succeeded his father as 9th Duke of Argyll five years later. *Autres temps, autres moeurs:* if Princess Anne's choice had fallen upon a follower of Mr. Harold Wilson it could hardly have failed to cause considerable surprise. Princess Louise became a widow in 1914 but outlived her husband by twenty-five years, dying at Kensington Palace, and for her work locally she was made an Honorary Freeman of the Royal Borough of Kensington.

The example of marrying commoners having been set was soon followed, though the commoners in question tended to be drawn from the ranks of the higher aristocracy. In 1889 another Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of the then Prince of Wales, married, this time at Buckingham Palace, the Earl of Fife. It was said at the time that Queen Victoria was not at first disposed to regard the match with favour. She went to Sandringham to discuss the matter with the girl's parents, only to be met at the door by the Princess herself with tears in her eyes and protestations that if she was not allowed to marry the man of her choice she would die an old maid. 'But, my dear', said the Queen soothingly, 'I hardly know him. I must see something more of him, and judge what he is like'. The verdict was favourable; Fife was made a duke; and the pair were duly married, also at Buckingham Palace. The bridegroom's position was not immediately enhanced in the order of precedence at Court, but when his father-in-law succeeded to the throne it was decided that the Duke of Fife should be regarded as one of the Royal Family in domestic matters.

Coming nearer to our own time there was the marriage of Princess Patricia of Connaught, a niece of King Edward VII, in 1919 to Captain

Ramsay, R.N., a younger son of the Earl of Dalhousie. As evidence that there is no fixed place where members of the Royal Family can be married their wedding occurred at Westminster Abbey: also, on her marriage, the bride gave up the titles of 'Royal Highness' and 'Princess' and, as the daughter of a duke, namely the Duke of Connaught, became Lady Patricia Ramsay. Why such action should have been taken in her case has never been satisfactorily explained, especially as much more recently Princess Margaret was allowed to retain precisely the same titles as Lady Patricia had to abandon, and her husband was created a peer into the bargain.

Then there was the marriage of Princess Mary, only daughter of King George V, to Viscount Lascelles in 1922, which also took place in Westminster Abbey. It would be idle to pretend that there was anything particularly romantic about this union, for the bridegroom was fifteen years older than the bride: he was unknown to the general public, and was disliked by those who knew anything about him. His father, the Earl of Harewood, would not appear to have been remarkable for his tact: at the presentation to Lord Lascelles of a portrait in oils of Princess Mary as the wedding present of the Harewood tenantry, he told them, 'Today you are welcoming Princess Mary who, despite her exalted rank, has condescended to devote her life to the happiness of her husband, my son', which was certainly one way of looking at matrimony.

A very different atmosphere attended the marriage of the present Queen Mother, with the then Duke of York, later King George VI. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, as she was, is said first to have met her future husband in 1905 at a children's party at Montague House, when she is alleged to have regaled him with the crystallised cherries off her sugar cake; but they did not meet again for another fifteen years when they did so at a small dance given by that somewhat dubious character, Lord Farquhar. From then on they saw a good deal of one another, but it was the Duke who made the running; indeed, he had to press his suit for over two years before he was accepted, so reluctant was his prospective bride to abandon her hitherto unfettered liberty for the restricted freedom of the Royal circle where every action was public property, every step had to be watched, and every word guarded. From the beginning the romance met with the warmest approval of the Duke's parents—'You'll be a lucky fellow if she accepts you', the King had told his son when he heard of the way in which events were tending.

The wedding took place in Westminster Abbey on April 26th, 1923, and it was the first time that a prince, as distinct from a princess, of the Royal House had been married in the Abbey since Richard II had married Anne of Bohemia there in 1383. As evidence of changing customs during the last fifty years it is not uninteresting to note that a proposal by the B.B.C. to broadcast the service, though it won the approval of the Dean of Westminster, was vetoed by the Chapter, for whom so revolutionary an idea was altogether too startling.

Lastly, there was the highly successful marriage of the present Queen and

the Duke of Edinburgh. They had met for the first time at Dartmouth just before the Second World War, but it was not until November 20th, 1947, that they were married at Westminster Abbey; war, and a prolonged visit by the Royal Family to South Africa, had prevented them from seeing much of one another for some years. What is not always realised is that the Queen and the Duke are distantly related, both being great-great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria.

Nor is it generally known that there is a link between the Duke of Edinburgh and the British Royal Family which goes back long before his marriage, for his father, the late Prince Andrew of Greece, after whom the Queen's second son is named, on one occasion owed his life to the intervention of King George V. This was in 1922, after the Greek disasters in Asia Minor at the hands of the Turks. The Revolutionary Committee in Athens, by a travesty of justice, had put to death the ministers in office at the time of the defeat, and Prince Andrew, who had commanded the right wing of the Greek army, was awaiting trial with the certainty of a death sentence to follow. King George V, with the full support of the British government of the day, sent the late Sir Gerald Talbot to Athens, and the Revolutionary Committee was induced to release its prisoner.

One of the Royal marriages of the past which had the greatest possibilities for the future, though unhappily they remained unfulfilled, was that of Mary I and Philip II of Spain, and as a result they had the high-sounding titles of Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England and France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, Princes of Spain and Sicily, Archdukes of Austria, Dukes of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant, Counts of Habsburg, Flanders, and Tyrol. They were married in Winchester Cathedral on July 25th, 1554, but the wedding could hardly be described as a romance, at any rate on the bridegroom's part. In spite of what has been alleged to the contrary, Philip was a great gentleman; he kept his feelings to himself; and he always treated his wife with the utmost courtesy and consideration, but that was all there was to it: so far as he was concerned love never entered into the relationship at all; nor was there any special reason why it should, for he was twenty-seven and Mary was thirty-eight, and not a young thirty-eight at that, though the Venetian ambassador wrote that 'were not her age on the decline, she might be called handsome rather than the contrary'. The tragedy was that Mary undoubtedly fell in love with Philip, and there is nothing more boring to a young man than the unwanted affection of an older woman.

The wedding was a very magnificent affair, and Philip was attired in a white doublet and hose, with a mantle of gold cloth studded with pearls; but like many bridegrooms of lesser degree he was kept waiting, for it was not until half an hour after he had made his appearance that Mary joined him. The Spaniards who came over with Philip were not, incidentally, impressed with what they saw in England; the women, they thought, dressed badly, while the national manners seemed to them to leave a good deal to be desired—the Duchess of Alba in particular much resented being kissed on the mouth by the Earl of Derby at their first meeting. Philip, it may be

observed, went out of his way to make a good impression upon everyone with whom he came in contact, even to the extent of drinking English beer on draught until he was sick. All the same the marriage was childless, and Mary died when it had lasted a mere four years.

The marriages of Queens regnant are, indeed, rare in every country, but when their consorts are themselves ruling monarchs, as in the case of Mary and Philip, they are rarer still; yet there was another instance a few years later when Mary, Queen of Scots, married Francis II of France on April 24th, 1558 at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, but this marriage lasted an even shorter time than that of her English namesake, for the French king died in December, 1560.

Even in this permissive age members of the British Royal Family are not at liberty to wed where they will, for they have to watch their step in view of the Royal Marriage Act, which was passed as long ago as 1772 by direction of George III, who had fallen out with his brothers for having, unknown to him, contracted marriages with ladies who were not of the Blood Royal, and to whom he personally objected for social and political reasons. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland (not the ill-famed butcher of the Jacobites after Culloden, but his nephew), married in 1771 a widow much older than himself, named Horton, whose father, Lord Carhampton, had aroused the hostility of the King because of his opposition to the Royal views in the House of Lords. About the same time it transpired that another brother, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, had secretly married the widow of Earl Waldegrave, who was herself the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, son of the former Prime Minister.

Both brothers and the wives were banished from the Court, and had to go abroad: the King ultimately became reconciled to the Duke of Gloucester, though he refused to allow the Duchess to be presented at Court, while the banishment of the Cumberlands lasted to the end. It was to prevent any further aberrations of this sort that the Royal Marriage Act was passed. By it no descendant of George II under the age of twenty-six can enter into a valid marriage without the Sovereign's consent; nor above that age should the Sovereign's assent be withheld, except by giving a year's notice to the Privy Council, so that Parliament may, if it chooses, forbid the marriage. The bill had a rough passage through the House of Commons, and was finally only passed by 165 votes to 115.

Another restrictive enactment to which the King and the Prince of Wales alone are subject requires that if they become Roman Catholics themselves, or marry one, they lose their right to the throne. One would think that in these oecumenical days this stipulation is somewhat out-of-date.

It is thus impossible for Princes of the British Royal Family, and *mutatis mutandis* for Princesses, to follow the example of King Cophetua and marry a healthy, good-looking, barefoot beggar-maid or her male equivalent, but history shows that even within the limitations to which they are subject there has been a good deal of variety about their marriages.

THE REFERENDUM UNDER THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

by Stanley Alderson

NORTHERN Ireland is to hold periodical referenda on the Border. The Labour Party, when returned to power, may put renegotiated terms on the Common Market to a referendum. This country already has significant experience of local referenda. The Public Libraries Act of 1850 provided for local authorities to hold referenda among ratepayers before establishing public libraries. Scotland has had 'local option' on the abolition and reduction of pubs since 1920. Wales has had local option on the Sunday opening of pubs since 1961. The Sunday opening of cinemas has also been the subject of local referenda, under the 1932 Sunday Entertainments Act. A borough or an urban district has to hold a town meeting before it may promote a Private Bill and in certain circumstances (usually if it is demanded by 100 electors) must hold a referendum as well. The provisions for this in the 1933 Local Government Act have not, however, been re-enacted in the 1972 Local Government Act. These are the only local referenda for which express statutory provision has been made. Others have been held on the initiative of local authorities themselves. Because it was instigated by the State, the railwaymen's ballot, though on an occupational instead of a geographical basis, was in the nature of a limited referendum.

The effect of the new local-government reorganisation on local option is already an issue in Wales, where the next polls are due in 1975. The Government has decided to hold the next polls on the basis of the 37 new small districts rather than of the eight new counties. Small units favour the 'dries' and large the 'wets'.

The case for the referendum under the British Constitution was strengthened in 1911, when the Parliament Act deprived the House of Lords of the power to veto most legislation, giving it instead only the power to delay its enactment for two years. This left the Commons all but absolute during the lifetime of a Parliament.

When in possible conflict with the Commons, the people should ideally be represented by the Lords and the Sovereign. George V fulfilled this ideal of the Sovereign's role over the Parliament Act itself. He agreed that if necessary he would create enough new Liberal peers to pass the Bill, but only after a second general election (in a year) had enabled the electorate to make its support clear beyond doubt. In effect, George V put the Parliament Bill to a poll of the people.

The House of Lords retains the power to veto a Bill prolonging the lifetime of a Parliament beyond five years, thus preventing a tyrannical House of Commons from ruling indefinitely. The Queen might refuse the Royal Assent to any other Bill manifestly offending against democratic principle or the Rule of Law. But there remains a mass of legislation over

which the Lords has only a delaying power (reduced from two years to one by the Parliament Act of 1949) and the Queen has conventionally no power whatever.

The referendum was originally regarded by the Swiss (who did most to develop it, though Massachusetts can claim to have initiated it in 1778) as a means whereby democratic representatives, seen as agents of the majority, could seek fresh instructions when matters arose which had not been envisaged before their election. We might express this view in modern terms by saying there should be referenda on measures for which the Government has no mandate.

Referenda could never be held on all such measures. Some are too urgent, others too trivial. Nor is it possible to define satisfactorily in advance those measures meriting referenda. The measure most meriting a referendum is likely to be unforeseeable. We could take a proposal from Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Reference to the People Bill, which was debated at some length in the Lords in March, 1911, before the passing of the Parliament Act: that, when the Lords rejected a Bill, either the Lords itself or the Commons should be able to put it to an immediate referendum. If the electorate rejected a Bill, the Government should not be free to proceed with it during the current Parliament. If the electorate supported it, it should be passed forthwith.

In putting a Bill to a referendum, the Lords would give up its right to delay its enactment for a year. It would not therefore put a Bill to a referendum frivolously, for, if the electorate supported it, it would be passed a year earlier. The Lords would in any case lose dignity if it put to referenda Bills which received overwhelming popular support—as the Government lost dignity when the railwaymen supported their leaders by six to one. Even less would the Commons put a Bill to a referendum frivolously: if the electorate supported it, it would be passed only a year earlier; whereas, if the electorate rejected it, it could not be passed during the current Parliament.

The right of the Commons to put a Bill to a referendum would serve to deter the Lords from using its delaying power frivolously. In practice, however, the Lords has been reluctant to use its delaying power. It has been on the defensive, conscious of itself as undemocratic, frightened of being abolished if it did not remain docile. It would be readier to reject a Bill in a good cause if it could seek the endorsement of the electorate. The Constitution of the Weimar Republic provided for the House of States to ask the President to submit a constitutional matter to a referendum against the wishes of the *Reichstag* (which would be automatically dissolved). The power was never invoked. 'Having neither the weight and tradition of the British House of Lords nor the constitutional powers of the American Senate, the House of States found little favour with the German people, who thought of it merely as a formal and mechanical part of the legislature'.[1] If the House of Lords were given the power to refer Bills to referenda, its weight could and should be increased by reforming its membership.

Those mistrustful of Rousseau-esque democracy should be reassured that the electorate would be able to reject a Bill only when one of the Houses of Parliament also believed it should be rejected.

It might be possible to exploit that strength of the British Constitution, its reliance on convention, by having an understanding that the power to put to referendum would be invoked only for a Bill passed with the Government Whips on (or for a Bill for which the Government Whips might be expected to be on). This would exclude Bills such as that abolishing capital punishment—Bills traditionally passed on free votes and dealing with subjects which are not made national election issues.

Public-opinion polls have shown a consistent majority in favour of capital punishment. But it does not follow that an unrestricted power of the House of Lords to refer Bills to referenda would have perpetuated capital punishment. It is precisely because referenda are unfamiliar in this country that politicians have developed the tradition of doing good in defiance of public opinion, if possible by stealth. Sir Ernest Gowers, the chairman of the Royal Commission which recommended the abolition of capital punishment, revealed that he believed in it at the time he took up his appointment—before, that is, he examined the evidence. If the Lords had referred the abolition of capital punishment to a referendum, the penal reformers would have done what they have never yet done and made a concerted attempt to gain support among voters by presenting to them the kind of evidence which converted Sir Ernest. The actual Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment was directed essentially at MPs and the minority of intellectuals capable of putting moral pressure on them, not at the electorate.

Although the abolition of capital punishment must be acknowledged an absolute good, the fact that it was passed in the face of the known opposition of the electorate has created bewilderment and resentment which have diminished respect for democracy and increased resistance to other measures of penal reform—which have indeed brought periodical demands for the restoration of capital punishment. Britain's role as a member of the EEC looks like being restricted by a similar bewilderment and resentment. If the House of Lords had already possessed the power we are proposing, the European Communities Bill would have been an obvious subject for a referendum.

An important objection to referenda is that different results can be obtained by phrasing questions differently. Under our proposal the question would always take the form: 'Are you in favour of such and such a Bill which has been passed by the House of Commons but rejected by the House of Lords?' That is as neutral as can be. Since the parliamentary debates on the Bill would have been widely reported, and the press and television would also have provided other views, the electorate would be as informed as we can ever expect it to be.

The Constitution of the Fifth Republic of France (Articles 11 and 89) provides for referenda only on Bills. Five referenda have been held so far

(there having also been one on the Constitution itself). The first two dealt with Independence for Algeria; the third with the election of the President by universal suffrage; the fourth with the creation of regions and the renovation of the Senate; and the fifth, last year, with the extension of the EEC (to include, among others, Britain). It is generally accepted that the French people have understood what they were voting about. There has, however, been a tendency for referenda to be regarded as votes of confidence in the President.

This is the obvious danger of what we are proposing: that the electorate will vote according to party allegiance rather than on the merits of the case. But this danger is inherent in party politics. At least the electorate is more likely to vote on the merits of a case in a referendum than in a general election—it being possible to oppose the Government without putting it out of office or to support it without confirming it in office. Even if voting were entirely according to party allegiance, a referendum would serve a function in allowing an issue to be resolved without the disruption of a general election.

As a safeguard against apathy, it might be provided that the rejection of a Bill in a referendum would be valid only if the negative votes constituted 35 per cent. of the registered voters. The 1913 Temperance (Scotland) Act established a precedent in laying down that pubs in a local-authority area should be abolished or reduced only when majorities were achieved with 35 per cent. of the registered voters voting in favour.

Referenda not only resolve disputes without the disruption of general elections; they may be literally the only means of resolving certain electoral disputes: the next election provides no redress for a gerrymandering Act.

Our proposal is experimentally modest. Hence it has limitations. A Government may on occasion be able to gerrymander by failing to implement proposals of the Boundary Commission. There is then no Bill for the Lords to reject and to put to a referendum. To deal with this eventuality, the Lords would need the power to put to a referendum a Bill of its own rejected by the Commons.

NOTE

[1] Sir Stephen King-Hall and Richard K. Ullmann, *German Parliaments: A study of the development of representative institutions in Germany*, The Hansard Society, 1954, p. 86.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND REPRODUCTION

by E. Maxwell Fry

IT is so difficult to preserve critical intelligence in a multifarious world of connected things and events that we lean naturally towards accepting as necessary much that we dislike or consider harmful to ourselves or to society at large. We are burdened in addition by two major considerations, one of which is the fear of regression, of being thought reactionary; and the other, the more practical issue, of what would we do without it; without the motor-car, for instance.

Thus in face of evidence to the contrary, supplied by his own deep study of the car in conflict with the life of towns, Sir Colin Buchanan continues to regard the car as a benefit. And this is understandable because for me, as for him, the car remains a necessity in the circumstances of time, and because I continue to maintain two establishments, one in London and one in the country. When I decide to reduce my travel range and by this much lessen the crisis I have helped to engender, the car resumes by this much its beneficient role.

But I have only to glance down from my window in Gloucester Place to connect the mass of vehicles inching its way northwards with the larger issues of the emerging energy crisis and to recognise the part it plays in our survival, and instantaneously I am aware of the motor industry's contribution to the continued prosperity of the country. This describes in a few words the nature of the trap we have devised for ourselves, and the extent to which it cripples our critical faculties. In exactly the same way I am unable, however critical I may feel about so many of its aspects, to condemn photography out of hand, for it has entered to a much greater extent than the relatively simple mechanism of the motor-car into the texture of modern life, becoming in the process an enabling factor in fields of human consideration over and above its multifarious uses in the fabric of technology upon which we depend.

If I withdraw my critical apparatus as being too puny to affect a situation that is beyond my means of understanding and might look ridiculous even in face of its overwhelming acceptance as a necessary part of existence, then I am condemned to be partial, to grumble rather than condemn, and to tilt, like Don Quixote, at windmills peripheral to the body of the matter that must continue to take its course whatever may be the consequences.

The value of such criticism as I can provide, if it is held to be valid, resides in its capacity to stimulate thought in place of acceptance, and to provide solider grounds for future conduct than now obtain, and much of what I criticise concerns the interaction of photography with conduct.

I consider photography first in its simple manifestation as an accurate record of events and a replacement for art; and secondly in its wider role made possible by mechanical reproduction in various media. It is the second aspect that concerns us most but partly for reasons inherent in the photograph considered on its own merits, for there lingers still the memory of the

claims made for it when it first burst upon the world over a hundred years ago—that it was the truth of the matter in question; an unimpeachable record of an event; sure evidence that truth is beauty; beauty truth.

Dwelling upon those Octavia Hill plates of our Victorian ancestors as upon a world of confident, illustrious and superior persons, immaculately portrayed in every detail of dress, the force of character coming through to us as though time counted for nothing—how not to accord them the merit that would bracket them with art, with, at any rate, a minor art to set beside the world's masterpieces, something corresponding in value with, perhaps, Millais's later and more popular period?

If we could do without art, they would do. But we cannot, however much we try. A great part of the frustration we suffer and the strength of present concern for our environment flows from the recognition of the extent to which we are deprived of the consolations and the support that manifestations of artistic reality bring to us.

Two recent books throw light on the incapacity of photography to fill the gap. The first is R. L. Gregory's book *Eye and Brain*[1] in which he draws attention to the distortions or amendments to the mechanical record reaching the retina in favour of what the mind needs to see rather than what is presented to it; in favour, that is, of the necessities of survival in all animals, including man: an alerted rather than a passive view of things. The second book, *Art and Illusion* by F. H. J. Gombrich,[2] looks closely at some Constable pictures to point to a further series of distortions or re-arrangements that advance the elements of long endurance that connect the scenes portrayed with the very springs of life so that contemplating them now reinforces our hold on a continuing reality that was present for the mind of John Constable.

What comes out for us in these books is the essential difference between art and photography; the aim of the first being some aspect of reality, and the deficiency of the second being its unselectiveness, a deficiency that photography in its higher echelons has wrestled with ever since.

Art is further distinguished from photography by the intensity with which it secures its identity. Thus the value we set on the works of Michelangelo are a measure of the artist's intensity of imagination over what is possible for normal man. And it is equally true that the society for which he worked was of an intensity that required and supported him. If you want a stylish art, said Berlage, you must live stylishly.

Photography was a side-issue of science, but industrialism made it a prime vehicle of communication. Early photography was laborious and exposure prolonged and it became the object of industry to reduce this labour so that anyone could take a photograph easily. Kodak produced the first industrialised camera, secured a world market, and released on society a flood of amateurs snapping whatever came within their range of vision with results of dubious benefit to mankind.

An equally instantaneous apparatus served the press which began to occupy the forefront of every event, however local and trivial, however privileged or solemn, excusing itself as representing the public's recording

eye, and finally ignoring the gathering as being in itself less important than the photographs taken of it. The press cameras advance to the rostrums, to the altar, to the scene of the crime, to the grief-stricken widow, having no other part in what happens than to record, ignoring meaning, atmosphere, propriety, decencies or discretions, and this for pictures to be scanned with unawakened eye and unstirred heart, wedged as they are among the still more strident, urgent advertisements. These last come in the end to dominate the press in order simply to provide the revenue with which to meet the ever-rising cost of the materials, the equipment and the privileged personnel who keep it going only if paid enough.

At this point refining processes of photograph and printing draw together two seemingly separate classes of work. The reproduction of paintings at high levels of sophisticated verisimilitude has for long been, in my view, the misguided ambition of high-minded publishers. They thought to bring the masterpieces of art within reach of the general public. They have succeeded in degrading these works by making them available for all persons, and for all uses.

They set themselves the difficult technical task of a reproduction indistinguishable from the original, selecting for the purpose drawings, studies in guache, etc., most easily suited to the transfer by being in one plane, and their early, very expensive, examples, clearly marked as reproductions, be it said, were completely successful.

There followed a flood of 'coffee-table' art books that went far beyond the original achievement to take in all art, but these books, either because they exceeded in number those capable of appreciating them, or because they offered too easy an access to art, were rated for little by the book trade and were of small value. Indeed, it was not long before the reproductions of the finest paintings suffered the fate allotted to the best of music, of poetry, of noble sentiments expressed by the true architects of culture and were put to the ignoblest uses by that degenerate body of time-servers, the advertising fraternity. Thus in the short space of time needed for the debasement of what we once set special and reverent store by, these good intentions paved another way to the hell we make for ourselves.

It is now possible to reproduce in vivid colour and to any size, the brimming beer mug, the shining car, the half-naked girl,—whatever it is profitable to expose on the hoardings, or between the covers of magazines open for all to buy; and what is possible must, of course, be done.

The cinema appeared in my boyhood and passes into television little changed but by no means exhausted. It is a still more difficult technique than the photograph from which it derives, and places formidable barriers to spontaneity. The making of a film employs a wide variety of skills and talents as it moves through its expensive stages towards completion, and to succeed financially must please enormous audiences in its entirely one-sided presentation; one-sided in contrast with the essential and stimulating *rapport* between audience and stage that is the life force of the legitimate theatre.

It is a world in action. Its aim is to re-create life as a vivid reality projected onto a screen. The 18th Century spoke of art as representation, as

holding up the mirror to nature despite an obvious reliance on conventional symbols of representation, and when Constable thought to break through these conventions to offer us the limpid freshness of his beloved countryside he did no more than add new means of putting paint on canvas. Though representation has been an objective of art over long periods, it was never in practice the only, and perhaps never, the final objective.

In terms of action the cinema does provide a nearly complete illusion, though each individual photograph or "frame" has all the deficiencies of an untouched photograph in being too immediate, prosaic, unselective and without the ingredients that give art its value, the subtle balances that unify, the references to what lies within the beyond surface appearance. The stills in a cinema foyer make this immediately apparent. These deficiencies seem lost in the animation of the subject matter and as the figures move and speak we attend with our senses extended, the camera shifting its viewpoint to select what interests us most.

To say that the cinema is the world in action is short of the truth because action is not the whole world. The process of animation is a forward progression of frames dealing with sequences rather than views. It may not linger or animation dies and must be sustained by continued tensions reinforced from the earliest days of cinema by musical monitions inducing states of mind appropriate to the action. Thus, because it is incapable of contemplation without a repetition that becomes quickly boring, tension has become the chief stock-in-trade of cinema and in the overwhelming number of films is a sort of nerve-machine to which it is dangerous to submit.

This deficiency has consequences fatal to its pretensions as a medium for art and as I understand McLuhan, the medium *is* the only message; that despite its appearance of actuality it is essentially reductive; its actuality destructive. Thus I have always been wary of the 'film of the book' and taking for example Turgenev's novel *Liza* with its alternative title *A nest of gentle folk* I can lay hold as I write of a series of impressions, of situations, and views on the nature of experience that obtained then and always.

The book is the sad story of love awakened in an innocent but passionate young woman only to be extinguished by a set of worldly circumstances. Though the Liza I recall is indefinite of feature, I see and feel her subjectively and move once again through her sad rejections and infinite resignation, and my heart is stirred as my imagination is exercised over what took place in that country house, the collisions and entanglements of personalities caught up by conditions of life that have us, all of us, perpetually in thrall.

To present this on the screen with an actress too beautiful for the occasion, with scenery evocative but exact, is to seal off the reverie in which Liza lies waiting in our memories, and to substitute for it a framework of actually that shrivels tendrils reaching forward to new forms of art.

Oh, but I could guess the rest; the low-cut gowns of the flighty mother, the over-comical old German music master, the all too Russian old nurse. And the coming and going of carriages, the servants, the artificial dust, and the laughter, the screen laughter!

I protect myself from what offends me by not taking Sunday papers and going seldom to the cinema; but I speak to those unread young people for whom Henry VIII is no more than a disgusting lecher and his ministers experienced panders, and away in the African bush I see the upturned faces noting only the inessential luxuries of the West interlocked with acceptable levels of day-to-day violence, and remember the time when Cecil King introduced them to photographic sex as a newspaper supplement to years of honest, and not misguided education.

Radio is, you might say, sound photographed and reproduced and combined with cinema television results. There was a time when documentary came near achieving an art form. The GPO film unit under Grierson employed Vaughan Williams and Empson, and dedicated directors and camera men produced classics of the order of *Night Mail*. But they are gone, swept aside in the competition of dramatic action which so long as it commands attention needs music only to underline tension, stimulate or reinforce emotion and add a further element to sensuous enjoyment.

With the gramophone and radiogram my indebtedness is obscured by television. It remains, as does radio, for a persistent minority that prefers the voice to the presence, the music to the musicians. The dislocation it brought to the home circle, the suppression of ingenuous talent, the disparagement of concerted enjoyments, the lowering of social obligations: all these are forgotten in the acceptance of the greater evil; and let it now be noted by one with his own tale of dubious good done to others than himself, that under the clear skies of legalised smokeless London the centre of every new space-heated dwelling is no longer the fireplace, but the 'telly'. Let us shut off the advertising break for a moment to reflect upon what we have done.

But I owe to the gramophone, and freely acknowledge the debt of solacing many a lonely evening in my empty bungalow in West Africa when, with too frequent windings, I paced the length of my room conducting my way through *The Magic Flute* before the bullfrogs, the cicadas and the fruit bats started their deafening *concerto grosso*. Now, as with other indulgences, I ration myself, for I prefer my music at first hand and at longer intervals, and never, never on the ridiculous television which reports music in the most comical confusion of sight and sound ever presented to a gullible public.

A symphony is a work in several movements that must be listened to throughout and interruptions in a concert hall are sins against art and society so that latecomers, as at Glyndebourne, must cool their heels until the next interval. One is, of course, aware of slight distractions from time to time; one's mind wanders and is recalled, and it is impossible to give undivided attention. But one relegates these distractions to subsidiary channels and remains based in an attitude of relaxed absorption that has its reward in an experience of value.

Not so with television, which is its own audience and a proper fidget at that. Unable to contemplate either art or music, it cannot leave well alone, and like a gossip who talks under all circumstances, or an ill-bred child that

crawls about the furniture while elders converse, the camera focuses now on the conductor, on whatever instrument is in the lead, or on members of the audience reacting photographically; and what with looking up the cellists' nostrils, or at the violinists' evening pumps, or the sweat on the conductor's forehead, there is little enough left for music.

The lowest level at which music is transmitted is known as Musak. Take a composition, the better known the more useful. Rob it of vitality by removing emphasis and rhythm so that it offers no more than a vague reminiscence and has become a sort of adult lullaby; and let it pervade all places of work or public assembly to ward off the danger of reality. Serving a mass already surfeited by substitutes and inured to boredom that more vigorous and intelligent people would not put up with, those who object are thought strange and are despised by the majority.

Now, though this mixed catalogue of grievance is a personal reflection unsupported by the data that keeps many a simple-minded graduate in steady employment, it is the fruit of the lifetime's exposure of an aesthetic sensibility which by natural aptitude, by training and by a habit of comparison and measurement, has striven as an architect to create harmony and wholeness out of human needs and the materials and structures of nature and industry, and I venture to believe that it is not negligible as evidence. In any case it may be tested by the experience of such readers as rely upon their own judgment as much as upon that in current circulation.

Its emphasis upon photography's direct impact on us is obvious, though photography's ramifications in electronic and other fields could turn out to be more important. Uneasy though I am, how can I tell? What do the like of us know apart from what we can deduce from the baleful effects of technology's over-reaching drive to control everything it touches?

The proposition I now put is that despite achievements of value in limited fields of representation, the effect of photography is to mask reality and increasingly to obscure the means through which we seek solutions of problems vital to our continued existence that are thrown up by the system from which photography derives, and upon which it depends.

To get out of the trap we have been weaving round ourselves these last three hundred years there will be questions to be answered more ponderous than these I now raise. Yet they will be in essence no different, for insofar as they bear upon the quality of life,—and what else, other than life's continuation, is in question?—their concern is aesthetic.

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[1] Eye and Brain: the psychology of seeing. R. L. Gregory. World University Library.
[2] Art and Illusion. Professor F. H. J. Gombrich.

[Professor E. Maxwell Fry, C.B.E., F.R.I.B.A., was formerly Professor of Architecture to The Royal Academy and Town Planning adviser to the Resident Minister for West Africa. Publications include *Art in a Machine Age* and *Tropical Architecture*.]

ABDULLAH OF THE HILLTOP
A Short Story

by Punathil Kunhabdullah

IT was the wedding night of Bibi, daughter of the fisherman, Moythu. Bibi entered the bridal chamber, shoved in by several plump arms jingling with bangles. As it closed behind her, the raw wooden door sent up a pleasant smell.

Outside, the girls broke into peals of laughter.

Bibi's rosy cheeks brightened and shone. Her eyes, limpid and beautiful with collyrium, twinkled. The rays of the lamp fell on the platter she was bearing. Her hands and feet, coloured in henna dye, shone brightly. Her fair-skinned rotund calves looked voluptuously oily and the dyed feet had unusual glossiness.

The fragrance of the jasmines! Yet soon the smell of the cigarette overpowered the scent of the flowers.

She was startled. When her hands quivered, the glass of milk in her hands also shook. She kept the glass on an old stool. On the yellow wall appeared the shallow image of the milk glass, looking almost like a big bucket in the light shed by the kerosene lamp. He smiled, revealing his decayed teeth and sunken cheeks.

His hands looked frail, hairless, with very little muscle.

The walls of the bridal chamber stood witness to recent happenings. As she was waking up, he had slept. It was then she felt the greatest disappointment of her life. As he clasped her in his weak arms, she felt that she was not being sufficiently protected.

One such night, while she was lying fully awake, an unusual scent came in from outside the open window. It was the smell of the cashew fruit, wafted in by the breeze from the hills. The smell stirred in her the memories of an incident which occurred some five years earlier.

In the past she could recall that incident only with misgivings. Now whenever the chiaroscuro of that event filled her mind, she would experience a thrill of irrepressible ecstasy. The surge of passion swelled up with the passage of time, to recast the villain of that episode as a hero.

She was thirteen at the time, having had her first menstrual flow, the meaning of which she did not understand.

She knew that the cashew fruits in the jungle near the mosque in the hills were ripe for plucking. In the chilly morning, the fragrance-laden breeze awakened her. She came out of the thatched huts at the foothills. She wanted to gather the fruits stealthily. She took a bamboo basket and ascended the hills.

The smell of rotten cashew fruits here and there assailed her nostrils. It was still dark under the canopy of the sprawling cashew trees. She glanced around. The hill top looked desolate, like a cemetery.

Hurriedly, she separated the nuts from the decayed cashew fruits lying at the foot of the trees and collected them in her basket. The big red ants, lurking under the dry crisp leaves on the ground, climbed up her legs. She stamped her feet in an effort to shake them off. Those ants which still clung on to her legs were crushed between her thighs. The stench of the fluid secreted by the dead ants filled her with nausea.

As she held in her palm a luscious cashew fruit dangling from a branch lying low to the ground, she heard a rustle on the dry leaves. Before she could turn to look around she was already in the firm clasp of some strange arms, black, hairy and sinewy.

It was Abdullah, son of Hajiyar!

'You little thief! Wonderful, you have started stealing so early! ' Loosening his grip for a while he stood back and asked her. 'How long have I been lying in wait for you?'

The moment he released her, she flung the basket down and fled for her life. The withered leaves seemed to be laughing. Suddenly, all was dark around and under the trees.

She could not even scream as she fled along the narrow paths, gasping for breath, scarcely knowing which way to turn. Like her own shadow, Abdullah's heavy footsteps were close behind.

Finally, she collapsed on a bed of dry leaves. By her side was Abdullah, panting for breath like a train about to start. His huge shadow fell across her weary, fear-stricken gaze.

She felt as if the entire hillside had crashed on her — or rather as though a raw bamboo was being split in the scrub jungle.

'For heaven's sake, don't kill me! ' Yet her anguished appeal was lost in the wilderness.

It was after several years that Abdullah's face reappeared, as if in flesh and blood regularly before her mind's eye. On her wedding-night it danced before her continuously, like a snake.

Her young husband uttered something inarticulate in sleep. She looked scornfully at his flat, hairless breast with the ribs jutting out and recalled, with an upsurge of pride, the provocatively masculine figure of Abdullah.

Her nipples smarted and became erect at the mere recollection of his virility. She left her bed and went outside into the courtyard.

Her poor father, fatigued after a day's toil on the sea, was sleeping under a fishing net in a corner of the verandah.

She walked along narrow lanes. In the declining moonlight, the trees cast their weird shadows. Soon, she reached the valley, which was filled with the putrid smell of decayed mangos. Her plump legs did not weary even a little bit even after she ascended right up the hill top.

She stripped off her skirt and blouse. An erotic folk-couplet came into

her mind and aroused her dormant sensuality. She stamped on the dry leaves and shook the branches of the cashew trees violently.

The moonlight was on the wane.

She ran into the darkness of the clumps of cashew trees, eager to respond to the sound of footsteps from behind.

'Abdullah! Hurry! Take me in your arms! Rape me, if you will!' She wanted to shout at the highest pitch of her voice.

But Abdullah did not appear, nor were his footsteps to be heard.

Once again the big red ants climbed up her legs. This time, she did not bother to shake them off.

She gasped for breath, her breasts heaving. She held the branches of the cashew trees, wrapped by the swarms of ants, close to her bare bosom and cried bitterly: 'Abdullah! Where are you? Oh, my dear Abdullah!'

NOTE: *Abdullah of the Hilltop* has been translated from the Malayalam, one of India's leading regional languages, by G. Ravindran Nair.

DILKE: LEGEND AND MYSTERY

by H. P. Collins

THE 1880's were, by our standards, a quiet, serene period in politics, disturbed chiefly by the Irish problem and a series of disasters in Africa. Disraeli having died in 1881 and Gladstone (not for the first or last time) having retired from public life 'for ever', the field was open to brilliant younger men, and they materialised dramatically. Parnell, making and unmaking governments with his Irish legions, was the Uncrowned King of Ireland. Joe Chamberlain, radical and municipal feudalist, was the most arresting parliamentarian since Disraeli. Randolph Churchill, like the others a radical and a challenge, though in the Tory ranks, aroused phenomenal enthusiasm. Charles Wentworth Dilke, soberhued beside those, was perhaps the best tipped of all for the highest offices. Yet by 1891 all four were spent rockets, three of them fallen like Lucifer, and Joe only to re-emerge having suffered a sea-change, after nine years submersion.

Gladstone, who had been a Minister before any of them was born, triumphantly formed his fourth administration. He was 82 and unlike some other octogenarian Premiers, seemed actually mellowed, even improved. The fame of Joe, of the fallen Randolph and the fallen Parnell, grows with the years; but Dilke's case is rather different: he does not sparkle. He too was of course the casualty of a scandal: the greatest scandal of them all. The trouble is that the scandal is more alive at the moment than the statesman. In the last few years an able and very successful play about his reputed love-life has been staged in the West End, a novel about him has had currency, and no less a person than Mr. Roy Jenkins has written a judicious and thorough — if not exactly heartwarming — book about him. But Dilke himself, though he casts a formidable — perhaps a dark — shadow, remains insubstantial, almost impalpable. A man, perhaps, who was much and did little, who impressed everybody but not by memorable words, the man of whom everything was expected but who is commemorated for no outstanding act (in either sense).

The fourth in succession of a long line of Charles W. Dilkes, he was born in 1843, the grandson of Keats' friend, the virtual founder of the *Athenaeum* and a man of extraordinary good humour and sagacity. The boy was thus born into a near aristocratic and privileged world — a fact which did nothing to modify his innate priggishness. His father, whom he unjustly despised, was a prime architect of the Great Exhibition and so became a friend of Prince Albert, who thought highly of him and secured for him a baronetcy. But the elder of his two children was not born to greatness so much by reason of a silver spoon as by his precocious intellectual competence. He was early 'top-of-the-class' and a certain thinly disguised arrogance always kept it so. He was a prodigy if, like so many

prodigies, he never became much more. Already a prig, taking himself far too seriously and patronising almost unbelievably even his own father, he read intensively both mathematics and law at Trinity Hall — not the least élitist of colleges—and achieved high distinction in both. In these Cambridge days he came much under the influence of Leslie Stephen and Henry Fawcett, most influential and energetic of muscular Christians, who not only gave intellectual stimulus to his radicalism but trained his powerful body in the ways of oarsmanship, fencing and marathon walking. He became almost a top-ranker on the river, and was sometimes publicly described in middle-age (perhaps a little fawningly) as one of England's finest swordsmen.

But his earliest national fame was of course that of the Republican. In other respects he seems an odd leftist to post-Marxians. His unique repute was perhaps rather a fluke. He might be seen as the Phoenix who rose from the ashes of Albert the Good. His father's palace connection helped him to enter Parliament for Chelsea at 25 (1868), and but for the amazingly silly behaviour of Victoria in her early widowhood, which brought the monarchy to the lowest pitch of unpopularity, his republicanism might never have hit the headlines. The dangerous illness and recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1871 led to a violent reversal of public feeling on the left, which may leave one sceptical of the depth of sentiment Dilke really reflected or aroused. But his radical sympathies, however diluted, continued paramount to the end of his sixty-eight years. The conventional, pretty rich upper middle-class gentleman may not seem a popular figure, but his guiding star to the end was the welfare of the many.

Dilke was, more than most of his rivals, an intellectual; which is not surprising with his academic and high journalistic background. He throve on knowledge and competence rather than 'attack': on reputation rather than glamour. In his long, close partnership with Chamberlain he was, naturally enough, the trusted one; but one can hardly see him the lodestar. The gleam of an orchid, the flash of a monocle from the Midlands, and Dilke fades into the background, merely a clever, scrupulous gentleman. But it was always so. To Gladstone, to Hartington, even in some measure to the Queen, Dilke was tolerable — until the scandal. Though an extreme dissident from Whiggery, he had something of the grand Whig air. Hartington and he could dip august beard to august beard. The fall from heaven, when it so suddenly came, was a Miltonic fall.

All through the long Disraeli administration of the 70's his standing as a back-bencher was high. He had gained the limelight by a lively satirical romance *The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco* published (at first anonymously) in 1874. His lifelong love of France and his detestation of Louis Napoleon are clearly reflected in this *jeu d'esprit* whose authorship could not long be unguessed in Society. He made a loveless but lively and successful marriage, and 76 Sloane Street was celebrated for its entertainment until the first Lady Dilke died, leaving one son, after just under three years of marriage. Dilke was almost unnaturally shaken, ('for all practical purposes I was mad'), but slowly recovered in

his beloved Paris, fortified by Gambetta's intimacy. The podgy Alcibiades of France taught him much of politics and life.

His social influence grew and grew, and his devoted oversight of his papers, the *Athenaeum* and *Notes and Queries,* gave him additional weight. When Gladstone formed his second administration in 1880, Dilke's claim to office, if only partly welcome to the G.O.M., was clamant. He became Under-Secretary to 'Pussy' Granville at the Foreign Office, and entered the Cabinet in 1882 (at 39) as President of the Local Government Board.

His relations with Gladstone were never without their humorous side. Supreme as an orator, a finance minister and a moral influence, the Prime Minister was cool towards radicalism and so, tragically, did nothing to relieve the poverty and squalor of the millions. At the time of Dilke's glory the G.O.M. was absorbed in Ireland, about which Dilke, like his colleague Chamberlain, cared little, though he remained a supporter and friend of Home Rulers to the end of his life.

It was virtually a condition of Gladstone's tolerated dominance that his chief appointments should be moderate or Whig. Dilke generously yielded Cabinet precedence to Chamberlain while he himself served in the Foreign Office — a post not ideal for radical agitation. Long before his friend entered the Commons Dilke had been fighting for women's suffrage, for land reform, for popular education. He was responsible, indeed, in 1870 for the School Boards' being directly elected and not sub-committees of the Vestries; and also for the Ballots being introduced for the Boards' popular elections. It is not surprising that just over two years were spent in what was for Dilke relatively a backwater in the Foreign Office, especially as they were overclouded by the disaster of Majuba Hill. But his personal influence still grew, the Whigs were inevitably approaching secession or decline, and it is very possible that he might have succeeded Rosebery as Foreign Secretary, though it is a little difficult to see him (as Disraeli prophesied) in Number Ten. His intensively French culture, his sympathy with the *nouvel régime* and Gambetta shaped his principal contribution to foreign policy in 1880-82, for which he was of course spokesman in the Commons. In the negotiation of commercial understandings, at any rate, he was more successful than anybody since the great days of Cobden and Gladstone.

If he was no discursive orator, Dilke proved massively discreet and efficient in the business of answering questions; and when he achieved the Local Government Board and the Cabinet two days before Christmas, 1882, he found a better springboard for his reforms. The radicals were desperately concerned for extension of the franchise — afterwards steered by the Lords into the channel of redistribution. This had been far from the ideal preoccupations of a Foreign Office man. It is true that Dilke was something of a jingo by nature and was in later years much preoccupied with military efficiency. But how could a progressive leftish ideology dependent on practical support from the Noncomformists, hope to thrive

against an Imperialist background, wished on a reluctant G.O.M., with Boer and Afghan wars culminating in Gordon and Khartoum?

However, at the L.G.B. with Joe at the Board of Trade, Dilke rather surprisingly found himself in his element. He had seen it as a *pis aller.* Never without self-importance, he had backed away from the Irish Secretaryship without Cabinet rank; and the Queen had not fancied him so near her as the Chancellorship of the Duchy. Now he was, briefly, triumphant. True, his only real supporters were the P.M. and Chamberlain (rarely both together!). True, his Local Government Bill, so appropriate, so prophetic, was turned down as premature. He was more successful with his Act against Corrupt Practices. More polite than Chamberlain, and always ready to admit a mistake, he soldiered on. His most important ministerial achievement was probably the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes (on which the Prince of Wales and Cardinal Manning served), although its progress was retarded by his own fall and three changes of government in 1885-86. Much of the changed structure of our modern society was anticipated by Dilke in his years at the L.G.B. His feminism, relatively little as he could achieve, was reflected in his creation of woman Inspectors for the Board in 1883. As President of the Industrial Remuneration Conference he mainly initiated the limitation of hours for miners and so ultimately for male workers in general, especially the most abused of all, the shop assistants. He saw the fall in the rate of interest as the strongest factor in creating a society in which heredity should no longer determine gross financial inequalities and where 'the worker will become king,' and only a very few who serve the many outstandingly would become highly privileged. Taxation would level, in all walks of life, and Electoral redistribution bring about genuine popular representation. So Dilke forecast the society of to-day, even though his conception of its creative moral impulses was far too idealistic.

Yearning for an extreme revision of the franchise was foiled by the Whigs; but he was able to take the lead in the Redistribution of 1885, better supported by the Tories than the Whigs. He showed too much finesse, perhaps, in jockeying for Radical representation; but he did secure more equable electoral districts, especially for London; and put the towns more on a level with the rural areas. The very gradual elimination, for better or worse, of two-Member seats was largely his doing.

On 19 July, out of a very bright blue sky, the storm burst. Mrs. Virginia ('Nia') Crawford, the lively wife of a barrister and sister of Dilke's brother's widow, had 'confessed' that Dilke was her lover; and he was cited as co-respondent in a divorce suit. This snub-nosed, highly intelligent horsewoman of 22, née Virginia Smith, was the daughter of an old mistress of Dilkes, and very probably had been in the same situation herself before her marriage.

The facts are wrapped in a mystery that will probably never be solved. That these Smiths were a licentious sisterhood cannot seriously be doubted; (much emerged in evidence). Even before a disastrous second trial it was impossible, in the moral climate of the 80's, for Dilke to

survive as Dilke. But his case was mishandled on the advice of the famous lawyer Henry James (afterwards Lord Chancellor) and of Chamberlain, whose motives have often been suspected, but never quite convincingly. Dilke was persuaded not to give evidence. The facts of the case were extremely complicated. Mr. Justice Butt granted Crawford his divorce but dismissed Dilke from the case with costs. The Court found, in effect, that Nia had committed adultery with Dilke, but that there was no sufficient evidence that Dilke had committed adultery with her. This judgement seems to have been perfectly in order. Dilke's fiancée, the widow of the learned and lugubrious Mark Pattison, stood by him, and for the moment most of his principal colleagues withheld judgement, if primly.

That Dilke was, as Mr. Roy Jenkins has carefully demonstrated 'framed' by this extraordinary girl, appears most probable. Her motives were obscure; but it seems clear that she had acquired an extremely unpleasant lover in one Captain Forster, and was desperately anxious to shield him. Dilke was damned in the eyes of the great Victorian public, though not actually repulsed by the electors; but worse was to come, and really even in our permissive age, the position for, say, a Foreign Secretary would have been impossible.

The Member for Chelsea was doomed morally but not without means or popular backing. Mrs. Pattison married him and gave him staunch support. But the *Manchester Guardian, Statesman* and *Pall Mall* attacked him with considerable vehemence. On the *Pall Mall* Dilke's radical colleague Morley had been supplanted by W. T. Stead, the famous publicist of *The Maiden Tribute,* whose make-up was a curious compound of John Knox, Tartuffe, Northcliffe and a bloodhound. It was this assiduous persecution which led Dilke to his really fatal error: the bringing of his influence to bear to have the Queen's Proctor intervene to challenge Nia's divorce. The flaw in Dilke's hopeful prospect was that, despite such distinguished legal advice as that of James and Sir Charles Russell, Dilke found that he had no status as a party in the action.

Not only was he ill-advised, but he proved a surprisingly bad witness, in marked contrast to the convincing Nia. Henry Matthews Q.C. (shortly to be Conservative Home Secretary) dominated the trial, which extended at enormous cost over 8 days. The inability of Russell to appear was disastrous. The President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, Mr. Justice Hannen, was confronted with as complex a conflict of testimonies as a judge ever had to unravel. The cause of Crawford, the only untarnished principal in the scandal, was never seriously in doubt, and the self-condemning Nia's adultery with Forster was evident; but the real issue was Dilke's character. Nia's most sensational allegations were that at a house in Warren Street kept by a Dilke pensioner he shared a bed with herself and a dismissed housemaid of twenty; that he had absolute domination over her, and that he 'taught me all the French vices,' (whatever these were, it is interesting to note that our gallant neighbours were still credited with a virtual monopoly of sexual sin!). The President had

no option: the Queen's Proctor's intervention failed and the decree stood.

It was the end of Dilke as an elder statesman, though not as a Radical, for he was returned as M.P. for the Forest of Dean six times, from 1892 till just before his death in 1911. The more lurid accusations against him were never wholly credited, but his general character, and still more the semi-Society circle of the Smith sisters, were irreparably smirched in the eyes of the populace. Late Victorian respectability had received its greatest shock. Dilke himself kept his head above water by his worldly standing, his wife, and his support from radical working-men. He was never outlawed, and hovered on the verge of respectability — an enigma to the end. Though anathema to the amiable Campbell-Bannerman, he was made Chairman of a Select Committee on the Income Tax (1906). He shook confidence in his judgement by opposing super-tax and differentiation between private and unearned incomes. He was growing tired, even of Paris, and habitually walked out of his beloved theatres at the interval. It is unfortunate that his official biography, commenced by Stephen Gwynn, was on account of the 1914 war handed over to Lady Dilke's niece, who compiled a work which is a mine of political minutiae, but suppressed even the mention of the name Crawford. Her *Life* is surely the last, if not also the least ingenuous, of the old whitewashing biographies, and it is ironical that it appeared just after *Eminent Victorians*. In the end it may do more harm to the memory of a very able man than all Nia's fantasies.

Nia herself, who survived the Second World War and published her last — religious — work in 1947, presents a mystery of a different kind. She became a pious Catholic and a close friend of Cardinal Manning. Everything we know of her suggests great vitality and fascination. She was no light-weight. She wrote a serious critical work on European literature. She was the first Labour member of the Marylebone Borough Council. She compiled several biographies of the saints. Mr. Roy Jenkins naturally finds it strange that Manning never persuaded her to recant some almost certain lies. He believes, very plausibly, that she transferred her memories. Probably the explanation of the disaster is that she was an oversexed member of an extremely oversexed family and was hopelessly, incurably infatuated as a girl with a worthless womaniser whose name was not Dilke.

AN END TO PRIVACY IN AMERICA?

by John E. Owen

AMERICANS are watched more today than at any time in their history. Dossiers, data banks, wiretaps, electronic surveillance devices, hidden tape-recorders, secret financial credit reports, and computers have proliferated to a point where many citizens feel that the right to individual privacy has been usurped by the use of technology,—if indeed it exists any longer. The situation carries implications for Britain, as she herself has begun to move in the same direction.

The U.S. since 1945 has become one of the most 'data-conscious' nations in world history, a country in which numerous organisations have been investigating, recording, cross-filing and utilising every piece of information obtainable on its 209 million people, often without their knowledge. The groups who find and use this information include credit investigation agencies, banks, mortgage lenders, advertisers, federal, state and local governments, the military, insurance companies, police, income tax authorities, employers, industrial firms and census enumerators.

As a result of this data-gathering activity, there is a vast range of information produced that enables the economy to function, and for millions of persons to be provided with welfare, medical, educational, banking, and credit services. But the other aspect of this technological achievement is a subtle and ever-growing invasion of personal privacy by government and industry, a situation in which the individual typically does not realise the extent to which his living habits, spending patterns, personal conduct, medical history, and job performance are known, recorded, and shared by countless organisations who have immediate access to data on him.

The U.S. Constitution does not specifically mention the right to privacy, though it has always been presupposed by the highest courts. In 1880 the Supreme Court disallowed even Congress from inspecting a citizen's private affairs. But it would be hard to claim that this right is as well-established in America today as it was even 25 years ago.

With the vastly expanded role of the military forces in America since World War II, the number of citizens subject to official surveillance has grown to an unprecedented extent. Even in the late 1950s, over 13½ million Americans, or about one-fifth of all workers, were under some type of 'loyalty check' or security scrutiny measure. As early as ten years ago, the Department of Defence had security inquiries on over 800,000 persons. The U.S. Civil Service Commission has an index of some 7½ million dossiers on individuals working in connection with the federal government, and the personnel records of the Defence Department are equally extensive.

Population increase (the U.S. has grown by 70 million since 1940), crowded city living (70% of the people are concentrated in metropolitan areas), and the pressure of an affluent automated society have necessitated a vast increase in organised living. The workings of a technological society

demand that the person shall adapt himself to large organisations and become merely a number in a huge impersonal computer on a government pension record, income tax file, health insurance register, or employment personnel roster. The very logic of organisation appears to be destructive to individuality and personal privacy.

Automatic record-keeping is a necessary means of enabling the system to survive when it involves so many millions. As an example, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service handles more than 400 million income-tax records annually. The number of personal tax records in America has risen from 6 million to over 110 million in the last forty years. A National Computer Centre contains a master file of 80 million taxpayer records on magnetic tapes, and every worker has a number assigned to him (Social Security) for tax, pension, and welfare purposes. A parallel could be drawn with the 25 million British tax records of Inland Revenue and the 30 million filed by the Ministry of Social Security. The time is soon anticipated when every U.S. baby may be assigned a Social Security number at birth.

A congested and complex urban society, America has become the land of the dossier. As in Britain, a rising crime rate in an expanding population has led to nationwide systems of police records and instant communication between law-enforcement agencies. Crime, national and world tensions, big corporations, big labour unions and the hire-purchase economy have all led to the widespread use of this practice, facilitated by modern technology.

Where business profits depend upon new products and patented research, large corporations have to take precautions to ensure that competitors do not learn of their latest products and manufacturing processes. With industry's research and development programme now exceeding $20 billion annually, this has necessitated a modern stress upon 'industrial security'. Literally thousands of firms offer their 'investigation and security services' to corporations desiring to screen and observe their employees, both to check their performance on the job and to prevent industrial espionage, pilferage, and thieving. Every year thieving workers take an estimated $1 billion in cash and merchandise. Hidden closed-circuit TV cameras in department stores, factories, and warehouses are one means used to cut down losses, but they also put employees under constant surveillance.

Wire-tapping as an electronic eavesdropping device has been a subject of controversy over its legality, but it has been widely used for years by police and other bodies. Legal taps require a court order, but the extent of unauthorised tapping is hard to estimate. State laws on the subject are somewhat confused and contradictory.

Hidden miniature microphones and transmitters, remote-control cameras and other sophisticated devices now make privacy technologically obsolete. Apart from these bizarre developments, the computer alone is making U.S. society 'data-rich and privacy-poor', by putting almost every transaction of every citizen on a permanent record, a record that can be used for diverse purposes. Of an estimated world total of 100,000 business computers, two-thirds are in America.

In 1965 came a proposal for a National Data Bank which would enable the government to keep in one central computerised agency *all* the recorded data on *all* citizens—a complete dossier on every American. Many congressmen and other citizens were disturbed at the threat it would pose to civil liberties, and the plan was discarded in 1967. At the time the government was spending $178 million annually on statistical activities, and it was claimed that a data bank would save public money. Many persons saw it as a step closer to an Orwellian *1984*.

There are 275 million credit cards, and the Associated Credit Bureaux of America include 2,500 firms who can within minutes obtain data kept on over 110 million persons, to ascertain for merchants and insurance companies who is a 'good risk'. One private retail credit investigative firm anticipates that by 1975 it will have a dossier on every citizen who ever applied for credit anywhere. Many a citizen has been harassed by unfavourable credit reports based on a clerk's filing the wrong name or misplacing a payment cheque.

On the hopeful side, some states are working on laws for a fair credit reporting system, e.g., giving individuals the right to see reports on them and their financial standing, as in the U.K. There is also a movement for a Federal Fair Credit Reporting Act. In June, 1972, the Supreme Court curbed the use of government wiretaps in surveillance of suspected domestic subversives. And following an investigation by a U.S. Senate Subcommittee, some civil-rights-minded legislators are considering federal statutes to restrict the use of electronic 'eavesdropping' devices.

The American Civil Liberties Union has also worked to make the public more aware of the current threats to personal privacy. The New York City Bar Association, a prestigious body of lawyers, has publicised the dangers of technological intrusion and made recommendations for new federal statutes to restore the balance of privacy. There have also been several law-cases brought with success by citizens claiming invasion of privacy, and some individuals have refused well-paying jobs on principle, because they objected to the psychological and lie-detector tests required in interviews.

Such freedom of choice in an increasingly organised society is necessarily limited. But there is a patent need for a more fundamental respect for individual rights and a return to the libertarian ideals of America's founders before privacy is lost beyond recall. In the meantime, whether the technological trends endangering privacy can be reversed is problematical. The extent to which these disturbing developments have occurred in America could stand as a lesson from which Britain might benefit.

FRANZ XAVER WINTERHALTER (1805–1873)

by Irene Bell

A PAINTER of Princes and Prince of Painters: this caption about the well-known artist is certainly worth considering; there is hardly a post-Napoleonic nineteenth century biography without reproductions of Winterhalter portraits.

Who was this industrious man and what of his background? Franz Xaver Winterhalter was born on 20th April, 1805 in a Black Forest village near Bernau, not far from the Feldberg. His people were innkeepers. At the time of Franz's birth, Europe was in turmoil; Nelson was engaged in the Mediterranean and Wellington campaigning on land until his final victory at Waterloo, in the region that was to become Belgium.

The future court painter's childhood was hardly disturbed by battles here and there; the young Franz led a quiet country life observing the scenery, sketchbook in hand, and the first costumes he saw must have been those colourful Black Forest peasant *Trachten*. These years were a good foundation for an artist, and by the time he was old enough to study art in Munich, Europe had settled down and there was an era of peaceful elegance.

In 1824 Winterhalter travelled eastwards to the Bavarian capital. The following year Ludwig I became king, and then set about an exciting neo-classical building programme. Ludwig was a collector; he needed settings for his treasures; the unusual fragments, vases, busts and friezes he had brought back from his trips to Rome and Greece. These were then displayed in the Pinakothek. Later a twin building was to house magnificent paintings.

Already luck had come Winterhalter's way; he was in the right place at the right time with the right tool. Indeed the young man from the Black Forest was more or less born with a silver brush in his hand. The real break came in 1828 when he had returned to Karlsruhe, capital of the state of Baden. The Grand Duke Leopold had evidently heard of the aspiring artist just back from Munich, and engaged him to give drawing lessons to his daughter, Sophie, A portrait of the Grand Duke by Winterhalter attracted notice, and from then on various royal houses commissioned portraits by the up and coming young drawing master.

But success did not spoil Franz Xaver. He might have been content with an easy life, just painting one princess after another so that the portraits could be circulated on the marriage mart. In 1833 he went to Rome to study the great painters of the past. There he met the colony of German artists of the Nazarene Brotherhood, but Winterhalter was single-minded and did not allow himself to be caught up in their enthusiasm. This trait was evident again, years later, in London in 1848 when he met the Pre-Raphaelites. But he knew his *niche* and remained a painter of princes.

In the 1830s Paris was the great art centre. So in 1834 Winterhalter went to the French capital, where he rapidly achieved fame. Before he had been there a year he had painted Louis Philippe and his Queen, Marie Amélie, and exhibited at the Salon, which he continued to do for over thirty years.

He was awarded 2nd medal in 1836, and 1st the following year, and in 1839 became Commander of the Legion of Honour. Another 1st Class medal came his way in 1855.

There was a great deal to study in France. Events had changed everyone's way of life; the return of things gracious and luxurious in the world of fashion had also revolutionised the world of the portrait painter. Elaborate frills and flounces were the mode again. These Winterhalter studied, and in later years the crinoline was to be his *forte*.

He did for the crinoline what Holbein had done for headdresses, Van Dyck for collars, Romney for fichus. The full, wide skirts might have stultified an artist, but for one who did not rely on anatomy, this period was ideal. The ladies' hairstyles and bare shoulders needed attention, and this Winterhalter gave with talent. 'He flatters pretty women' was said of him. Perhaps this was the case, but he was in fact just what he aimed to be, a capable painter of kings, queens, princesses and grand ladies. However, there were the early Italian pictures, such as the 'Decameron' and the 'Italian Children' which are quite different from the fashionable portraits, and were still in demand even in his lifetime.

When he had the Royal Appointment warrant, as it were, after painting at Buckingham Palace in 1842, Winterhalter was the most sought after painter in Europe. The Coburgs were an ideal connexion; Victoria was Queen of Great Britain, her Uncle Leopold, now King of the Belgians, had married a daughter of Louis Philippe, adding a host of new in-laws with major and minor thrones and principalities, and Alexander of Württemberg (neighbouring land to his own Baden), also a Coburg cousin of Queen Victoria, had married the Queen of Portugal, bringing still further excellent contacts.

Winterhalter was famed as far as Russia, firstly because of the ubiquitous Coburgs; and then due to the fact that he had painted a portrait for the Russian Ambassador (related by marriage to Sidney Herbert). This picture, showing the lovely Princess Woronzoff, full length, dressed in sombre brown, is often mentioned as having resemblance to Rossetti's work.

There must have been enough Winterhalter portraits to have brought out an illustrated *Almanac de Gotha*. During the time he spent in France it is recorded that the artist produced about 500 portraits, mostly in lithograph; the portraits are often full length with a landscape background. As fast as the painter worked, photography was making progress, but there was still a market for the painted prestige portrait. How did Winterhalter work? He was assisted by his brother Herman, and other artists were used to fill in the rather superfluous draperies; but never for Queen Victoria, who took a real interest in her portraits and Winterhalter himself, 'who paints with such fresh colours'. But the Queen often had an understudy for her hands, which were small and plump, and by no means as exquisite as her devoted portrait painter would have wished.

Nowadays we have become used to seeing the Queen's Pictures in the Buckingham Palace Gallery. Surely one of the first of these exhibitions must have been in 1847 when a 'Showing' was given to Winterhalter's

pictures; it is on record that 98,000 went to see the artist's work. Then at the Great Exhibition in 1851 the famous 'First of May' picture was seen by thousands at the Crystal Palace. Between 1852 and 1857 Winterhalter had four pictures at the Royal Academy.

A great deal can be learnt about Winterhalter from Queen Victoria's correspondence. In 1842 he painted the first family portrait of the Queen, Prince Albert and their elder children. This was let into the wall at Windsor, and after the death of the Prince Consort, served as a sad backdrop for many a family ceremony.

After the Princess Royal had married and gone tc live in Berlin there are constant allusions to Winterhalter in the royal letters. The Queen wrote to Vicky on 16th April 1859:

> Our dear Winterhalter will be here at the end of the month. He is to paint a full length of me en grand costume and I want Baby (Beatrice) to be introduced into it; you know he painted one of the Queen of Spain and her little girl and I think something fine may be done.

Winterhalter's life spans so many years, and his work took him all over those lands which we begin to call the Common Market. He must still have loved his native Black Forest for he built a house in Baden-Baden in 1861, named Villa Trianon, perhaps indicating that he was a francophile at heart. But even when at the lovely spa he was not idle. Princess Feodore, living at the Villa Hohenlohe, wrote to her half-sister, Queen Victoria, saying: 'Would you like another picture of me? Winterhalter always comes in the spring'. Indeed the portrait was painted in 1855 and is now in the Buckingham Palace collection.

There are some less wellknown pictures by Winterhalter in Karlsruhe and Baden-Baden, the towns where he first made good. The delightful self-portrait, with his brother Herman, was acquired as recently as 1960 by the Karlsruhe Gallery. Herman holds a cigar, the glow is so realistic one almost presses the fire alarm. One is struck by the artist's skill; the glow of the cigar, which cannot be seen in reproductions, has a beauty like the flash of an opal. Winterhalter was certainly interested in his craft, not merely aiming at flattering royal ladies.

One wonders why there is so little literature about Winterhalter, why so few exhibitions. However, London had an outstanding tribute at Knoedlers in Bond Street on 3rd-19th December 1936. The catalogue relates that many of the pictures were loaned by H.M. King Edward VIII, but the turmoil of the Abdication, which was on December 11th, must have disturbed many of his subjects and detracted from the interest which would otherwise have been focused on the Prince of Painters.

The art critic Dr. Tancred Borenius had done extensive studies on the work of Winterhalter preparatory to a 'Life', but the war hampered this biography, and Dr. Borenius unfortunately died in 1948 before its completion. In Germany there is little material to consult, but it is generally accepted that the *Fürstenmaler* was industrious, and left a fortune of over 'four millions'; one wonders what that really represented a hundred years ago.

In Britain one can see Winterhalter pictures in the National Portrait Gallery, in country houses open to the public and, of course, in the royal palaces.

Owing to a sad twist of history some of the painter's French work came to England after Napoleon III's death in exile. There would certainly have been more commissions, but as things turned out the widowed Eugenie—subject of the artist's loveliest compositions—then advertised for some Winterhalter pictures to remind her of happier times. The faithful painter could no longer adorn the walls of her Chislehurst home. He had died of typhoid in Frankfurt on 8th July 1873—just six months after the Emperor.

The December issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Music in Modern China* by Eric Mason, *Third Century Reflections about Christmas* by the Master of the Temple, *The Public Right Campaign—Worthy of a Better Cause* and *Libyan Oil Revenues at Work* by Gerald Blake.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE FINAL YEARS

At the End of the Day. 1961-1963. Harold Macmillan's Memoirs, Vol. 6. Macmillan. £4.50.

In my review of Volume 5 of these elegantly written memoirs, I posed the question whether the years 1956-63 might become known to historians as the Macmillan Era or as the Macmillan style of Government or regarded rather as just an inevitable interval between Attlee and Wilson. I have excepted Churchill because he will always be known as a magnificent war-time Prime Minister; Eden because, owing to ill-health, his reign was short and Sir Alec Douglas-Home because he will be remembered more as a long-time Foreign Secretary and the acknowledged favourite of the Conservative Party. It is too early to speak of Heath, though in some ways as a politician he owes much to Macmillan and has been forced to face many of the problems, indicated by Macmillan in this book, more especially the decision on Europe, but also crucial questions concerning Income and Prices and industrial relations and the loss of by-elections. Again, it is too early to speculate what might have happened if Rab Butler had succeeded Macmillan, in spite of his adroit autobiography 'The Art of the Possible', published in 1971.

My own guess is that Macmillan will be remembered because of the style of his government and more personally because of his style of writing about his government. This last volume puts my doubts to rest. I have already used the well-worn adjective 'elegant'. I mean by this adjective something more than gentlemanly behaviour or frank admission on reflection that he might have taken a different and wiser path. He displays in this volume, as in some of the former volumes, a wide historical background, tempered by long experience of social problems, a firm grasp of political essentials and above all a soothing sense of humour. Today we are living with a commitment to Europe, a prices and incomes policy, the nuclear challenge, etc., etc. It fell to Macmillan to initiate the first steps in framing all these policies. In a word, he was an innovating Premier and because of his secure position he was able to carry the Conservative Party most of the way.

Perhaps the most happy aspect of these last years was his intimate understanding with President Kennedy, continuing his good personal relations with Eisenhower. Although he was a devoted European, he never forgot the Atlantic alliance. The correspondence between Kennedy and Macmillan on the Cuban crisis will be a landmark in British-American understanding, in spite of the attitude of Gaitskell, who quite simply mis-read the inner meaning of the whole crisis. It is only fair to add that on most other matters Macmillan paid high tribute to Gaitskell and throughout bears little malice to his opponents. But even Macmillan has the occasional outbursts at the Americans: after what he regarded as a foolish speech by Robert McNamara, Macmillan writes 'The trouble with American Cabinet Ministers is that they are generally drawn either from the board room or from the common room. But neither tycoons nor academics are very skilful or sensitive in politics, especially the politics of other countries'—a shrewd observation.

We know very little about the ups and downs of our own Cabinet Ministers. Harold Macmillan confesses candidly that he made an error in coupling the

dismissal of Selwyn Lloyd with a wholesale reconstruction of his Cabinet at one fell swoop. On reflection he thinks that the inevitable reconstruction might have been arranged differently. But, unlike some other Prime Ministers, he knew his men, suffered with them and on balance achieved his objective of replacing older and tired men by new appointments, including Sir Keith Joseph and Edward Boyle. In the end, there were half a dozen contenders for his succession and the chosen one narrowly missed winning the fourth Conservative election in a row—an unprecedented achievement in British politics. Macmillan admits that he was warned by Balfour's mistake in 1905.

What then of Mr. Macmillan's solid achievements? It is not enough to have kept one's Party in power; it is of course remarkable to have written 2¼ million words in ten years after retirement. But how shall we place this man in the evolution of British politics, this man who lived through 50 years of changing history and was an active Member of Parliament and social reformer in his earlier years?

This can, at least, be said of Macmillan, 'nihil tetigit quod non ornavit'—whether it be Africa and the Wind of Change; Anglo-American relations with Eisenhower and Kennedy; Europe with Paul-Henri Spaak and Monnet; perhaps Soviet Russia and the nuclear agreement. So much for external affairs. On the home front, he initiated Neddy, a Prices and Incomes Policy and finally prepared the way for a Ministry of Defence. No doubt he was satisfied with his Social Services Ministers, Home Office, Housing, Education, etc., but there is little reference in any of his volumes to these aspects of Government, except to his own successful period as Minister of Housing under Churchill. His Churchillian titles, 'Winds of Change', 'The Blast of War', 'Tides of Fortune', 'Riding the Storm', 'Pointing the Way', 'At the End of the Day' suggest that he saw the drama of politics and especially of Foreign Politics. It cannot be said that he did not condescend to details. He was a meticulous draughtsman. Perhaps after the reforming zeal of Attlee, the country needed good and solid administration. Only history will provide a full answer to this question-mark. Meanwhile few people will doubt that Macmillan has carved a distinctive and distinguished name for himself in the long story of British Prime Ministers.

KENNETH LINDSAY

MR. INGLIS ON ROGER CASEMENT

Roger Casement. Brian Inglis. Hodder & Stoughton. £4.50.

English biographers usually seem to have some difficulty in writing about Roger Casement. That he preferred Ireland to Britain and rebellion to imperial grandeur offends the English sense of proper proportions. That he preferred men to women fascinates and offends those who do not. Indeed, it is the sexuality of Roger Casement almost as much as his love for Ireland that proves a stumbling-block for English intellectuals. A recent radio broadcast, which presented a panel of experts who were to discuss Casement, saw the panel, which did not include Mr. Inglis and only had one Irish member, unable to go beyond the 'question of Casement's homosexuality'.

Mr. Inglis, in his study, by-passed these two problems. First, he is Irish and not English and therefore it does not appear to him to be perverse that one should prefer Irish affairs to English. Second, he realises the simple fact that Casement's sexual tastes had little effect on his career. Indeed, there is no reason to think that his affairs with young men had any more effect on him than did Asquith's with young women or those of Lloyd George or Keir

Hardie with the same sex. Casement had the annoying habit of doing what was natural to him and in a natural way, however offensive that might appear to some. Casement annoys many people for although a homosexual he refused to be a pervert. Since Mr. Inglis accepts this aspect of Casement's personality, he is better able to concentrate on the major and important facets, namely Casement's reputation as a civil servant, his concern for the under-privileged and exploited and his love for Ireland.

Mr. Inglis has done an impressive amount of work in the manuscripts and has documented well his study of Casement's efforts on behalf of the Congo and later of the Putumayo natives. His use of Foreign Office correspondence as well as Parliamentary Papers sheds new light on these activities and puts Casement's achievements (and failures) more into context. The author's work with Irish sources is likewise of a high quality and his explanation of Casement's developing love for Ireland and frustration with the campaign for Irish independence has an insight which perhaps only a fellow Irishman could bring.

Again, free from the belief that Britain was without stain and Germany without honour in the first war, Mr. Inglis is able to put Casement's actions as a 'traitor' into a better context than has been done before. Treason is, after all, a highly relative activity and Casement's activities, on behalf of Ireland, show that few acts if any are in themselves 'treasonous'. The 'smear' campaign levied by the Asquith government to dissuade men like Lord Bryce or the Archbishop of Canterbury from pleading on Casement's behalf shows that they, too, realised this point. The irony of men like Asquith or Lloyd George using sexual peccadilloes to halt any movement of public opinion on Casement's behalf is self-evident. To ensure that British justice had its full measure of satisfaction it was necessary to brand Casement as a 'pervert' as well as a 'traitor'. As Mr. Inglis points out, it was not the finest hour of British public morality.

In criticism of the book one may note that many might prefer greater information about Casement's early years. Also the author's committed views could be said, in some places, to have led to a slightly unbalanced interpretation. Nevertheless, such an intense regard for his subject is perhaps the essential qualification for any biographer. The book is well written and, above all, points to the deep concern for humanity which was Casement's most important characteristic.

J. E. B. MUNSON

MUSICAL DIDACTICS

Faust As Musician; A Study of Thomas Mann's novel *Doctor Faustus.* Patrick Carnegy. Chatto & Windus. £2.50.

As an art form, music is easily divorced from questions of politics, philosophy and religion. We know that Beethoven suffered religious doubts, but are nevertheless overwhelmed by the *Missa Solemnis,* whatever our own personal beliefs. We may read political analyses of the *Ring Cycle,* but tend to eschew Jungian theories of Wagner's music and to dismiss charges of musical Nazism, contenting ourselves with the genius and power inherent in his operas. We know, of course, that composers, as all creative men, have suffered through the ages for their beliefs and theories—for their very independence. Despite, perhaps because of this their music comes as creative balm, to be assessed, enjoyed for its own quality as one believes and indeed hopes the composer intended. One has only to listen to Shostakovitch's music when written to

please the régime rather than himself to evaluate the harm that politics can do to the creative musician.

Nevertheless those theorists who write on the inner meanings and purpose of Wagner and others have an eminent literary cornerstone upon which to rely. Thomas Mann's novel, *Doctor Faustus,* written during his exile in the United States through the Second World War, and published just after it, takes the Composer as the ultimate protagonist of the *Faust* legend. Adrian Leverkühn, to be simplistic, sold his soul to the devil in return for the twelve-tone system, and in so doing provided an allegory whereby Nazi Germany emerged through the over zealous pursuit of intellectualism. The difficulty, as Patrick Carnegy in his concise, clearly argued, well written book demonstrates, is that whereas Schoenberg *may* have been the model for Leverkühn, the Composer, Nietzsche served that function for Leverkuhn, the Thinker.

That, of course, is the problem. For does it really matter? What one derives from Mr. Carnegy's lucid documentary and analysis is a deep distaste for the novel itself, for Thomas Mann, and perhaps above all for teutonic didacticism in the arts. How Leverkühn's twelve-tone system differed from Schoenberg's, how Schoenberg was enraged both by this supposed plagiarism and by Leverkühn's sufferings from syphilis, how Nietzsche's onset of madness in 1889 is supposed to be recalled by the circumstances of Leverkühn's paralytic stroke in 1930 seem mere intellectual quibbling.

Mann's ideas of using a literary friend of Leverkühn's, Serenus Zeitblom, as narrator, and of depicting the Faust legend in terms of a composer are tenable. His attempt to make music 'only a paradigm for something more general, only a means to express the situation of art in general, of culture, even of man and the intellect itself in our so critical era' smacks of the pulpit and makes for wearisome reading. Mr. Carnegy himself remarks *'Doctor Faustus* opens slowly, almost pedantically', and in his final chapter on *Myth, Morality and the Aesthetic Philosophy* propounds that 'Mann was the Faustian intellectual par excellence, always a little sick from excess of knowledge and deficiency of belief'. There it lies: a heavy, pedantic novel, a little sick from excessive knowledge. *Faust As Musician* is well worth reading not only for the fascinating picture it draws of Mann in particular and German intellectualism in general, but as a means to reassess one's own values, and one's capacity to appreciate music as a creative art, unsullied by literary didactics.

DAVID FINGLETON

THE POET SPEAKS

Let the Poet Choose. Edited by James Gibson. Harrap. £1.70.

Forty-four leading poets now writing in England have been invited by James Gibson to contribute two poems by which they would most wish to be remembered and to write a short account of the reasons for their choice. 'Now writing' must be qualified because, since the anthology was first projected, C. Day Lewis who is included, has died. It is therefore the more fortunate that his personal choice is recorded, a sonnet from *O Dreams, O Destination* and *On Not Saying Everything.* His reasons are that he feels the first to be saying something about the human condition, the second that it expresses his belief that 'everything, a tree, a poem, a human relationship, lives and thrives by the limits imposed on it'. The two statements are radically different from one another, as can be expected in a sonnet written thirty years ago and a much more recent poem. In the first,

> Travellers, we're fabric of the road we go ;
> We settle, but like feathers on time's flow.

In the second,

> A poem, settling to its form,
> Finds there's no jailer, but a norm
> Of conduct, and a fitting sphere
> Which stops it wandering everywhere.

Perhaps a reference as brief as this one may point up the difficulty inherent in compiling a collection of poems where the resulting book depends on each poet's participation in a kind of 'desert island discs' exercise. Unlike most anthologies, this has been a matter—no easy task—of the editor's choosing the poets he wished to include and allowing each of them to give his reasons. Some, therefore, will make a statement characteristic of the main body of their work, as Day Lewis did, and others, such as Philip Hobsbaum, will prefer to be seen in their most unexpected mood. In *The Rock Pool* and *The Ice Skaters*, Philip Hobsbaum shows a preoccupation with childhood and human relationships far removed from the themes of violence and the ills of society which his work more often portrays. Yet, in his statement that many of the metaphors throughout his poems derive from childhood memories, there is a clue to his more generally known pieces. Hence, there is an obvious advantage for the reader in having some sort of preamble to the poems of each writer, and certainly a young poet like Brian Patten, who has been underrated and misunderstood, can make a modest statement about his 'work in progress'. But there is no opportunity for the anthologist to make any critical comment through the poems he selects. It cannot be, and was not intended, therefore, to form an anthology in the usual sense of the term,—one of the range and scope of, for example, Auden's *The Poet's Tongue*.

These comments are not, however, in any way a deprecation of James Gibson's most readable and enjoyable collection, or of the originality of his method of compiling it. Indeed, further anthologies of a similar kind would give impetus to the widespread reading of poetry by readers who prefer a poet's personal communication to a critical appraisal and choice by someone more concerned with comparative judgements. The volume is greatly to be welcomed.

BETTY ABEL

EVA, MARCHIONESS OF READING

For The Record: The Memoirs of Eva, Marchioness of Reading. Hutchinson Benham. £3.50.

This is a lively and fascinating book by a lively and fascinating woman. It first came out last year in a private edition: it was reprinted this spring for public consumption. The author was deeply pleased with its enthusiastic welcome before she unfortunately died, only last August, at the age of 78.

Eva was born into the upper levels of the Anglo-Jewish aristocracy. She was the daughter of the industrialist Alfred Mond (Mond Nickel and ICI), later Lord Melchett. She became the daughter-in-law of Rufus Isaacs, the brilliant lawyer who, as the first Marquess of Reading, was to be Viceroy of India. Eva describes her Edwardian childhood, how she grew up in this exalted atmosphere and of her visits to India in 1922 and 1924.

Suddenly, something unexpected happened. Her mother was Christian and Eva had also been brought up as one. Together with her brother, Henry Mond, she decided to become Jewish. Her elder daughter, Joan (now Lady Zuckerman), later made the same decision. Most of the rest of Eva's family were deeply assimilationist and very much disapproved of these 'retrograde' steps. In fact, they strongly disapproved of her publishing these memoirs at all, as, in them, she

bluntly sets out her reasons for returning to her father's and father-in-law's faith.

Not only did Eva become a Jewess but, what was even worse, she became an active Zionist. She was a lifelong friend and loyal supporter of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, leader of the World Zionist movement, later to become the first President of the State of Israel. She gives as appendices to her memoirs some of her father's Zionist addresses and confidential letters to British statesmen and others.

Her parents had bought some land on the lovely shores of the Sea of Galilee on which they built a villa. Eva was, I think, happiest when she came out there to see her banana and citrus plantations. But, when her husband, Gerald (the second Marquess of Reading) became Minister of State for Foreign Affairs in 1951, it was impossible for them to visit so controversial a country as Israel.

Still, she also had a role to play in England as the wife of a Conservative politician and was most gratified that, when her husband received a KCMG in 1957, at the end of his term of office, she was accorded a CBE for all that she had done over the years for children's welfare.

Eva led a full life and enjoyed it, as this book shows. I knew her well for 45 years, both in Palestine/Israel and in England. In my eyes she had two great qualities: she was a fighter; and she had a shrewd political judgement.

EDWIN SAMUEL

MURDER FOR PLEASURE

The Hunting Down of Peter Manuel. John Bingham. Macmillan. £2.75.

Peter Thomas Anthony Manuel, aged thirty-one, was hanged for murder in Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow, in 1958. He was believed to have killed at least nine people, eight of them within a period of two years and an area of 24 square miles. His trial, the story of which was told at some length by John Wilson Gray in *The Trial of Peter Manuel,* published in 1959 (Secker & Warburg), was of great interest, firstly because of his choice of the 'special defence' of impeachment, and secondly because of the fact that Manuel elected to dismiss his counsel in mid-trial, and undertake, remarkably ably, his own defence.

The emphasis in Mr. Gray's book was, as its title implies, on the judicial proceedings, and the various legal points involved. Mr. Bingham's book is concerned mainly with the crimes themselves, the sustained and meticulous police work which brought Manuel to the dock, and the life and personality of the killer. In a sense, then, these two books are complementary, this latest providing an essential introduction to the earlier volume.

By his own admission, Manuel was a dishonest person—'Some people are born that way', he explained with the psychopath's pseudo-candour. If he had been able to contain his criminal impulses, restrict them to housebreaking and burglary, he would probably have survived to a recidivist old age. But he had a taste for murder. Not murder for profit. Not murder for revenge. But sheer, random, ruthless murder for pleasure. The concept is so alien to the average person that one's instant reaction is to start casting about for some sort of explanation in the field of abnormal psychology.

Thirteen times Manuel was examined by five of Scotland's most eminent psychiatrists. They probed his family history for evidence of mental illness. Found none. Electro-encephalographic tests were run. Result: negative. Hyperventilation techniques were tried. They disclosed no latent abnormality. Manuel was not mad—neither functionally, nor organically. In the end, the doctors had to fall back on that hoary old psycho-diagnostic lumber-room label, 'psycho-

path', which defines but does not explain. And that, really is all that anyone can hope to do in the case of Peter Manuel—define him in terms of his actions.

Mr. Bingham—assisted by Detective Chief Superintendent William Muncie of the Lanarkshire County Police, the man who first arrested Manuel for housebreaking in 1946, and for the next twelve years kept an increasingly anxious eye on him—essays that definition, unfolding in most alarming detail the appalling chronicle of Manuel's crimes. So obsessed did Superintendent Muncie become—completely justified as it turned out—with the necessity to hunt down and cage the nocturnal predator who had set up a reign of terror in the sub-rural expanse of Lowland Scotland to the east and south-east of Glasgow, that his colleagues declared him to be suffering from a rare disease called 'Manuelitis'.

Manuel knew that Muncie was after him, just as he knew that Superintendent James Hendry, head of the Lanarkshire C.I.D., was on his trail. Always one to make the dramatic gesture, the loud-mouthed boast, Manuel actually sent Hendry a Christmas message.

'Seasonal greetings urge me to wish you a merry Xmas and a prosperous New Year,' he wrote. 'But honesty compels me to admit that I won't lose a great deal of sleep if you don't see another one.'

That was in 1955. Manuel himself was to see just two more Christmases . . . and kill at least nine innocent people.

The end came with the slaughter of the Smart family—Peter Smart, his wife Doris, and their eleven-year-old son, Michael. He shot all three in cold blood in their bungalow at Uddingston on Hogmanay night 1957.

This was the one occasion on which Manuel made anything that you could really call a profit out of murder. He stole Mr. Smart's money. And it was his undoing. The notes were traced back to him—and that was the finish of Peter Manuel.

There is a footnote of poetic justice in the fact that the courier chosen to bear the court order for Manuel's execution to the Governor of Barlinnie Prison was . . Detective Superintendent Muncie.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Direct Action and Liberal Democracy (Routledge & Kegan Paul. £2.80 cloth: £1.40 paperback.) April Carter, the author of this closely argued study, has had a personal interest in her subject, having been active in the direct action wing of C.N.D. from 1958-1961. Nonetheless, she does attempt an objective and balanced approach. By direct action, she means in broad terms political action which goes beyond legal constitutional protest but stops short of the guerrilla, the bomb and rebellion. I.R.A. violence, for example, is outside the scope of this study. On the other hand the Stop the Tour Campaign of 1969-70 is an obvious and very successful example of direct action. Is direct action supplementary and complementary to representative democracy, either in Britain or the U.S.A., or destructive of it? Miss Carter argues that logically direct action 'leads to seeking the demise of parliamentary democracy . . . and of parliamentary liberalism as it has so been known and understood'. On the other hand, it contains 'the risk and promise of greater democracy'. Direct action is by its nature an ad hoc form of protest relating to specific condi-

tions at a given time. Miss Carter after all her detailed analysis has to conclude that 'it does not in itself provide any form of political theory'. In saying this, of course, she is not concerned with movements, including communist and fascist dedicated to the overthrow of democracy and basic civil rights. Part of the value of this book consists in the examples given of direct action from the days of Wilkes, through the nineteenth century until recently, in Britain and America, which did not in practice undermine, but rather have reformed and buttressed representative institutions and civil rights. Her conclusion is clear: direct action is nothing new in our parliamentary history and need not be inconsistent with constitutional government.

Life in Victorian England (Batsford. £2.50.) In this brief but ambitious volume, Mr. L. C. B. Seaman gives a vivid general impression of conditions in Victorian London. It was a period of tremendous but unplanned growth. The population itself increased from two and a quarter million in 1841 to over six and a half million by the Queen's death in 1901. Mr. Seaman has much to say on the sprawling suburbia, like roots spreading in every direction. The foundations of London's transport were laid. The world's first underground railway was opened in the metropolis in 1863. London government was coming under control only near the end of the period. It was a period of extreme social and economic living conditions. There were, right through the period, appalling disparities of opulence and poverty, of extravagant living and breadline survival. Indeed the contrasts are brought out strongly in this book, and in many of the excellent illustrations. There are, for example, the grand dresses in a Holland Park garden party in 1872, which could have been stitched in a West End dressmaker's workroom by the sweated labour of women working seventeen hours a day. The drawing shows them at work after midnight and taking restoratives against exhaustion. Between the extremes were the lower and very respectable middle class who formed a very solid part of London life.

Sex and the Occult. (Souvenir Press. £2.60.) Hand in hand with the current obsession with matters sexual has come a curious upsurge of interest in occultism in all its various forms. The pairing is not, perhaps, so odd as it might seem. Mr. Gordon Wellesley traces the age-old link between sexuality and occult awareness and practice. He shows how such superficially disparate events as the mystic experiences of St. Teresa of Avila, and the bizarre case of Father Grandier and the nuns of Loudon, both have a spiritual-cum-sexual basis, and how contemporary psychedelic ecstasies and the effects of certain forms of pop music are expressions of the identical emotional nexus. This latest volume is a fascinating addition to the Frontiers of the Unknown series. (R.W.E.)

Haunted Cornwall (William Kimber. £2.50.) An attractive and imaginative collection of Cornish stories of the supernatural edited by Denys Val Baker. Remarkably even in quality, and divided pretty well equally between those supernatural events which take flesh and appal, and those which remain at unconscious levels and adumbrate. Of the former kind, Donald R. Rawe's 'Night on Roughtor' is perhaps the most vivid and alarming, and of the latter kind Rosalind Wade's well researched 'Shepherd, Show Me' is the most memorable. The book can be enjoyed, too, for its many passages of excellent natural description of the haunting beauty of Cornwall. (R.W.E.)

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LIBYAN OIL REVENUES AT WORK

by Gerald Blake

LIBYA is among the world's fifteen largest states, yet its population of 2.1 million is among the smallest. The underlying cause of this sparse population is aridity; nearly 95 per cent of the country receives less than 100mm. of rainfall per annum, and even in the well-watered areas of the north coastal zones, serious drought can occur. Throughout the south practically no rain falls, and altogether probably no more than 5-10 per cent of the land can be put to economic use and only two per cent is suitable for settled cultivation. Most of the people are concentrated in a northern coastal belt, three-quarters of them within 20 miles of the sea. The two largest cities of Tripoli and Benghazi contain some 26 per cent of the population, while other towns account for a further three or four per cent. The proportion of nomads and semi-nomads among the population has greatly declined in recent years and it is doubtful whether the proportion now exceeds 10 per cent.

Libya was one of the poorest countries in the world when granted independence in 1951, with an average *per capita* income of less than £14 a year and a total budget of about £7 million. Over 70 per cent of the indigenous population were farmers or herders, and most were illiterate. There were almost no known mineral resources. The chief exports were esparto grass, olive oil and scrap metal collected from the desert battlefields of World War II. Economic problems were compounded by internal political rivalries between the three federal provinces of Tripolitania, Cyrenaica and Fezzan.

In some ways Libya's backwardness in 1951 was surprising. The Italians conquered Tripolitania in 1911 and controlled the whole country by 1929. During their short period of colonial rule the Italians instituted some impressive developments including road building, town planning, and land reclamation. Altogether they invested the equivalent of 150 million pre-war U.S. dollars in Libya. Unfortunately their efforts primarily benefitted the Italian colonists, who numbered 110,000 by 1940, while Libyan welfare was largely neglected. Much destruction occurred during World War II and the exodus of many Italians and Jews after the war left the country with a shortage of personnel in key positions.

Until 1959 Libya received massive international aid partly in return for the use of military bases by the United States and Great Britain. Possibly the only optimists in Libya in the 1950s were the oil companies. Some oil exploration took place after the Second World War, but intensive exploration only began in 1955 with the Libyan Petroleum Law, whose favourable terms appealed to the oil companies. The first really big discovery was at Zelten in the Sirte Basin in April 1959, and the first Libyan oil was exported in September 1961. Few areas have ever been explored so intensively. Between 1957 and 1959 alone £42 million was spent on exploration, and by 1961 the whole northern half of Libya and much of the coastal waters were under concession. Companies were obliged to relinquish one quarter of their blocks after five years and another quarter after eight. These blocks were awarded again and success by one company sometimes followed failure by another. Many difficulties were encountered in exploration. To begin with, thousands of mines left over from World War II had to be cleared. Distances were great, and vast expanses of sand and rocky desert made movement of heavy equipment difficult. Nor was there any guarantee of success; the Shell Company, for example, drilled 70 wells over a period of 20 years at a cost of over $100 million without success.

There were, however, powerful incentives for the oil companies in their search for Libyan oil. The most important was the immense freight advantage enjoyed by Libya in proximity to western Europe, which greatly increased after June 1967 with the closure of the Suez Canal.

Crude oil production in Libya 1962-1972

	Production in metric tons (millions)	Per cent of world total	Government receipts in cents per barrel	Revenue in millions of $US
1962 ...	9.6	0.7	64.7	38.5
1963 ...	22.1	1.8	64.1	109.0
1964 ...	41.5	2.9	62.9	197.0
1965 ...	61.0	3.9	83.8	371.0
1966 ...	72.2	4.4	87.0	476.0
1967 ...	83.5	4.8	101.6	631.0
1968 ...	125.0	6.3	100.7	1952.0
1969 ...	149.0	7.0	100.0	1132.0
1970 ...	159.3	6.8	109.0	1295.0
1971 ...	132.0	5.3	178.6	1766.6
1972 ...	105.0	4.0	201.0	1614.1

(*Source: Petroleum Press Service,* Vol. XXXIX No. 9, September 1972, p. 322, and Information Service, Institute of Petroleum, London.)

In 1963 Libya achieved a favourable balance of payments for the first time and in the next ten years, in spite of rising levels of imports, the surplus climbed to become one of the largest in the world, at LD 710 millions in 1971. (1 Dinar (LD) = £1.36 Sterling, June 1973.) The cut back in 1971 and 1972 was largely the result of government determination to strengthen its position in negotiations with the oil companies and to conserve Libya's reserves. One estimate is that at a production rate of 110 million tons a year,

reserves would last another 20-30 years. The early 1970s were also marked by successful government efforts to improve Libya's share of oil revenues. Their success is shown by the fact that, while production fell between 1970 and 1971, government receipts increased substantially. The climax came in September 1973 when the government finally took control of all companies operating in Libya.

Libya now has one of the highest GNPs *per capita* in the world and a very large surplus of foreign exchange. In ten years the country has truly progressed from rags to riches. Libyan dependence on oil is indicated by the fact that 99.9 per cent of exports by value are crude oil and petroleum products. Over half the total revenue from oil has been devoted to development expenditure, to provide fresh water, electricity and sewerage in every major settlement, an adequate network of surfaced roads, proper housing, and educational and medical services. At the same time, large sums are being invested to prepare for the day when oil runs out by developing alternative sources of income, notably from agriculture and industry. The Three Year Development Plan (1973-75) costing LD 1,012 million, in particular is designed to achieve growth in non-oil activities at 14 per cent per annum, compared with 7.5 per cent from oil.

Agriculture and pastoral farming both suffered greatly during the early years of the oil boom. The decline actually began in about 1956 when exploration was at its height but before export had begun, largely as a result of the movement of farmers to the towns in search of work, and the general assumption that the country could now afford to import its foodstuffs. By 1968 Libya imported £28 million worth of foodstuffs, including olive oil. The neglect of the agricultural sector was already being rectified in 1962, and output increased from 1963. Since the 1969 revolution the government has placed a higher priority on agriculture, with over LD 50 million allocated annually. The aim is to bring all of Libya's 3.7 million hectares of cultivable land into production, compared with 2.5 million hectares in 1973. Eventually Libya could be self-sufficient for agricultural products, and the aim is to develop a modest export trade. By raising rural incomes and providing access to social services the government hope to check migration to the towns, and put an end to pastoral nomadism which is regarded as incompatible with national unity and efficient administration.

A large number of land reclamation schemes are being undertaken to increase the cultivated area, with the assistance of experts from many countries. The Kufra project is the best known on account of its scale and the wide interest shown in the possibilities for desert agriculture which it demonstrates. The development of Kufra was originally initiated in 1968 by the Occidental Oil Company following their discovery of huge quantities of groundwater in the region, but in 1972 the project was taken over by the government-owned Kufra Agricultural Company. The immediate aim is to reclaim and irrigate 10,000 hectares. The soils of Kufra are sandy but productive when fertilised and irrigated. One hundred wells have been drilled, each of which is the centre of a circle one km. in diameter irrigated by an electrically controlled rotating sprinkler. These circles are principally used

for the production of fodder for sheep. Eventually Libya's northern cities will be supplied with mutton from Kufra, thus reducing the country's enormous meat imports. This huge experiment in large-scale commercial production in the desert could develop into an enterprise of significance for other arid zones of the Middle East. There are also several other large land reclamation and improvement schemes in progress amounting to some 100-200,000 hectares, while others now being planned could add a further 400-500,000 hectares. Altogether, more than one million hectares of cultivable land remain for development in Libya. The availability of water will clearly be a critical factor in future projects, and a number of dams and barrages are being built to store water and prevent flooding, seven of which were complete in 1973.

Large sums of money are being spent to improve existing farms, and every branch of agricultural production is being modernised often with expensive overseas advice and equipment. In the field of research, a variety of experiments have been conducted, including attempts to induce rain by 'seeding' clouds. Long term loans and credit are available to farmers, and marketing of all major crops is assisted by the government. All these developments, together with mechanisation, improved strains of seed and imported livestock, will take time to have their full impact, but some farmers, particularly near the big cities, should be able to earn high incomes but there will certainly remain many for whom farming will be less rewarding than urban employment. Workers in the new factories can earn LD 900-1,000 per annum, while farming is always subject to natural hazards such as the *ghibli* which frequently sweeps northern Tripolitania, bringing scorching heat and sand, dessicating cereals and other crops.

Libya's urban population has grown rapidly in response to the oil industry. Between 1954 and 1972 the urban population grew from 18 to about 30 per cent. The two large cities of Tripoli and Benghazi which contained four-fifths of the urban population even before the oil era, now contain over one quarter of the entire population. During the intercensal period 1954-1964 Tripoli and Benghazi had an average annual growth rate of about 8 per cent. This rate has fallen in recent years but both towns continue to grow more rapidly than the natural rate of increase, as a result of migration. As the chief ports and administrative centres of the country they attracted the bulk of new employment opportunities in transport, retailing, construction, light engineering, and government services, and migrants were drawn to the towns by the usual myths of fortunes to be made. A secondary sector is now beginning to grow in these towns, and in spite of government plans to locate industry elsewhere whenever feasible, many of the latest factory developments are in or near Tripoli and Benghazi.

While the oil industry has had its chief impact in the large towns, most small urban centres have also been affected by some replanning and the provision of basic services. Many, like Misratah and Sabha, have grown as increasingly important regional centres. Of the settlements associated with the production and export of oil, only Marsa Brega has a permanent population of any size (4,500 in 1972). Indeed, the total number of persons

employed in the petroleum industry is surprisingly small. After reaching a peak of 12,600 in 1963, the number has declined to 9,000 in 1973, although the proportion of Libyans has increased to 70 per cent.

Industries associated with petroleum were slow to develop in Libya, partly because of the high degree of expertise required for petrochemicals. A small refinery supplying all Libya's fuel oil and about half the country's petroleum products began operation at Marsa Brega in 1963 and a plant for liquefied natural gas opened there in 1969. A second refinery opened at Zavia in 1973 operated by the government-controlled LINOCO, and a third is planned for Tobruk. A large petrochemical complex is to be constructed 20 miles south of Benghazi, and additional liquefied gas and methanol production is planned for Marsa Brega.

Besides making funds available for investment in manufacturing industry, the oil boom also generated a demand for a whole range of goods, and created an urban population with money to spend on consumer products. The first Five Year Plan of 1963 sought to expand and diversify manufacturing industry to meet local demands. By 1967 the most important branches were food processing and chemicals with metal work and light engineering also important. Shoes, furniture and textiles were also represented. The variety of industrial units established since that time is impressive, and almost all are based on local raw materials. In the food processing sector dates, fish, fruit, vegetables and dairying feature. Factories for manufacture of carpets, clothes, leather goods and textiles have been completed, and other notable developments include manufacture of asbestos, ceramics, glassware, cables and wire, and steel pipes. The 1973-75 Development Plan will create 60,000 additional jobs in industry. Among products proposed are iron and steel, tyres, bicycles, and three water desalination plants.

Oil has given Libya political influence, inconceivable a decade ago, assisted by a favourable geopolitical position in relation to Europe, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Arab world. Libya has exerted political pressure in countries such as Uganda, Chad, Malta, Sudan and Jordan, and a number of causes are in receipt of Libyan funds, notably the Palestinians. More significant, however, is the possibility that the attraction of sharing Libya's oil revenues will bring about the much discussed union with Egypt. It is still not clear what form the union will take if it occurs, but strong economic ties are already being established which could pave the way for full political union in the future and from a geographical point of view the union of Egypt and Libya appears to be the one Arab merger which would be made to work. Union could benefit both countries: Libya's wealth could provide Egypt with foreign exchange desperately needed for development, while Libya's ambitious plans require a large force of skilled labour and highly qualified personnel which Egypt has in abundance. Nevertheless, there are potential sources of friction; Libya fears Egyptian domination through the influence of excessive numbers of Egyptians while Egypt may not be prepared to adopt Libyan notions of 'Cultural Revolution' and Islamic Revival which Libyan funds might require. Meanwhile communications between the two countries are being improved in anticipation of closer economic and

political ties, and co-operation in many spheres is increasing. Financial assistance was given to Egypt during the 1973 October war, and Egyptian experts are engaged in various projects in Libya.

In less than a decade and a half the geographical face of Libya has been transformed by oil revenues, and national unity is being fostered by improved communications—surfaced roads, local airports, and broadcasting and television networks. Although political and social change in many ways lag far behind the more tangible consequences of Libya's oil-boom, and despite the loss of revenue imposed by a partial reduction of exports during the Arab-Israeli war, the stage has been set for radical future change in these spheres as well.

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THIRD CENTURY REFLECTIONS ABOUT CHRISTMAS

by the Very Rev. Robert Milburn, Master of the Temple

THE celebration of Christmas on December 25th does not appear to go further back than the beginning of the fourth century when several varying traditions were discarded, at any rate by the Church of the West, in favour of the date chosen by the Emperor Aurelian for the festival of the Unconquered Sun. But long before that, art, folklore and philosophy had joined in paying their tribute to the rising of the 'Sun of Righteousness'.

The oldest Nativity picture, to be dated about 220 A.D., already touches on the theme of Christ as illumination. It occurs in the Catacomb of Saint Priscilla, at Rome, and, though its condition is far from perfect, Virgin and Child are clear enough as they sit confronted by a prophet who points to a star which shines overhead in testimony to the truth of Balaam's forecast 'There shall come forth a star out of Jacob and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel'.

The first of the so-called Infancy Gospels, of which the Book of James is the chief, belong to about the same period. It was felt to be quite intolerable that so momentous an event as the Nativity should be described merely in a few verses at the beginning of two of the four canonical Gospels and, since myth is the tribute paid to mystery and the enquiring mind demands a full supply of anecdote woven around the formative characters of history, fertile minds were applied to producing devout stories. Here is one of them:

> Now I, Joseph, was out walking. And I looked upward and saw the air struck with amazement. I looked at the pole of heaven and saw it standing still, and the fowls of the heaven without motion. And I looked upon the earth and saw a dish set, and workmen lying by it, and their hands were in the dish yet they lifted not the food to their mouth and the faces of all of them were looking upward. And behold! there were sheep being driven, and they went not forward but stood still, and the shepherd lifted his hand to smite them with his staff, and his hand remained up. And I looked upon the stream of the river and saw the mouths of the kids upon the water, and they drank not. And then of a sudden all things moved onwards in their course.

But even those who took the Wordsworthian view that the love of God

> Acts not nor can exist
> Without imagination

recognised that the new-found Faith was unlikely to commend itself by the telling of stories which varied from the graceful to the grotesque. Something was required by way of a philosophy which should set the Christmas message firmly within the framework of contemporary enlightenment. And, in the third century, 'enlightenment' implied the teachings of Plato, revived not necessarily in a very exact and technical form. The essence of such a Platonism consists in awareness of the unending variety and interest of the world together with the haunting sense of an invisible and eternal world lying behind the passing show and upholding it by a word of power reflected in the soul of the beholder. Only through some such mode of thought can

freedom be gained from 'envious and calumniating time' and individuals redeemed from being what Bertrand Russell thought they were—so many bubbles on the wave-crest of an ever-moving ocean. The halo of infinity encircling common things permits of the enquiry

> I come from nothing but from where
> Come the undying thoughts I bear?

and enables so disillusioned a satirist as Marcel Proust to detect sure tokens of eternity in the slate roofs of Combray, rain-washed after a shower, or in some phrase of Chopin heard amid the discomforts of a crowded drawing-room.

The early Christian apologists, however, had rather more to go on. They relied not merely on human self-knowledge or on beauty intruding rather oddly into the mechanisms of nature. For there were also the Scriptures which, rightly interpreted, offered a progressive revelation spelt out, letter by letter, through the Word, or Wisdom, of God from the first impulse of creation to the cataclysm which might be expected to mark its close. Not all Christian writers of the third century elected to set their doctrines in a universal context. Some there were who proclaimed all rival religions and close approximations to the Bible record as deceitful works of the Devil, since in their eyes Christianity was unique and clearcut, admitting neither compromise nor close comparison. But those whose sympathies ranged more widely preferred to emphasise the reasonableness of Christianity and to interpret other religions as introductory studies in the course of the world's education. As early as 160 A.D., Justin Martyr, who was no lukewarm believer but met death for his faith in the calmest and most gentlemanly fashion, had declared 'Everything that has been nobly said by anyone is the property of us Christians', on the ground that the creative Word of God had inspired prophet, priest and poet with a partial knowledge which found its full development only within the Christian scheme.

The two thinkers who drew out the implications of the claim that Christianity represents the decisive stage in the process of the world's education both flourished in the congenial atmosphere of Alexandria, with its liberal University and broad-minded acceptance of varying traditions drawn from East and West alike. Clement and Origen resembled one another in sincerity as well as academic flair but, whereas Clement moved urbanely in any society, Origen combined prodigious learning with touches of fanaticism. Both were well aware of the problem involved in making an infinite God responsible for creation in time and for interventions within the flow of events in time, and both regarded as providential the idea that Thought or Word or Wisdom proceeds from the unknowable Father and acts as his personal agent in the work of ordering the world and illuminating the heart of man. Greek philosophers as far back as Anaxagoras in the fifth century B.C. had maintained that 'Mind came and set all things in order', thus anticipating the author of the Book of Proverbs who held that Wisdom was God's 'master-workman' when the foundations of the earth were being marked out, the immanent principle of God head thus co-operating in such perfect harmony with the Transcendent as to be 'daily his delight'. Clement

therefore had no hesitation in describing Greek philosophy and the Hebrew Scriptures as being the two 'schoolmasters' who bring people to Christ. This work of education, on Clement's view, is made possible because there is set within the heart of man a spark kindled by the divine Word so that, by contrast with animals of whatever kind, 'the Spirit of man is the candle of the Lord', making communication between the two not only possible but inevitable. Clement's Christmas message is therefore an amplification of ideas already sketched in St. Paul's letter to the Galatians, that the gradual unveiling of truth which constitutes man's education could not stop short of a full and final demonstration in the universal language of a human life. 'Stern duty' may be the voice of God, the 'rainbow and the cuckoo's call' may offer intimations of immortality, but all such things, as Clement would have it, remain incomplete unless the pulsing power of God condescends to make itself known in terms which none could misunderstand. The song of the angels, heard by the shepherds of Bethlehem, and the star visible to the expectant gaze of the Magi are the inevitable follow-up of the Stoic hymns which proclaim God as 'almighty for ever, sovereign of nature, governing all things with law at his side'.

Clement makes two assumptions when working out his Christmas picture. The first is that, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, God is love, or, if those words should appear naive, the purpose that lies behind the evolutionary process is benevolent rather than hostile or merely neutral. But, in the second place, human beings are not permanently spoonfed and, as any schoolmaster is bound to declare, it would be a poor system of education if they were so treated. The light that lighteth every man needs to be tended and, as Clement holds, where there is darkness and dullness the being of the Lord incarnate cannot become manifest. With the incurable enthusiasm of the pedagogue, Clement insists that if people are to become 'genuine Gnostics', that is, possessed of something really worth knowing, they have a duty of receiving and recognising just as a bounteous God has the duty of offering. It is a matter of persuasion, not force, of revelation accepted, not drummed in by irresistible blows of supernatural power. Clement concludes, optimistically, that life's mixture is a matter of dark patches on a white background rather than gleams of light shining out against a ground of irredeemable sombreness. To put the matter in his own words: 'God pitied us from of old, from the beginning, but now he has appeared and saved us', where 'salvation' is to be understood as solving the riddle of life by means of the clear demonstration which Christmas offers. It is in line with this perhaps rather sophisticated form of Christian doctrine that the earliest of the carved stone coffins discovered in and around the Roman catacombs show fewer representations of the Christmas crib than of Christ as the Teacher, ever youthful but with the scroll of authority in his hand, instructing his disciples where to find truth amid the mazes of folly and disputation.

Origen, though a little less enthusiastic than his master Clement had been about the value of Greek philosophy, argues in exactly the same manner that revelation consists of a gradual process, under the leadership of the

divine Word who sums up all hints and imperfect discoveries in the highest possible terms, those of a human life manifested in a particular place and at a particular time. The whole affair, as Origen explains it, may be compared with the steps leading up to the holy of holies in the Temple: the ascent is a gradual one until finally God is known in himself. Origen, however, never forgot the complication that human beings differ greatly both in cultural background and in power of comprehension. He therefore suggests that Christ will present a varied appearance according to the insight of the beholder. Moreover humble folk are able to grasp only the simplest stories while others, rising to 'the comeliness of spiritual understanding', draw from the facts of history, in which the stable at Bethlehem must perforce be included, knowledge of the most refined and delicate type.

Later generations of Christian teachers condemned Origen on two grounds, first that he was highbrow and pedantic, secondly that, in his attempts to manage the intractable problem of Christ's psychology, he overpressed the human and temporal aspect at the expense of the eternal and divine. Yet throughout his tortuous and long-drawn arguments, sharpened by controversy with keen-eyed pagans, Origen steadfastly maintains his belief in the advance of human knowledge under God's guidance and in the fact that the Incarnation is a disclosure of so radical and decisive a nature that, after it, things can never be quite the same again. Christianity, for Origen, is not so much a rigid system of doctrine as a display of divine energy that has been operating throughout history by means of signs which demand a final demonstration about which people will argue, no doubt, so long as time lasts, but which commends itself as reasonable to the instinct for truth that is implanted in man's heart. In an elaborate commentary on St. John's Gospel, Origen argues that 'the Word is to be sought not outside the seeker and those find him in themselves who set their heart on doing so'. 'The passionate longing to learn the purpose of creation', he says elsewhere, 'has been implanted in us by God. As the eye seeks the light, as our body craves food, so is our mind impressed with the characteristic and natural desire of knowing the truths of God'. Such a desire, as Bishop Westcott used to point out, since it is a divine endowment, carries with it the promise of future satisfaction. On this line of thought, those who 'cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt' will be led to admit, whether through a generally diffused hopefulness or in the trumpet-blasts of prophetic utterance, that God must 'visit and redeem his people'.

To some minds Origen and his philosophy seemed drearily remote from the ardours of a popular devotion. Nevertheless he has his Christmas sermons to offer even if they are usually introduced by way of comment on some Bible text. One such occurs near the beginning of his great treatise *On First Principles* and starts from St. John's observation that 'God is light and in him is no darkness at all'. Origen develops this theme in characteristic fashion: the radiance of this light is the only begotten Son who proceeds from the Father without separation, as radiance from the light, and illumines the whole creation. Through this radiance men understand and experience what the light is. The radiance presents itself gently to the feeble eyes

of mortal men, gradually training them and, you might say, accustoming them to the full blaze of light. Removing from them all that clogs and impedes their vision it makes them able to receive the splendour of the light and thus becomes a kind of mediator between men and the light.

Origen goes on to explain that he means to use an illustration, possibly not a perfect one, to help in the understanding of St. Paul's phrase that the Saviour is the 'representation of the being of God', who, through self-abasement, displays to mankind God's essential nature. 'Let us', he says, 'imagine a statue of such a size as to fill the whole world and so vast that no one could contemplate it. Then let us imagine that another statue was made, identical with the first as regards shape of the limbs, features, and the whole outward appearance, like to it in every respect apart from the enormous size. The purpose of this object would be that those who could not contemplate and behold the enormous statue might look at the diminutive copy and claim that they had seen the original, on the ground that the copy, being an exact likeness, preserved all the lines of the limbs and the features, in fact the whole appearance and structure of the other'. With this powerful simile Origen absolves himself from any charge that he was so concerned with speculation as to fight shy of facts. He continues indeed a typical third-century argument that, after due preparation in the works of nature and the heart of man, God is obliged to cut himself down to recognisable size and speak to his people in language which the simplest of them can hardly fail to grasp or the fine wit of any philosopher think inadequate as a theme for lifelong contemplation.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MONASTERY AT CETINJE

translated from the Serbian

by John Adlard

AFTER Tsar Lazar and the whole Serbian nobility had been cut down by the Turks at Kosovo, only the people of rocky Montenegro maintained their independence until the founding of modern Yugoslavia. They were honest, humorous people, the men dedicated to war from early boyhood. In 1846 their greatest leader, Prince-Bishop Petar Petrovic Njegos, wrote a powerful drama, *Gorski Vijenac* (*The Mountain Garland*) around a terrible decision which an earlier ruler had to take, and it is from this drama that the following excerpt is translated.

Bishop Danilo and the blind Abbot Stefan are sitting by the hearth, while the pupils of the monastery are playing happily and laying Yule-logs on the fire.

(The *gusle* is a Serbian stringed instrument, the *kolo* a Serbian dance, *rakija* a Serbian brandy.)

ABBOT STEFAN
Children, have you laid them on the fire
In a cross, as it is right to do?

THE PUPILS
Grandfather, we've laid them as we should;
Over them we've scattered the white wheat
And we've poured the red wine onto them.

ABBOT STEFAN
Go now, bring a cup of wine for me—
Good wine and a cup that holds an *oka*—
Old as I am, that I may toast these logs.

(*They give him a cup of wine. He toasts the logs and drains it.*)

ABBOT STEFAN (*wiping his moustache*)
God forgive us, a gay holiday!
Children, bring me now that *gusle* there,
For my soul is filled with a desire
To sing, as I have not for a long time.
Lord, don't lay it on me as a sin;
It's a habit that has grown with age.

(*The pupils give him the* gusle.)

ABBOT STEFAN (*sings*)
There's no daylight when the eyes are sightless
And no real rejoicing without Christmas!
I have seen Christmas in Bethlehem,
On Mount Athos and in Holy Kiev,

But this Christmas seems to stand apart
In its joy and its simplicity.
Now the fire's aflame better than ever,
All before the hearth the straw is spread,
Crosswise in the grate are the Yule logs,
Guns are firing and the spits are turning,
Gusles sounding and the *kolos* singing—
Grandfathers are dancing with grandchildren,
All three generations in the kolo!
You would think they all were of one age,
And what gives me greatest joy of all
Is to drink a toast to every one!

BISHOP DANILO

Abbot Stefan, you're a happy man,
God has blessed you with so light a heart.

ABBOT STEFAN

Oh, my precious son, my fine young bishop,
This night has a joy all of its own:
I have almost drowned my soul in tears
And, though old, it dances on the wine
Like pale flame on lighted *rakija.*
Sometimes that wakes all the bones within me,
Brings into my mind all my young years.

BISHOP DANILO

There's no lovelier thing upon the earth
Than a face glowing with happiness
And especially as you look now,
With your silver beard down to your waist,
With your silver hair down to your waist
And your face shining with happiness:
That is a true blessing of the Almighty.

ABBOT STEFAN

I have passed through sieve and colander,
Taken stock of this enormous world;
I have drained its poison to the dregs
And known all the bitterness of life:
All that is, all that can ever be,
Nothing of it is unknown to me—
Come what may, I am prepared for it.
Every kind of wrong under the sun
Is our portion here upon the earth.
You are still young and inexperienced!
Bishop, the first drops of the poison-cup
Are the bitterest and worst to swallow.
Oh, if you knew what is waiting for you!
This world tyrannises over tyrants—

How much worse for one of gentle heart!
It's a system of infernal discord:
There's the war of body against soul,
There's the war of sea and promontory,
There's the war of heat and winter cold,
There's the war of one wind and another,
There's the war of one beast and another,
There's the war of one race and another,
There's the war of one man and another,
There's the war between the day and night,
There's the war between the earth and heaven.
Body groans under the stress of soul
And the soul wavers within the body;
Ocean groans under the heavens' stress
And the heavens waver over it;
Breaker swallows breaker with dread force,
Both are shattered on the rocky shore.
No one happy and no one content,
No one tranquil and no one at peace,
Every man sneers at his neighbour's lot
Like a monkey looking in a mirror!

BISHOP DANILO

A good fire and even better wine . . .
Grandfather, you've warmed yourself a little,
So you sift the whole world through a sieve!

MUSIC IN MODERN CHINA

by Eric Mason

OF all the Chinese music I heard during ten days in the People's Republic with the London Philharmonic Orchestra earlier this year, the piece that made by far the most profound impression was a solo performed on the *pi-pa*, a Chinese lute which dates from as far back as the second century A.D. The music, itself 500 years old, was a graphic representation of an ancient battle, and under the fleet fingers of the player from Peking's Central Philharmonic Society it had an astonishing eloquence.

It was clear from this and other performances I encountered that present-day China is properly proud of a musical ancestry far older than the West can boast and also of the great variety of instruments developed over many centuries for the performance of this indigenous music. One hears some of these—for instance the *sheng*, a form of mouth organ, the popular two-stringed fiddle called the *erh-hu*, the bamboo flute and various percussion instruments—in the theatre orchestras accompanying the famous acrobatic troupes like the Canton ensemble, which I saw on its home ground, or the Shanghai Acrobatic Theatre, which enjoyed a triumphant visit to London last summer.

There is, however, a fundamental dichotomy in Chinese music today as a result of past Western influence and present Maoist theory. Currently approved concert works, Peking operas and ballets employ European instruments and a basically Western musical idiom albeit with added oriental elements.

European classical music enjoyed a considerable following in pre-Communist China, especially in cities like Shanghai where the Western presence was strongest. The first half of this century saw the establishment in the major cities of conservatories that taught Western music. They produced good performers on European instruments, and at the same time there appeared Chinese composers who wrote in the Western idiom. Among the latter was Hsien Hsing-hai, who was trained in Paris and returned to China to join Mao Tse-tung some 30 years ago and compose the *Yellow River* Cantata. This was the original form of today's *Yellow River* Piano Concerto and, I believe, the first work to embody Mao's revolutionary principles.

In 1942 Mao laid down that 'literature and art should fit well into the whole revolutionary machine' and 'that they (should) operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy'. Musically, this resulted after Mao's accession to power in a good deal of, by some accounts, trumpery trumpetings of revolutionary sentiments. But it did not stop Chinese composers in the Western style writing non-revolutionary scores, a pile of which I saw gathering dust in the manager's office at Hong Kong City Hall. Nor did it prevent the playing of European music. On the contrary, the Central Philharmonic Society,

which was founded in 1956 and now comprises a Western-type symphony orchestra of 100 players, a large mixed-voice choir and numerous solo artists, performed the masterpieces of the Western world without a political qualm. In the fifties the first Chinese performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was a matter for pride, and as recently as 1964 Peking audiences saw *Giselle* and *Swan Lake* featuring Beryl Grey as guest ballerina with a Chinese ballet company.

But all that was 'under the guidance of a wrong line', as Li Teh-lun, conductor of the Central Philharmonic, explained to the London Philharmonic's members when his orchestra gave an informal afternoon concert for the British visitors. 'Seven or eight years ago', he said, 'we played a lot of European music but . . . our collective took part in the Cultural Revolution . . . and we think now that if our Philharmonic Society played European music just like European performers it would be of little interest. This morning the L.P.O. played a work by Vaughan Williams. He said that each nation should have its own national music. We should establish our orchestra with music that will display our own national characteristics. Of course we do not totally reject Western music. Under certain conditions we also play that.'

The 'certain conditions', it would appear, are those of, say, a visit by a foreign statesman. For instance, the Central Philharmonic played Beethoven's Sixth Symphony last year for Dr. Henry Kissinger. As far as public concerts are concerned, the fundamental revision of artistic policy occasioned by the Cultural Revolution effectively banned the performance of Western music, at least by Chinese musicians, although it seems that they are still allowed to use it for technical practice. From 1966 until the London Philharmonic Orchestra was invited to China last March the public's musical diet was—or was meant to be—essentially Chinese and specifically revolutionary.

Out with Western music went those Chinese compositions that were deemed not to meet the revolutionary requirement. Chiang Ching, the wife of Chairman Mao and a formidable revolutionary in her own right, instigated and led a thorough sifting of something like 1,000 of those traditional Peking operas which, as you may remember from occasional London seasons in the fifties, were devoted to tales about gorgeously-costumed emperors and mandarins, be-flagged generals and concubines. Almost all of these were scrapped, and if you mention them to an official in Peking today the response is a smiling deprecation of their ridiculousness. They are being replaced by a new type of Peking opera on socialist, present-day themes, such as *The Red Lantern*, which incidentally brings a piano into the Chinese orchestra, and *On the Docks*, one song from which bears the title: *Thinking of the Party gives me Vision and Courage.*

A similar policy has been applied to the ballet. *Swan Lake* and its like have been replaced by *The Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-Haired Girl*. I saw the latter in Shanghai and was very favourably impressed by the standard of stage production and orchestral playing, less by the

choreography and music and not at all by the obvious jingoism of the plot. But then the ballet was not meant for me. Chinese members of the audience loved this reportedly true story of a girl who is abducted by the Japanese during the Sino-Japanese war, escapes from servitude and after many wanderings, during which her hair turns white, is restored to her family by Mao's soldiers and goes off, rifle in hand, to fight for the cause. The choreography is basically Russian classical with the ballerinas on point and with a lot of running steps, but lifts are avoided and the girls' legs are discreetly trousered. It is danced to melodious, adroitly orchestrated music which includes rousing off-stage songs and choruses, and often resembles a Western cinema score. Incidentally, words and music of the vocal numbers are printed in the programmes, presumably so that one can learn them at home.

The quasi-cinematic style is equally evident, to my mind, in the *Yellow River* Concerto, a recording of which was issuing through loudspeakers on the Chinese side when I crossed the border bridge from Hong Kong. This work was included in the Peking orchestra's concert for the London Philharmonic. To appreciate the Concerto's revolutionary-cum-patriotic sentiments one must turn to the programme notes, which explain that it 'expresses the revolutionary heroism of the proletariat, praises the sublime courage and fighting spirit of the Chinese nation and extols the great victory of Chairman Mao's thinking on people's war'. The Concerto begins with themes representing boatmen struggling against the perils of the turbulent river ('the indomitable spirit of the Chinese nation'), dwells lyrically on Chinese history and, after the war against the Japanese, ends with *The East is Red* and *The Internationale* in combination.

No less forthright in expression were the two movements I heard from a new work, *Five Poems by Chairman Mao,* for male voice solo, chorus and orchestra. This bright, uncomplicated music, again employing a conservative European language, is as apt to its purpose as the ballet score and the concerto, but how much enduring artistic merit it has is a moot point. In the little red volume of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* we can read:

> Works of art which lack artistic quality have no force, however progressive they are politically. Therefore we oppose both works of art with a wrong political viewpoint and the tendency towards the 'poster and slogan style' which is correct in political viewpoint but lacking in artistic power.

I can only say that there seemed to be rather a lot of 'poster and slogan style' in the works I heard.

At the moment there are not a great many works to be heard. The approved repertory is growing, but I believe the *Yellow River* Concerto is the *only* one. There are a choral symphony entitled *Shachiapang,* a handful of other pieces, the two ballets mentioned above and four new Peking operas. Creating new works is a slow process because they are collectively composed. When a new work is proposed, performing organisations send representatives to discuss it. A first draft of the score then goes out to the masses for opinion testing over a period of six months or so, and on the results of this the work is revised and achieves its definitive form. The public therefore stands a good chance of getting new music it can immediately

enjoy, which is more than can be said for our methods, yet it remains to be proved that composition by committee produces good art.

The quality of the performers is another matter. The visiting British players were delighted by the technical level and discipline of the Chinese orchestras, although the Chinese players would always turn away praise. 'No, please', would come the typical reply, 'we have much to learn. Please tell us where we can improve'. Thus a well-known trait of Chinese character is turned to productive purpose. One would have liked to hear these musicians in Mozart—a searching test—and other European music in order to judge their orchestral capability better, but no one should underestimate the high quality of performance they achieve in their own limited repertory, a quality that says much for the efficiency of their music schools. In a short stay it was not possible to fit in a visit to one of these schools or to discover much about the methods of education. It is likely that musically gifted children are directed into special training at an early age as are the potentially talented acrobats. Because concerts are relatively few and commercial pressures absent, graduate musicians in the orchestras enjoy ample time for individual practice and collective rehearsal, a luxury denied to their Western counterparts.

Since they have such working conditions, it is reasonable to suppose that the Chinese musicians would rise admirably to the challenge of playing Western classical music (how one wishes one could have been there ten or more years ago when they were doing just that!), but there is no sign yet that the restrictions will be lifted to permit this. The bringing in of the London Philharmonic and, shortly afterwards, the Vienna Philharmonic, implies at least a willingness to listen to Western music again. Indeed, the Chinese Government was so anxious that its own musicians should hear the London orchestra that some were flown long distances to attend the concerts, and by special request the rehearsals were opened to full houses so that the maximum benefit could be derived from hearing the British visitors.

The official reasoning behind this may have been that Chinese musicians could pick up technical points and make comparative judgements of performing standards rather than merely sit back and enjoy the music for its own sake. As far as one could judge, however, the audiences did enjoy the music. Applause, if not of the exuberant kind one expects in London nowadays, was said to be unusually warm and prolonged by Chinese standards. The programmes offered—and agreed to by the Chinese without alteration—deliberately avoided anything that might make for difficult listening. There were Elgar and Vaughan Williams to represent British music, and Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms and Dvorak from the mainstream of the European classical tradition. The conductor, John Pritchard, also added some Berlioz, Wagner, Johann Strauss and Sibelius to the public morning rehearsals. One sensed that the Brahms Violin Concerto, beautifully played by Ida Haendel, made a specially deep impression, and the expressive range of the trumpet, as exemplified by Haydn's Trumpet Concerto, seemed to surprise as well as delight the local brass players.

At the end of each concert (there were two each in Peking and Shanghai and one in Canton) leading Chinese politicians and musicians went on the platform to proffer formal congratulations. Still more impressive than this and the official hospitality, which was on an almost incredible scale, was the informal warmth of the ordinary people one met between concerts. They were plainly eager for contact with 'our British friends'. For the future one must hope that there will be more such fruitful contacts, and that in addition to inviting Western musicians to perform in China the Chinese will eventually modify their political line sufficiently to permit their own admirable musicians a freer choice of music.

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The January issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Doubts on Germany's Allegiance* by Peter Coulmas, *Poverty and Schizophrenia* by John Wilder, *A Critical Analysis of the Foreign Office* by Benno Wasserman and *The Man Who was Sunday: G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936)* by R. C. Churchill.

JESUIT ANNIVERSARIES

by Father Francis Edwards, S.J.

THE Jesuits are, at times, a mystery even to themselves. One thinks of the ancient clerical jest about the three things that God cannot understand: the poverty of a Benedictine, the theology of a Dominican and the mind of a Jesuit. The traditional role of the Society of Jesus was to vindicate and support papal policies and teachings. One would not suppose from the activities and writings of some contemporary Jesuits that this was still their typical role; although in point of fact, when all due allowances are made for ecumenism, up-dating and getting with it generally, the average Jesuit, certainly in these islands, would still regard himself as the Pope's man.

This, of course, must make him suspect at once to the generality since the whole trend of British history in the last four centuries has been away from authoritarianism in church and state and towards democracy or democratisation. These are days in which the term 'crisis of authority' is used to sum up the contemporary situation in politics, education, social studies, and almost any other sphere in which direct personal knowledge has previously been considered insufficient. By its crisis, and present tendencies to anarchy, many of us are reminded that authority is, after all, necessary. The question still remains as to where and how. A realisation that some authority is necessary in human affairs may help to a greater sympathy for the Society of Jesus if not a readier acceptance of it. Not that the authoritarian aspect should be exaggerated even where Jesuits are concerned. True, St. Ignatius thought of Jesuit obedience in terms of absolute submission: a good Jesuit should be to his superior like a stick in the hands of an old man; something that never complains, is always there to be used, and feels no grievance when it is laid by.

Every Jesuit would thus ideally be something more or less than human, and since Jesuits are, after all, only human, one of the first lessons the Society as a workable and successful organisation had to learn was how to take into account the vagaries, contradictions and waywardness of even the best kind of human nature. It soon recognised that the waywardness that goes with genius had to be respected, unless the kind of conformity that goes with mediocrity were to become everywhere the rule. So there has always been room in the Society for men of the type of Robert Persons, Boscovich and Gerard Manley Hopkins, as well as the more recognisable conformists to traditional policy and piety.

The present writer had the advantage of a good, liberal protestant education in a London grammar school, and is well aware that to many, any *enfant* out of this cradle must be regarded as *terrible*. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Jesuits are part of the British tradition, and even more part of the European tradition with which we are becoming more obviously and closely linked.

Jesuits first came to England with the intention of staying here in 1580,

although St. Ignatius himself had been on a begging mission to London in the days of Henry VIII, and long before he founded his new order. It is an astonishing comment on the persistence and courage of those early missioners that in spite of nearly half a century of persecution and misrepresentation, and by the ablest minds in the land, the Jesuits felt strong enough to approach the authorities in 1622 to get permission to set themselves up as a 'Province'. This was and is the normal unit of the Society's government, and pre-supposed a real degree of stability, financial solvency, and also a sufficient number of people to maintain works begun with a fair prospect of carrying them on. On January 21, 1623, the General, Mutius Vitelleschi, recognised English Jesuit houses in England and Europe, especially Flanders, as forming a 'Province'.

Already the Society had a twofold reputation. In England the Jesuits were regarded as double-dyed villains: dyed once in blackness by their rejection of the Reformation, and a second time by their dependence on Spain. Admittedly, they were generally Hispanophile. In the days of Elizabeth I they could hardly have been anything else since the only places where they could safely open colleges or seminaries for English people abroad were in the domains of the Spanish King. Jesuits living on the continent often favoured invasion of England, notably in 1583, 1588 and 1600. The weather, however, was always a good protestant, and the catholics too apt to fall over their own eager feet—when they were eager. Jesuits working in England, we must insist on it, and their many supporters, were as careful in their loyalty to the queen and régime as any of her protestant subjects. Certainly, neither they nor their brethren separated by the Channel countenanced assassination or plotting against the throne. This was merely part of the less savoury propaganda put out against the Society by Sir William and Sir Robert Cecil, father and son, and their more unscrupulous tools and *agents-provocateurs*. I have yet to examine an Elizabethan 'plot' which stands up to close inspection. Even Martin Hume, a good orthodox historian at the turn of the century, experienced difficulty in accepting them all. Certainly there was no plot in which a Jesuit, still a member of the Society, could be proved to be actively engaged.

As time rolled on, the Jesuits became more acceptable in England; but somehow less acceptable abroad. This was particularly true of régimes governing countries traditionally Catholic. It was there that Jesuits had done and were doing, their best work. D'Alembert wrote to Frederick the Great on June 16, 1769, 'It is strange that their most Catholic Majesties want to annihilate these staunch defenders of the Holy See, and that your most Heretical Majesty is the only one to defend them'.[1]

Frederick concluded that jealousy, intrigue and interested motives were the real cause of the Jesuits' downfall. The fact was that a body as independent in spirit and as temporally rich as the Society was supposed to be, could scarcely expect to survive in rivalry with the autocratic and impoverished monarchies and their ministers which were everywhere triumphant in Europe on the very eve of the French Revolution. There are few things more deceptive in history than the appearance of prosperity and stability.

The Catholic Church could never have seemed more prosperous and deeply entrenched than on the eve of the Reformation.

By the eighteenth century, the Society of Jesus had outlasted many persecutions and endless calumnies, and seemed to share the indestructibility of the Church. It was to be rudely awakened. The Society was far from corrupt or lacking in enthusiasm in Portugal in 1758. Nevertheless, the following year it was expelled from that country almost by the influence of a single minister, Pombal. In the years following, it was thrown out of France and other European countries, until in August 1773 the Pope, under no little pressure, issued a brief *Dominus ac Redemptor*, allowing for the suppression of the Jesuits in any country in which it was promulgated. But the Society, if not corrupt, may have grown less wise.

The Jesuits themselves, at least in England, did not under-estimate the strength and validity of the immediate cause of their foundering, namely the failure of the commercial and financial ventures of Fr. Pierre Antoine La Valette, the Procurator, later superior, of the mission of the Parisian Jesuits in Martinique. The whole Society was called upon by the General to bail out the French Jesuits from their bankruptcy, but without success. The English Jesuits also contributed, and were not slow with their comment on the disastrous effect to themselves. Fr. Charles Plowden wrote to a fellow-Jesuit, Marmaduke Stone, in 1812:

> In our little Province, yr. R. knows that as soon as Fr. Corbie [Provincial] gave up the Province to Mr. Poyntz and the worthless Cruickshanks, agent of the worthless La Valete, we were quickly brought to the brink of bankruptcy and ruin.[2]

It is a curious reflection that what centuries of persecution had been unable to achieve, as far as England was concerned, was virtually effected by a few English warships which captured a handful of French ships coming from the West Indies early in the Seven Years' War. As Brother Henry Foley put it:

> The immediate cause of the final break-up seems to have been the seizure by English cruisers of two ships laden with rich merchandise on their way to Marseilles, worth two millions of livres, and consigned to the bankers Lioncey and Co., to indemnify them for their acceptances. A general wreck ensued and these bankers failed.[3]

The creditors of the Society, particularly in France, clamoured and manoeuvred until all the Jesuits there were declared responsible for the financial failures of the province centred in Paris. After this, events flowed on rather inevitably to the general suppression.

The Jesuits have always had their enemies among the Catholics, and in Rome itself. Pombal's task and the efforts of other statesmen who imitated him would have been immeasurably more difficult, and perhaps impossible, without the approval of Cardinal Passionei, a trusted minister of Pope Benedict XIV, and another cardinal, Saldanha, who has been described, admittedly, by a Jesuit, as 'one of Pombal's creatures'.[4]

It seems true that it was by Pombal's influence that Saldhans was appointed Patriarch of Lisbon. To straighten the record it must be said that at the time of the Portuguese disaster, some 250 bishops and several cardinals petitioned the new pope, Clement XIII, to protect the Order from further

molestation. Nor were the Jesuits the only object of Pombal's hatred. By his arrangement, 'the Duke of Aveiro, many members of the Tavora family, including the noble old marchioness, and several servants were publicly put to death with horrible cruelty' six days before the decree of January 19, 1759, expelling the Jesuits. The family had been accused, with little show of justice, of an attempt on the king's life. The Jesuits were also declared to be implicated in the same plot. There was always an alarming tendency on the part of governments—there may be still in some quarters—to find political and religious enemies, and people in the way, guilty of 'plots' and rebellion.

The plot technique died out in England after the first two Cecils, and apart from an abortive attempt centred in Titus Oates, was not revived. Nevertheless, the technique continued to be exploited in Europe. Those who believed in the authenticity of the earlier plots in England, had little difficulty in believing that these later plots on the European mainland were similarly authentic. The Jesuits were getting what they had always deserved. All the same, the situation had its shrewder critics. A correspondent to *The Public Ledger* on November 23, 1773, wrote:

> What shame should cover the enemies of the Jesuits when it is an incontrovertible fact that not a single penny has ever been paid to the CREDITORS of the Society since the first seizure of their effects to this hour, notwithstanding that the effects so seized amount to a sum very far exceeding what has been claimed as debts owing to them.... The Jesuits have been robbed of their whole property, banished out of France, and their creditors remain as yet unsatisfied. ... The ministers DIVIDED the BOOTY and the creditors of the Jesuits are in a worse situation than when they began the contest, for the expense of the process hath greatly enhanced their original demand.[5]

Nevertheless, in England as in Protestant Prussia and Orthodox Russia, the Jesuits managed paradoxically to survive. Under the 'Greats', Frederick and Catherine, the Society survived under its own name, since the brief period of suppression was not promulgated in their dominions. In England, the ex-Jesuits had a curiously anomalous existence, a state of being and not being, living and partly living as Jesuits, and yet not Jesuits. It was the kind of anomaly that thrives successfully in these islands. The government could do nothing more about them since their existence in any case had been illegal and unrecognised almost since they first set foot on the island. A significant and influential portion of papists—in the remotest sense their 'fellow Catholics'—were almost as concerned as the government that they should not survive. Yet others, headed by the celebrated Dr. Richard Challoner, while feeling no animosity for the Society, felt it their duty to promulgate the Roman brief of suppression on their own account, and thus bring the Society in England formally to an end.

> *The Destructive Brief*, as it was called, was brought to England by Mgr. Stonor but Challoner had misgivings about sending papal orders through the protestant post. He therefore informed the other vicars apostolic, and himself invited the London Jesuits to call on him to complete the humiliating act. Twenty-six London Jesuits headed by Fr. Thomas More, the last English Provincial, availed themselves of this charitable choice. Challoner, now an old and weary man, showed great kindness and sympathy to the victims and carried

out his orders with distaste. In Rome there was carnival on the nights following the Suppression; not so in Golden Square.[6]

Nevertheless, the former Jesuits continued to work together as a team—admittedly not always evenly yoked—until the Society was restored, as far as Europe was concerned, in 1815; as far as England was concerned, in 1829. As someone scribbled on the back of a letter in 1777, *'Est et non est:* wonderful existence of the Society after its extinction'.[7] Bishop Charles Walmesley, a Benedictine, was typical of the vicars-apostolic in their attitude to the mighty fallen. He wrote to Thomas More, lately S.J., on October 31, 1773, 'I am told Eishop Challoner has constituted you his vicar over your former people of his district. . . . If it be so, I must desire you to perform the same function for me'.[8]

More was thus enabled to appoint his men and carry on much as if nothing had happened.

This idyllic state did not endure. Temporal considerations of money and estate entered to trouble and befog the spiritual scene as always in the long history of Christianity. Certain ex-Jesuits themselves started a new hare. One of them, probably Anthony Carroll, issued a printed circular in London dated October 14, 1778. It began:

> I take it for granted that the dissolution of the Society has set us all on a level, and given us a right to animadvert with recent freedom on what we conceive to have been done amiss, however undesignedly, respecting the affairs of the late province. . . . The generality of our gentlemen, nothwithstanding the holy passiveness in which we have all been brought up . . . are now beginning to use our own thoughts, and can have an opinion of their own.[9]

At this point we may let the hunt gallop past us. It was unlikely that the Society would remain dead for long since, like the Church itself, it corresponded to a great deal in human nature, or at least to the nature of a great many human beings. A letter from Vienna at the end of March, 1780, interpreted some natural wonder to mean that the Society would soon be raised up again. About the same time, 'the best divines and canonists in Rome' as one pen described them, were approached for their views 'relative to the state of the Jesuits in general and of the English Jesuits in particular'. They gave their opinion that the vows of formerly professed Jesuits were not affected by *Dominus ac Redemptor*, and since these vows were made according to the Institute of the Society they would not be 'otherwise than Jesuits'. Wishes, in the long run, father actualities as well as thoughts. Resurrection of a body truly dead demands a miracle. Resuscitation is often only a matter of time, patience and careful nursing. The Jesuits, whatever their other failings, have always had time and patience on their side.

[1] Quoted in Martin Harney, S.J., *The Jesuits in History*, Chicago, 1962, p. 292.
[2] Quoted in T. G. Holt, S.J., The Fatal Mortgage: the English Province and Père La Valette, in *Archivum Historicum, S.J.* vol. xxxviii (1969), p. 464.
[3] H. Foley, M.S Hist.I., f. 311v. cf. Holt, op. cit., p. 465.
[4] Martin P. Harney, op. cit., p. 302.
[5] English Province Archives, BB7 (unfoliated). Quoted in Holt, op. cit., p. 467.
[6] B. Basset, S.J., *The English Jesuits*, London, 1967, p. 338.
[7] English Prov. Arch.: Province Correspondence, 1746-1854, f. 19v.
[8] English Prov. Arch. *Letters of Bishops and Cardinals 1753-1853*, f. 18r.
[9] From the English Prov. Archives, copy: v. supra.

THE CHINESE EXHIBITION

by Dermot J. T. Englefield

CROSSING the courtyard of the Royal Academy past the statue of Joshua Reynolds, elegant and academic, I reflected on his likely view of 'The Genius of China', as this exhibition is called, with its tea, delicate porcelain and frivolous and fashionable chinoiserie. Advancing another hundred and fifty years, a generation ago, when the Royal Academy last treated us to a Chinese exhibition, that leading organiser and critic Roger Fry could sum up:

> Chinese art appealed to Western nations originally almost entirely in virtue of its technical ingenuity, its brilliant and tasteful execution and the 'quaintness' due to its unfamiliarity.

He went on to suggest that it needed: 'the same concentrated attention as we have to devote to our own great masters'.

Forty years and a political revolution later we are again invited to look at the 'Genius of China'. This time it has been sent by the Peoples' Republic of China and the objects have sprung quite recently from the very soil of that country. We are asked to participate directly in a great Chinese surge of self discovery while the achievement is still new in China itself. I believe that this gives the exhibition an excitement and immediate appeal which distinguishes it from other national displays. It astonishes that virtually nothing to be seen at the Royal Academy was known to exist a quarter of a century ago. The exhibition is truly a revelation.

It cannot have been easy to decide how to show these new discoveries to the British public. Successful exhibitions are a strange amalgam of the stimulation of interest and the satisfaction of beauty but it is often not easy for the viewer to keep the dual experience in balance. The exhibitor too must strike his balance between giving information on the objects and showing them for immediate pleasure. For this attempt at Burlington House I think that the designers of the exhibition deserve high praise. They must have started from the premise that nearly all the viewers would be quite ignorant of the chronology and background of what they were seeing and that once they had joined the throng of visitors, apart from keeping them travelling in the right direction and noting some special points, it was best for them to let the objects themselves give pleasure. To achieve this, the exhibition is divided into mostly broad chronological sections, the dates of all sections are set out in every room, the notes on the objects are restricted and the pieces are given space to express themselves. To concentrate the viewer's mind and feelings, the technique of dark rooms and light on the objects only is used for much of the exhibition. The effect is to isolate their beauty and in turn to make it more difficult to pick up the information in the catalogue.

About a third of the way round the display is a special room devoted to the early technology of iron, of casting in bronze and of glazing pots. This

display not only provides a break from looking at the many very high quality exhibits the study of which is demanding, but also serves to satisfy that instinct in most of us, especially the unpractical, to learn by what method these objects came about. There are few exhibitions which would not benefit from some such account of the technology used and the way in which it effected what might be created in a particular place and time. Nowhere else in the exhibition do we learn so clearly how advanced was technical achievement in China compared with Europe.

Later in the exhibition, after we have passed the jade funeral suit of the princess Tou Wan and the 'Flying Horse', daylight breaks in on the exhibits at the point when the Buddhist religion arrives in China. The next section is the Han dynasty. The sophisticated materials, especially the multi-coloured damasks, the manuscripts on paper so long before we knew it and the exquisite scripts sometimes expressing poetry and sometimes business agreements, are just about the period that Europe was struggling through the Merovingian dynasty. The final sections, laid out in a reconstruction of a Tang hall, are mostly devoted to porcelain excavated in the last few years. Their fineness and still perfection herald the better known Ming creations.

What we are looking at when we see the pottery, the bronzes, the funeral suite and the porcelain is only a small selection of the mighty collections which have been excavated in China during the last quarter century. What is more, the Chinese are slow systematic workers and they know that they have significant, probably yet more significant treasures to find. The fact that an authoritarian regime can stop tomb robberies could well mean that they are only on the verge of very great revelations of this ancient and for us in some ways mysterious civilisation. (It is difficult not to contrast the problems of Central and South American governments and peoples whose art treasures are being so commonly stolen and sold on the greedy international art market.) It is fortunate for us all that the Chinese authorities who are undertaking this work have real expertise to ensure the care of their wonderful legacy.

The title of the exhibition is 'The Genius of China'. After seeing it are we left with any clear understanding of these words? It is certainly extraordinary to see in one display some six or seven thousand years of unbroken history plotted out carefully with objects which testify to such a high standard of civilisation and technical achievement. The inexperienced eye finds it difficult to see rises and falls of standards during this long period. Indeed it is the sustained high level of expression which makes the exhibition an exacting and exciting one. But looking more particularly at the objects as displayed, I think 'genius' might be applied to the linear quality of these works which gives them a taut beauty and an appeal which is essentially intellectual and hence universal. When I mention linear quality I am referring to two different things.

In the first place there are the fine lines which express shape. Here surely the Chinese have always been most beautiful and most expressive. In this exhibition the very first section shows us many pottery bowls, vases and urns

dating from the fourth and third millenium B.C. which are most perfect shapes. Clearly the makers have nothing more to learn about the purity of shape and they can be daring in design too. Towards the end of this neolithic period the tripod jug was developed, where the rhythms are more complicated, with three legs, a handle and a spout all bound together through the rounded body of the jug. The silhouette of this work has the spring of animal life about it. This deftness in conceiving shapes continues in the bronzes and right through to the superb porcelain pieces which represent the last period in the exhibition.

The second expression of linear quality is quite different, namely the Chinese feeling for patterning. Again it is to be seen in the neolithic bowls some of which are painted with abstract designs and even more so in the bronze work which followed during the Shang dynasty. Most notable or at least most eye-catching is the ritual wine mixer shaped like a monster with its decoration of a semi-abstract crocodile and snakes. In some of the finest works these two different expressions of line, shape and patterning, are in a state of tension giving the object great vitality. But having said that, when the craftsmen do turn to naturalistic expression, whether in animals such as the horse or in the few human figures in this exhibition, their touch does not desert them. The reason I think is that their feeling for line is not for dry straight abstraction, but for a living or moving line. We have therefore not just the beautiful bowl but also the flying horse, later patterned porcelain with their flower motifs and, outside this exhibition, the restless Chinese dragon. It is the innate discipline of this linear expression which causes these objects never to cloy, to avoid all vulgarity and to continue to strike us with great freshness.

Reaction to this exhibition has ranged from the commentator who sees it as a political move, a sort of follow-up to ping-pong diplomacy, through the appreciative queueing general public, to what must be feverish enthusiasm in the institutes of oriental studies. Following so swiftly on the Tutankhamun exhibition, when the 'media' gave us so much guidance, it might be worth looking at their treatment of what is a far more difficult exhibition on which to comment. As the group attending the press viewing worked their way round the display, while the carpenters completed the stands and the photographers stood in their coils of apparatus waiting impatiently for a clear shot of the jade suit, what was being thought up by the journalists for their enthusiastic readers and viewers?

I think that without doubt the BBC deserve the greatest thanks. They started early, before the opening that is, by sending the 'Blue Peter' TV team to see the exhibition while it was in Paris, to enable the children whom they entertain to have a first chance to inform their elders. Then Magnus Magnusson with the enthusiastic Professor Watson gave a characteristically relaxed and interesting couple of programmes made in China. Next was the turn of the academics to get it on the record and *The Listener* published an article by Professor Watson based on a Radio 3 programme and he was followed by Professor Michael Sullivan who concentrated on the exhibition itself. Later the BBC presented a Chinese film of an actual excavation taking

place and by that time their contribution, nicely spaced in time and varied in level, had made us grateful to them.

The Times, a co-sponsor of the exhibition, produced a supplement which was strong on advertisements and peripherals such as the art market in oriental objects and the publishing boom in art books on China, but rather less so on the 'Chinese Treasures'. Then there were the colour supplements with the *Sunday Times*, also a co-sponsor, off the mark a fortnight before the opening with some beautiful photographs and a piece on the cult of the horse. *The Observer* stayed its hand for a few weeks and then produced a very real attempt to guide the general reader through Chinese history in a couple of articles by Dennis Bloodworth which constituted the best general journalism on the subject. And then in case we were all taking ourselves too seriously *Punch* published: *From Peking to Penge, the effect of Chinese art and civilisation on suburbia* and *Private Eye* gave us: *The Gnome Guide to a Million Years of Chinese art*. We need these commentators but it was all very predictable, rather like asking your own family their view on a subject and getting exactly the answers which you expected. But then it was a difficult exhibition for journalists to handle and this brings us to the importance of the official catalogue.

The catalogue, written by the able and ubiquitous Professor Watson and beautifully designed by Mr. R. Clark, is an excellent example of what a catalogue should be. A clear time chart and maps on the endpapers set the time and place. Short lucid essays help us to get our bearings in a matter of minutes and the entries for each one of the exhibits is that difficult combination to achieve, learned and very readable. Every item is illustrated and there are some twenty coloured plates, most of them excellent, so that the volume is a pleasure just to look at and add to one's library shelves. At only 90p it must be regarded as a bargain. Like every worthwhile catalogue, however, it needs to be browsed through for an evening before going to the exhibition. It is a pity, therefore, that I understand it is not normally available through bookshops.

Although this exhibition is rightly seen as an expression of China's pride in discovering her past, it is really an aspect of something much more amazing. These objects and more recent excavations raise the question how far can we go in understanding the past. These more recent digs confirm that it is possible to reconstruct life, say two thousand years ago, in great detail with the original domestic articles, furniture, decorations, clothes, shoes, utensils and even food, all in perfect condition. Only the architecture and the people have not survived but these dead have now shown us the material details and beauties of their life. Whatever immortality they may have sought, through the conservation caused by their rigorous burial customs, they have in a way achieved it; thereby adding not merely to our knowledge but also to our pleasure.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST COMES TO LONDON

by Marcia MacDonald

THE new entente between East and West has, in recent months, been exemplified by the popularity of the Chinese Exhibition. Despite the fact that all the pieces on exhibition are the subjects of an archaeological study, many visitors to the show have developed an interest in Oriental works of art that are of a less archaic nature.

For that reason, many of London's Oriental Art dealers have stocked a variety of relatively inexpensive items—jades, netsuke, snuff bottles, textiles, manuscripts, ivories—for the Christmas market. For a variety of snuff bottles in glass, coral, bone and other materials, fashioned in China from the 18th to the 19th centuries, one could visit almost any art gallery. But one of the finest collections exists in John Sparks of Mount Street. In addition to this fine collection, there are a number of pieces of fine porcelains manufactured in China in the 18th century for the European market. One particular porcelain dish, 'The Cherry Pickers', bears a design taken from a print dated 1735. Translucent jades stand before windows in order to enhance the beauty of the stone.

Jades of an extremely high quality can be found at Spinks, of King Street in St. James's. An old-established firm, Spinks is world-renowned for their pieces in cloisonné and jade.

Generations of Oriental Art dealers have been competing for years at London's salerooms for the plums; and Bluett and Sons of Davies Street have one of the most beautiful collections of the best archaic bronzes in the West. One of the most interesting of these objects is a small thirteenth century B.C. chariot jingle which resembles a modern, round blow dryer. Another exceptional piece on show is a Chinese *mei-p'ing* stoneware vase decorated with chrysanthemums that has been dated as Sung, A.D. 960-1279.

Earlier pieces of the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 619-906) can be found both at Eskenazi on Piccadilly and Hugh M. Moss Ltd. of Bruton Street. Strangely, most T'ang horses tend to have their heads turned to the left as if, even in those long ago times, grooms were usually right-handed.

Two of the most impressive pieces at the Maboubian Gallery in Grosvenor Street (a gallery, incidentally, still owned by the Maboubian family of Tehran, who have collected fine works of art for over a century) are a pair of golden lions which stand about six inches high.

Some time ago Milne Henderson of Clifton Hill had a Japanese Exhibition of prints, paintings and ceramics. Its popularity was so great that Hugh M. Moss Ltd. of Bruton Street are planning an exhibition of Japanese and Korean decorative arts—including a variety of small carvings, pieces of furniture, and other fascinating decorative pieces until early December

when a display of Oriental carpets—including a rare yellow Yarkand—will be on show. In addition to these exhibitions, there will be a variety of pieces available on various levels of the gallery. In fact, two of the late Queen Mary's cloisonné figures depicting Europeans holding Buddhist symbols can be seen in the window. Cloisonné is becoming extremely popular, but, of course, is becoming equally as expensive.

Some items that are still comparatively inexpensive and remarkably beautiful are prized for their small size and high quality: Japanese netsuke. Examples of a rare and high quality can be found at Douglas J K. Wright in Curzon Street.

Hokusai, a famous Japanese painter and print maker who died in 1884, has been a 'collector's item' for some eighty years. His works, however, are still available at prices well below those established by the Old Masters of the West. Dealer Bob Sawers has shown his collection many times in London and plans to exhibit in the new year. A rather 'portable' item that has become recognised as a collector's piece is the Japanese Sword Guard. Some fine examples at moderate price are now being offered by Mr. Sawers in addition to his Hokusai prints.

A fine stone carving of a reclining water buffalo can be seen at Sydney L. Moss Ltd., of Brook Street. The piece is Ming dynasty (A.D. 1368-1644) and is a little over eight inches long.

For the advanced collector, there will always be fascinating pieces in the London galleries. One outstanding example is a Chih-hu wine ewer, Hugh Wu period, that stands 32 cm. high. It is finely decorated with a red design and is a magnificent period piece and can be seen at Eskenazi Ltd.

Marchant and Son are showing a fine biscuit seated figure of Pu-Tai holding a rosary and a bag of happiness from the K'ang Hsi (1662-1722) period.

Naturally, the Chinese Exhibition will cause many 'undiscovered' collections to be brought from the family cellar to the London salerooms. When that happens, museum experts, gallery dealers, and auction experts will have their work cut out for them—sorting out the genuine finds from the fakes.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BERMUDA STYLE

by Terry Tucker

Part II—Punishment

INEVITABLY, the methods and instruments of punishment employed in England were adopted in the New World by the early colonists of America and the Islands of Bermuda. In retrospect they seem savage and barbarous, yet were far milder than those inflicted on law-breakers on the continent of Europe—where, as late as the 15th century, even animals were punished for supposed offences by burning and by quite grotesque hangings. To us, nowadays, some of the 17th century penal offences sound so innocent that we almost tend to agree with the cynic who remarked that everything in life was either unpleasant or prohibited! But, taken as they must be, in the context of their time and place, they are at least explicable.

And who were the officials empowered in Bermuda to detect criminal activities and to bring the offenders before the appropriate authorities of Church and State? Captain John Smith's *General History of Virginia, New England and the Summers Isles,* published in London in 1624, gives an account of the early Assizes in Bermuda under the Governor-in-Council and the Provost Marshal. Bailiffs of the Tribes (parishes):

> . . . in nature of the Deputy Lieutenants of the shires in England . . . perform also the duties of Justice of Peace within their limits. The subordinate officer to these in every tribe are the Constables, Head-borowes (boroughs) and Church Wardens.

All of these worked in close harmony. And in 1624, Governor Woodhouse provided the lengthy oath to which a Constable was required to swear at the commencement of his 12-month term of office, outlining his duties towards 'riotous persons riotously assembled' (delightful phrase!) and all other offenders against the King's peace.

On the reverse side of the coin, Bermuda retained, during the first half of the 17th century, the ancient custom permitted by Anglo-Saxon law, of allowing the accused to call in witnesses, known as Compurgators, to testify to the innocency and veracity of the accused by joining their oaths to his. In 1639, when a certain Edward Bowly was presented at the June Assizes in St. George's 'on suspicion of incontinency' with Anne, a Negro woman who had had a bastard child, supposedly his, Bowly was vindicated ('purged') by his compurgators—but Anne received 21 lashes at the Whipping Post. She, poor thing, could hardly swear away the baby! (The modern cynical witticism that Bermuda's motto, *Quo Fata Ferunt*—Whither the Fates Lead Us—should rightfully be translated, 'It all depends on who you are', or, even more cynically, 'It all depends on whom you know', seems at that early date to have had at least some justification!)

Another mitigation of sentence might be obtained by pleading Benefit of Clergy. This of course had originally been the exemption from trial by a secular court claimed by the clergy if arrested for felony. In time this had become applicable to anyone able to read or write and therefore in a position to take Holy Orders. In Bermuda when Benefit of Clergy was pled, branding with a red-hot iron—usually in the hand—was administered in place of the severer penalty dealt the less educated. The privilege was so abused that gradually it was discontinued though the law was not actually rescinded in England till 1827 in the reign of George IV.

But before we consider the terribly devious methods of correction that man devised for his fellow-man—some so horrifying that we shrink from the mere thought of them today—we must ask ourselves: what was the purpose behind the penalty?

Perhaps the earliest element discoverable in the theory of punishment was the idea of *revenge*. The culprit should be made to suffer loss, humiliation, pain or death commensurate with the harm he had done. Various instruments of punishment were therefore devised, as we shall see. . . . Secondly, the idea of *expiation* was entertained, particularly by churchmen —that, even if the body were mutilated or deprived of life, this enforced sacrifice at least cleansed the soul.

As crime increased despite punishments, another ingredient became prominent: the penalty must be horrible enough to *deter* others, from a sense of fear. To this end all punishments were as public as possible and therefore infinitely humiliating and degrading.

With the development of a social conscience, the *prevention* of crime mattered, therefore to hinder its performance became the difficult aim of law-makers.

Ultimately it was realised that the *reformation* of the criminal must be the final design—to return him to society a better citizen, unless indeed life itself was forfeited—since the *protection of society* from the criminal was an obligation of the State.

Since the *purpose* of punishment has varied, it follows that the specific *forms* have been extremely diverse. It was that commonsense realist, Dr. Johnson, who, in conversation with Mrs. Knowles, remarked: 'Madam, we have different modes of restraining evil: stocks for the men, a ducking-stool for women, and a pound for beasts'. But that, of course, was merely a neat summary of a complicated system.

One of the least painful punishments was the imposition of a FINE or the forfeiture of goods—though doubtless inconvenient enough to the inhabitants of an impoverished island. Since tobacco was, in the early years, the staple product, and wages were paid in this commodity, it was also the currency in which fines were first exacted. In a list of the General Levy of the inhabitants for 1628, six persons are given as fined: 150 lbs. of tobacco from one who committed a violent assault, down to 50 lbs. each from several men who entered a house to 'help themselves to a pot of potatoes'. About

twenty years later, a fine of 500 lbs. of tobacco carried the alternative of 'five pounds sterling in mony . . . that fine to goe for the building of a House of correction'—which gives some idea of contemporary values. Still later, members of the Bermuda House of Assembly were fined one shilling if not 'in decent dress'. They were also fined for non-attendance. While absence from church also carried 1/- fine.

The DUCKING STOOL, used by our Saxon forefathers in England and mentioned in the Domesday Book of 1086, was one of the earliest implements of punishment in Bermuda. Used mainly for nagging women, who were fastened in it at the end of a long beam which pivoted upon and down into the sea, it was also (by definition of the English Dictionary on Historical Principles, Oxford) intended for dishonest tradesmen. The number of duckings was determined by the depth of guilt. In cases of noisily quarrelling couples in Bermuda, the scales of justice were heavily weighted against the woman who was often ducked, whilst her equally-offending mate was merely admonished 'to be of the good behaviour'—or, at the worst, charged with repairs to the stool! (This punishment should never be confused with 'swimming a witch', which was not a punishment at all but a test as to whether the alleged witch had rejected the waters of Christ's baptism, in which case sea-water would reject her by forcing her to float.) Half of what is now Ordnance Island off King's Square, St. George's, was known as Ducking Stool Island, where, within sight of all the inhabitants of the capital town who had known her from childhood, the unfortunate woman would be ducked. There were several ducking-stools around our coast; replicas of them today give great amusement to tourists.

THE STOCKS, an instrument of punishment consisting of two planks set edgewise—the upper plank being capable of sliding up and down—with holes left for ankles of the culprit who was thus left sitting down with his feet pinioned between the two planks. The use of the stocks was a favourite and immediate correction for small offences, such as drunkenness—though persistent imbibing was treated far more sternly. To be confined in the stocks was ignominious rather than painful, though it must have been boring to be there for six hours as an alternative to a five shilling fine. In 1669 the stocks stood 'before the Governor's House' in St. George's, as we learn from the amusing incident when two gay young blades, Mr. Jonas Bentham and Mr. Jack Jacobsons, disported themselves in the stocks while 'drinking of Wine at their pleasure', for which lively prank they paid twenty shillings apiece. . . . Unlike England, where some of these early instruments of correction are still carefully preserved, ours have long since rotted away, but the cedar replicas on King's Square in St. George's provide as much amusement for our visitors as the originals did for Benham and Jacobsons more than three hundred years ago, although many another poor wretch must have disliked them intensely, and felt horribly humiliated. Although the constable did not determine the punishment, he was authorised to secure offenders by placing them there.

THE CAGE, the simplest form of confinement, to which—as with the

Stocks—constables had the power to commit persons summarily for holding, was a sort of large box with bars to admit light and air yet prevent escape. Governor Butler built it in St. George's *circa* 1621 for the punishment of drunkards. An Act of the Bermuda Assembly (1623) to control exorbitant wage demands by unruly artificers, decreed that such workmen should be placed in the Cage or the Stocks till they conformed.

Four years later, Anne, the wife of Francis Powell of Pagets Tribe, was presented by the Grand Inquest before the Governor-in-Council

> for divers immodest behaviours, and was by the Governor & Counsell censured to bee set in the cage at St. George's, and there to remaine 2 dayes and 2 nights.

PUBLIC PENANCE was enforced as a means of extreme humiliation and was alluded to as 'acknowledging his fault openly in the Church'. This was mainly for alleged sexual offences, often on mere suspicion, since, when unrepented guilt was proved, far more drastic punishments were usually administered. At the Assizes of 1 December 1660, nine married couples were sentenced to make public acknowledgement in the respective Tribe churches of sin before marriage in the following set terms:

> I (A.B.) doe humblie and heartilie acknowledge in the presence of Almighty God and before this Congregation that I have greatly offended his heavenlie majestie and you all by my incontinoncie before the day of marriage. And doe earnestlie desire this congregation to pray unto God to forgive this my great offence, ffor I have bin a dishonour to God, and a shame to the profession I have professed and have by my horrible sins imboldened others to comit that horrible sinne of fornication, and so by that menes the Islands is stored with children that are not legitimate, neither can they inherit any of their father's lands, but are to be counted Bastards and I am ashamed of my horrible sinne, and I doe heartilie desire the petitions and earnest prayers to almightie God of all here assembled to joyne with me in prayer & supplicacon unto the Lord for pardon of this my great offence wherein I have broken the lawe of God and our Kinge and that for the time to come I may be a paturne of good to all amongst whom I live, and may for the time to come bring forth fruits to the glory of God.

In the early Colonial Records of Bermuda, as one deciphers the cramped but regular script on the yellowing faded pages with the above confession above the carefully-arranged lists of young people ('and wife, Martha'—and so on) who faced the familiar congregations three hundred years ago in such dire disgrace, the story of the past somehow seems much more poignant and viable than if one merely came upon it in the cold print of today.

Other crimes too were expiated in Church. That high-handed governor, Captain Henry Woodhouse, condemned a certain Margaret Heyling (convicted, at the governor's insistence, of stealing a turkey after a previous trial had resulted in a verdict of Not Guilty!)

> to stand in the Church 2 sabbath dayes with a paper upon her breast written in great Letters For Stealing of a Turkey, and to sitt behinde the church dore for the space of 6 monthes ensuing.

However, Governor Woodhouse was ultimately called to account and ordered to pay Margaret Heyling 100 lbs. of tobacco in compensation.

At the Assizes of February 1629, Lewis Evans and Alise the wife of Huehe Atkinson, both of Tucker's Town, were presented 'for suspition of

Incontinence. Lewis Evans to receive 39 Lashes and the woman to do penance with a white sheete in the Church in Smith's Tribe'. The white sheet became a constant motif in such alleged cases. Another couple, presented by the minister and churchwardens of Pembroke Tribe 'upon the like suspition' were sentenced 'to does pennance in the Church standing in a whyte sheete during divine service making confession of that their suspitious walking'.

TO BE DECLARED INFAMOUS may not sound a very serious punishment. But it entailed a public labelling with guilt that disqualified the victim from all privileges in the community, his voice counted for nothing, he could hold no public office or be heard in a court of law; any punishment he incurred would be doubled, he had to stand apart and alone at all meetings and occupy the lowliest seat in church. The Laws of the Bermuda Company, promulgated 1622, laid down that

> If any man of unquiet or contentious spirit be a common raiser of quarrels or brabbles amongst neighbours, besides other penalties to be inflicted according to Law, he shall be condemned by the Governor and Councell to be a person infamous.

That the disabilities under which such a man laboured were felt to be degrading is attested by the fact that most so adjudged publicly declared repentance and abased themselves at a General Sessions, promising reformation.

At the Assizes of March 1651, one Thomas Longbottome was declared infamous 'for couniveinge at his wife's infidelity'; it is not surprising to find that he was among the almost 200 persons who, in January 1658, set sail from Bermuda to settle in Jamaica 'all carryed off at the free charges of the State of England'. As he had previously been also convicted of robbery, he was no loss to the colony.

RIDING A CANNON while same was 'shott off full charged' was the punishment awarded some soldiers for 'consorting with drunkards'. Of one of them, the records tell us that the experience 'did shake him terribly'.

BRANDING, the searing of living human flesh with a red-hot iron to leave an imprint as a mark of infamy, was sometimes given as a punishment in itself, but often took the place of a severer sentence to those who pleaded Benefit of Clergy. At the Assizes of February 1629, Edward Heis and William Clapham were convicted of instigating a young man to steal turkeys; but 'craving the benefite of their clergie (they) were burnt in the hand'. Sometimes an initial letter, signifying the crime was branded into the face or hand. At the Assizes of June 1652, for example, 'a woman-servant of Mr. John Miller for theft is condemned to be burnt in the hand with the letter T'.

One Francis Welman, a property-owner of Paget's Tribe, was presented in 1652 'for a most horrid and impious speech against our blessed Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ'. He was condemned to multiple punishments, among them that he should be branded in the forehead with the letter B for blasphemer.

In 1673, after a plot was discovered amongst the Negroes against their masters and mistresses, the leading conspirators were sentenced to be 'burned in the fforehead with the letter R' (probably for rogue)—certain others were named to be 'stigmatized in the face with an hott iron', again as only one part of the punishment. . . . If, after all this correction, an offender should 'yet prove Incorrigible . . . he shall be forthwith comited to the Comon Jayle and to be punished as the Governor and Councell shall think fitt'.

So here we come to the more general method of correction: IMPRISONMENT. Early records tell us that the 'common gaole' (or jayle) contained 'a nasty dungeon' whence one could see 'neither sun, moon nor stars'. Here one was incarcerated 'during the Governor's pleasure'—and, ironically enough, sometimes the Governor himself shared the like fate. Those were contentious times. We are told that the diminutive prison in St. George's could not hold all the villains who existed there!—including ex-Governor Richier, imprisoned towards the end of the 17th century for debt (who complained, 'I would as soon consent to be left in hell as here'), and other important personages—some in irons—one of whom was the ex-chief justice.

That imprisonment remains a form of correction today is due probably to three facts: that it relieves society of the dangerous presence of the criminal without killing or mutilating him; that punishment can be graded to the gravity of the offence; that it can enable study of the criminal and therefore of the causes of crime. What is difficult to realise is that this form of punishment had not become general in Europe until about the time of this adventuring into the New World—the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries—and that it had done so in an effort to cut down on the large number of capital sentences for minor crimes.

But the earliest prison in Bermuda was indeed a nasty dungeon in the early days of our history, whence 'jail fever' (typhus) would every now and then become epidemic throughout the community, despite constant efforts to improve conditions. In fact, as early as 1629, an Order had to be made that the prison 'may be repayred and a chimney built in that roome that is appointed unto prisoners in debt'. Eventually of course it was recognised that unless the prisoner himself was reformed during his term of incarceration, both he and the community were the worse for his return in due course to society. Not till 1711 was a vote passed by the Assembly that a new prison be built in St. George's, near the site of the present police station.

To be whipped or lashed on the bare back at the WHIPPING POST in St. George's, or in any of the Tribes, was a degrading and frequent sentence in Bermuda's early days—sometimes as a punishment in itself, often as part of an even severer sentence. A Whipping Post was an upright pillar set up in a public place, to which offenders were tied to be flogged. Actually, these posts had not come into use till a scant thirteen years before the Bermuda adventure began; previously in England, whipping was performed at a cart's tail, as directed by the Whipping Act of 1530. Whipping Posts soon became

very general, often as a part of the same structure as the stocks and pillory. Their position was usually near each Church door, but in St. George's, outside the Sessions or State House. Corporal punishment was—and was intended to be—a most humiliating practice.

The usual punishment for the slaves was flogging. However, justice was no respecter of persons, and we find even prominent citizens given as many as 39 lashes on the bare back 'well layed on'. And in the 18th century a well-placed White woman (the daughter, indeed, of a former Attorney-General), was lashed in St. George's for giving birth to a black baby. At that, she was fortunate, since bastardy was a heinous crime for which she could have been hanged.

While the theft of 10d. worth of plantains earned the culprit '6 lashes upon the naked backe at the poast in St. George's'.

To pick at random some of the offences for which whipping was the punishment: at the Grand Inquest of May 1656, one Thomas Stokes of Warwick Tribe was presented for 'carrying tales and making strife and debate' and was sentenced to receive 21 lashes upon the naked back in Warwick Tribe and to be deemed and declared infamous'. Other raisers of slanderous reports were, at the same hearing, condemned to similar punishments.

(*To be continued*)

WILSON ANTONIO ROSA: AN AFRO-BRAZILIAN PEN PORTRAIT

by Frances Rust

TO sunbathe on the beaches of Rio de Janeiro is almost a way of life. Devotees can stay the whole day savouring that unique combination of hot sun, hot sand and cold Atlantic spray. Hunger, thirst or boredom are no problem since they can be instantly relieved by the *maté gelado, biscotos* or *revistas* offered by the constant succession of passing beach 'vendors'. Ubiquitous yet unobtrusive, they walk up and down all day chanting their wares: *Limonada; Batatas fritas; Chocolade; Sorvetes com sabor diferente.*

If you have chosen Copacabana or Leme beach for your sun-bathing, one of the chants you will most certainly hear is *'Uvas'* (Grapes) . . . *'Uvas Crystallisadas'*. Look up and you will see Wilson (pronounced Weelsón): dark sun-glasses, almost crew-cut 'woolly' African hair, white teeth in a dark face smiling the warmest of greetings (which has nothing to do with sales technique). Indeed, given any encouragement, Wilson will unstrap the glass-fronted box full of little skewers of sugared grapes, dump it unceremoniously on the sand, and flop down beside you for an unhurried chat about himself, yourself, life or the human condition.

Of all these themes, I used to find the first the most fascinating. Having got used to struggling in Portuguese with mono-lingual University Professors, Directors of Research Institutes and the like, the first surprise was to find that Wilson spoke fluent English. He has never been to any English-speaking country: indeed, he has never been far from Niteroi (Rio) where he was born. His knowledge of English derives from his delight in talking to people from other countries (and what better opportunity than on Copacabana beach?), a gift for languages and high intelligence. 'Give me one phrase', he used to say, 'and I will use it in twenty deeferent ways . . . ' Any unusual word or complicated phrase was quickly looked up in a tattered dictionary or grammar book lying next to the grapes.

Wilson has to be encouraged to talk about himself, since he does not regard the subject as of very great interest and would much rather talk about you. However, the story of his life (Wilson is in his early thirties) is a fascinating document: a mixture of the suffering and the joy that is Brazil. His grandfather was African: he, himself, is a mulatto with Amerindia in his eyes, Africa in his hair and skin, and Europe in his features. He was born and brought up in a *favela*—in other words, a shanty town with shacks made out of packing-cases, set in the smell and squalor of a hillside, without running water, drainage or sanitation. His parents, long since dead, were illiterate and placed no value on school education. Wilson, therefore, did not go to school and grew up unable to read or write. At the age of eighteen he was persuaded by various friends to give 'night school' a try and joined up reluctantly with other 'mature students' to study in the evenings.

Once at school, he went through the curriculum like wild-fire. 'I liked it: I liked it very much . . . ' He completed his Primary School—a stage when many of his fellow-students, having acquired the rudiments, would elect to leave—and went on to complete the entire Secondary course. He was just about to start on a special Science course when he had to give up because he was knocked down by a car.

The accident happened one day when Wilson had left the beach and was selling the remainder of his grapes in the street. One leg was badly smashed and can never be completely restored (the car was large and, typically, did not stop) so Wilson still has a faint trace of a limp and can't dance a fast samba any more. Shortly after this accident, when Wilson was at home still on crutches, a second disaster struck. The great rains of summer 1970 came and swept his 'house' away. It fell down the hillside along with hundreds of others in a scene of widespread death and injury.

So far the suffering—but is there any joy in this life-story? The joy radiates from his personality. As Wilson tells his story, you are invited to laugh with him and it is only afterwards, in thinking about it, that you suffer for him. The factual details are given quite flatly and with a total lack of bitterness or self-pity and the tale is enlivened by gales of laughter, by countless little jokes, and by Wilson's imitation of how he slithered down the hillside on crutches on the night of the landslide. In retrospect, the *favela* disaster is even seen as a kind of blessing in disguise, since Wilson now lives in a brick house, provided by 'my government'.

The Government did, in fact, take steps to rehouse the homeless *favela* dwellers—at any rate, those who had some form of employment and could afford to pay a small regular sum towards their accommodation. The fact that this house is almost two hours away, by train and bus, from Copacabana, where Wilson earns his living, and the fact that it has no bath or bathroom does not detract from Wilson's joy in having it. It is indubitably made of brick and it has indoor sanitation: two features that can probably only be fully appreciated by an ex-*favela* dweller.

After some pleading, I agreed to go and visit Wilson's brick house and his family—in other words, his 'companion' and three month-old baby. Marriage is not really a way of life among *favela* or ex-*favela* dwellers and why, indeed, should one waste money on ceremonies when a 'common law' wife is acceptable to all? In Wilson's case, one suspects also that there might be some occasions when an admission of marriage might cramp his style, since his attitude to love is similar to the Rio ad. for Guaraná Brahma: '. . . *Quanto mais, ó melhor*' or 'The more, the better'.

So, on a sparkling sunny morning Wilson presented himself outside my small hotel in Leme/Copacabana, having given himself the day off and travelled for nearly two hours to meet me. The journey to his home was notable. First, the bus in Copacabana careering as madly as usual from the 'Zona Sul' to the 'Centro' (or 'down-town' Rio) to the railway station. Then the train. . . . Tourists in Rio travel by bus, by coach, by taxi, by car: the middle classes travel by car or taxi, and sometimes by bus. 'No one' travels

by train: except of course the poor, in their thousands. We got on to the bare, squalid, noisy monster and settled down for the hour-long rattle through the interminable stretch of suburbs—Wilson already having made the journey once that morning. Our stop was the one after *Bangu,* called *Senador Camara*—a dusty, characterless suburb, but one where cinema seats cost one-twentieth and vegetables and meat about one-third of their price in wealthy Copacabana.

Wilson's brick house turned out to be an apartment in a large housing complex reminiscent of our Council estates, but with bad smells and open sewage. His wife, Maria, and baby son were there to greet us, Maria having been schooled for several days by Wilson to say a few words in English. The apartment consists of a very small sitting-room, a small bedroom, a tiny kitchen, a lavatory, and a wash basin in an alcove. They have running water as long as people on the estate pay their bills. A few days before, all the water had been turned off as a number of tenants had got behind with their payments. 'We paid', said Wilson, with an enormous grin, enjoying the joke, 'but didn't get any water until the others got around to settling their bills'. For the apartment they pay about 80 cruzeiros a month, inclusive (about £5).

Lunch was delicious. Tasty pieces of roasted chicken, rice, *feijao,* a crisp tomato and lettuce salad and a glass of filtered water. I prefer not to think of the preparations that must have gone into this special lunch. Up to the last minute a stream of Maria's relations were dashing in and out of the ever-open door to give her a hand with this and that. Before sundown, which in Rio is around 5 p.m., Wilson took me back to my hotel—another two hours on train and bus—and immediately set out again on his homeward trek—a total of about eight hours travelling that day.

Wilson is renowned on the housing estate for his interesting foreign visitors. Some months earlier a Danish friend of his called, his goatee beard proving a great novelty for the numerous children always milling around. Wilson has Dutch and German friends, in addition to Danish and English—all friendships made on the beach at Copacabana. As he will probably never have the chance to travel abroad, he says that the next best thing is to hear about other countries from people who live there. This is all part of Wilson's intellectual curiosity—as keen as that of a child but with the motivation of an adult. Perhaps he is making up for those illiterate years when he was cut off from so much knowledge: certainly he has all the delight of a bright schoolboy in mathematical tricks and puzzles, and linguistic puns and conundrums.

He is as keen to teach as he is to learn, and I shall not easily forget one afternoon on the beach when he forgot his grapes and spent two hours helping Yvonne with her algebra. Yvonne is a companion/mother's help with a rich family in Copacabana and attends school most evenings to make up for her educational deficiencies. She comes to the beach every afternoon with the smart little family dog and piles of books and homework. On this particular afternoon she was grappling with ten algebra problems. Patiently, Wilson took on the role of maths. teacher. It was not enough to do the

problems for Yvonne: he had to be sure she understood each one and could solve them for herself. The next time I saw Yvonne she was radiant: all the exercises had been right, 'thanks to Weelsón'.

Both Yvonne and Wilson are lucky in that they live in Rio which has excellent facilities for the under-privileged to catch up on their education, if they are prepared to make the effort. But what of the thousands upon thousands of illiterate (black, white, mulatto) young people in the impoverished North-east who will go to their graves (remarkably early, in many cases, since the average expectation of life there is 25) without ever being able to read or write a single word? And what if many of them are innately as gifted as Wilson? A tragedy for them and a tragedy for Brazil.

Political activists may deplore the fact that Wilson is not more conscious of his sufferings and the unfairness of his life: they may consider it a pity that he is not putting his intelligence behind some form of Black Brazilian or Black Power involvement in an endeavour to lessen racially-based inequalities. This is a tenable point of view but not one that should go entirely unchallenged. It is a gross over-simplification to draw parallels between the situation of the black population in the U.S.A. and that of the '*gente de cor*' in Brazil, since the antecedent conditions of black slavery in the two countries differed so widely. This is well-known to historians and sociologists, but what is not so well-known, perhaps, is the difference in psychological attitude. In Brazil, strangely enough, slavery is not the taboo or embarrassing subject that it is in the U.S.A.: it is not necessarily seen as the ugly story that everyone would like to forget. One evening in a dance-hall with an all-black band and 95% non-white clientele the following refrain (translated for me with impish glee by Wilson) was one of the most popular of the evening:

> The lovely mulatta girl
> Walks about spreading enchantment
> And it is all free . . .
> I wish the days of slavery were back
> So that I could have one for myself . . .

Perhaps such a song ought to be regarded as degrading and insulting: but in Rio it is not. In Harlem it would be unthinkable.

Whatever the arguments one way or the other, the plain fact is that Wilson identifies completely as a Brazilian, and not as an Afro-Brazilian—a term that has no meaning for him. He acknowledges that he is black and that he is poor but does not admit to more than the most marginal connection between the two facts. He is the friend of all—black, white and mulatto—and he loves his country.

Leaving politics aside, it might seem that Wilson is wasting his time and his talents as an itinerant beach vendor. But it must be remembered that this is Latin America—and that the quality of life is, after all, in the eye of the beholder. He is completely self-employed, with the independence (up to a point) that this implies: he averages 45 cruzeiros (about £3) a day which gives him a net income considerably above the national minimum wage

and slightly above the average of, say, a hotel reception clerk who has to work very long hours, wear a collar and tie, and be at everyone's beck and call. In any case, upward mobility is notoriously difficult in Brazil without wealth or family connections. So it is quite likely that Wilson will go on for a long time selling his grapes on Copacabana beach and enjoying the sea, the sunshine, and the friendly encounters with all who look up at the sound of that rich, warm, fruity voice chanting: *'Uvas. Uvas. Uvas crystallisadas'*.

[Dr. Frances Rust was assisted in carrying out research in Brazil by a grant from the Social Science Research Council.]

THE PUBLIC LENDING RIGHT CAMPAIGN— WORTHY OF A BETTER CAUSE

by Godfrey Thompson

THE story of the Public Lending Right campaign is worth serious consideration by all who are interested in the use and abuse of the communications media. In its own small way it bears comparison with the work of Horatio Bottomley, Dr. Goebbels and the faceless protagonists of the commercial television lobby. It bears witness to the eternal truth of the statement that 'you can fool most of the people most of the time'.

The very title is most expertly chosen. Who could refuse a public right? In practice an earlier and equally felicitous title was 'the authors' lending right' but this had to be abandoned when the support of the publishers was bought by allowing them a share of the proceeds. Most critics will agree that the second title is equally well chosen.

The campaign was begun in 1951 by John Brophy. His suggestion was of a levy of a penny per volume on loans from public libraries, the proceeds to go to authors. The Society of Authors later took up the issue but little progress was made until that great old campaigner A. P. Herbert entered the field. From then on the efforts of the Lending Right Association have made a considerable impact on the public; they have not yet carried their proposals into force because the proposals will simply not stand close examination. Even some people who, carried away by the authors' eloquence, have given the scheme their support find on close inspection that the statistics are hopelessly incorrect and the proposals hair-raising.

In presenting its case the Society of Authors has many advantages; all literate people respect writers and have vaguely heard of authors struggling and starving in garrets. Those who present the case are assured of immediate acceptance by the media because their ranks include our best communicators and some very big names indeed; their articles find immediate acceptance in the press; they have an immediate entrée to T.V. because writers are key figures there. When they come to the practical side of conversion we find that the great majority of leading legislators and government ministers are themselves 'authors'. No one would seriously suggest that our political masters are swayed by consideration of personal gain, but they have, at the very least, a fellow feeling with other authors.

The original proposal, that a levy be made upon each user of the public library, would of course seriously damage, if not destroy, a long-standing and most valuable element of British cultural life, the free library system. In proposing this, Brophy drew professional librarians into opposition with him and in opposition they have stayed. Perhaps it is as well; although librarians themselves have no axe to grind they appear to be the only people willing to act as spokesman for the general public from whose pocket any levy must come.

To continue with the story of the campaign: after A.P.H. had taken over he advocated a political approach: the preparation of a Libraries (Public Lending Right) Bill.

Its main proposal was that the Copyright Act 1956 should be amended so that the copyright owner should be invested with a public lending right. An authors' and publishers' association was to be formed and officially backed; its council was to consist of a chairman and two members appointed by the Ministry of Education, two by the Society of Authors and two by the Publishers Association. This council was to administer a fund consisting of sums received from library authorities, who were to contribute either $6\frac{1}{3}\%$ of total expenditure during the year, 6d. per head of population served, one third of the money spent on the purchase and repair of books, or $\frac{1}{2}$d for every book issued. The money was to be distributed to the publishers, who would keep an unspecified proportion and pass on the remainder to their authors.

So expert were these writers in manipulating the mass communications media that PLR was constantly before the public and Parliament in the years 1960-1961. Along the way they varied their tactics: the link with copyright was quietly dropped and attention was turned to amending the Public Libraries Act 1892 to allow libraries to charge borrowers. Once again the difficulties encountered made the proposed scheme unworkable.

A. P. Herbert returned to the fray in 1962 with a booklet *Libraries: Free for All*, now recommending that registered public library readers should pay 7/6d. every year when their tickets were renewed. Half of this would be the PLR levy and the other half would be retained for improvements to the library service and staff salaries. This rather naive attempt to buy the support of libraries was soon abandoned.

In 1964 a new protagonist entered the fray: Lord Goodman was a keen PLR supporter and under his goad the Arts Council set up a Working Party. In 1968 its proposals were issued as a pamphlet *The Arts Council and Public Lending Right*.

A Library Compensation Fund Committee, with representation from The Library Association, the authors and the publishers, was to be established to administer an annual government grant related to the total expenditure of public libraries on books. Payments were to be allocated to authors and publishers depending upon the number of their books held in stock every year. To lessen as much as possible the immense administrative task of collecting data, these figures were to be based on a sample of local authorities. Once again the practical difficulties had been drastically under-estimated but a new principle had been introduced: that the money should come from a Government grant and not from library readers or local authorities.

The next proposal (in 1969) was that libraries should pay an extra sum on each book which they purchased, the money of course going to authors. Librarians who spend their working lives serving writers and helping them to the entirely free use of prime source materials were far from enthusiastic about a proposal that they should have to pay more than would a private

reader for the very books which they need in order to serve writers. The Arts Council followed this suggestion with their own to the effect that a 15% royalty should be placed on each book purchased by a library, but again it suggested that Government funds should be used. On this point it was the Government which was far from enthusiastic.

In 1971 Lord Eccles dismissed the get-rich-quick proposals of the previous years and set up a Working Party, not to see if a lending levy was reasonable, but to consider how, if the Copyright Acts were to be amended, a scheme could be fairly operated. This Working Party reported in 1972 (Department of Education and Science, HMSO—Public Lending Right). The membership of the Working Party comprised all interested parties (including the Arts Council and the Society of Authors).

Several quite clear pronouncements came out of the Report—and the Society of Authors agrees with its findings. Among these were:

> (1) that if such a 'right' were to exist it would in all fairness have to apply to all kinds of libraries, in schools, government, commercial firms and so on; only purely private ownership of books would be excluded (para. 5.15).
>
> (2) It would have to apply to all foreign countries even though no reciprocal financial arrangements are within expectation (para. 6.4). This means that money would have to pour out abroad (large sums to the needy Harold Robbins for example) with little hope of any reciprocation; to hope that other countries would at once follow our lead is laughable when one considers the lamentably inadequate position of the present laws of International Copyright.
>
> (3) An organisation would have to be set up at a cost estimated to be between half and three-quarters of a million pounds a year *in administrative costs*, and this does not include the work which libraries of all kinds might be called upon to do in rendering compulsory returns. The money raised from the rates or taxpayer would be in the nature of three or more million pounds per annum and the Report makes it clear that the only fair distribution must be according to use—so that the author whose books already sell the most would get the most money. This is is an appalling thought: what would it do to help the struggling author? The lobby's answer that all this is taken care of by taxation is far from the mark. The richest writers, who would get the lion's share of a levy, already live in tax havens.
>
> (4) That if such a scheme were to be approved it ought also to apply to paintings, sculpture, drawings, photographs and so on in public collections which are certainly 'used' by more than the original purchaser (para. 6.3).

By far the most startling fact emerging from the Report is the one which says that if such a levy were to be made it must in equity apply to all libraries and to all published materials—not only books but periodicals and newspapers, not only books which are loaned for home reading but also books (even encyclopaedias) which are *consulted* in libraries. Imagination boggles. A writer who produces a book specifically for schoolchildren has to be paid again and again whenever the children looked at the book.

Startling as this fact is, it has a certain logic. If a writer is to be paid again whenever a library makes use of his book which the library has bought, why should this apply only to novels from a lending library? Does not the author of serious and scholarly works deserve the same treatment—indeed, some might say does he not deserve better treatment because of the lower rewards he now receives? But these serious and important books only exist at all because libraries buy them; a very large and growing number of books is

produced entirely for libraries because they are inevitably too expensive for the private buyer. The writers of these books can make a living only because they have a captive market: the libraries (university, college, school and public) which are provided communally to make these expensive books available to those who need, but could never afford to buy, them.

Predictably the authors welcomed the report and blandly accepted all its proposals—even those which, to unbiased readers, were obvious absurdities. They are now continuing to lobby M.P.s to put the proposals into effect despite the appalling consequences to libraries of all kinds.

The case for Public Lending Right can no longer be argued by picturing the well-heeled middle classes reading romantic fiction at the authors' expense. It demonstrates what librarians have always known: that the economics of publishing are now so dependent on the institutional buyers that there are strong arguments against making those buyers alone pay an additional tax upon the books they purchase.

For it is the existence of this institutional market which makes possible the publication of most of the books which reach print. The proportion of books which are known to be best-sellers before they are put on the market is small, and for the remainder the publisher relies heavily upon the fact that libraries will underwrite his risk by buying in order to maintain their coverage in the particular fields which they serve.

To take fiction as an example: in *Public Lending Right*, a preliminary memorandum submitted by A. P. Herbert to the Society of Authors in March 1960, it was stated that, if a first novel by a new novelist is printed in 3,000 copies, over 80 per cent of the copies sold in the home market will be bought by libraries. In other words—no libraries, no publication.

This underwriting function of libraries is bound to increase in importance as the price of books rises. Average prices have shot up in recent years much faster than the cost of living. A recent period of eight years showed a rise of 98 per cent and one more recent year showed a rise of about 20 per cent in twelve months alone. Authors' royalties have of course increased in step. Few private buyers can absorb increases of this size, but the resistance of libraries to higher prices has to be less resolute because they must continue to provide a public service.

The authors are particularly bitter about the attitude of librarians, claiming that they alone oppose the granting of this 'right'; sometimes they suggest that only The Library Association opposes them. In fact the views of librarians run parallel to those of all responsible public bodies in the field who speak on behalf of the man in the street, for it is he who would have to find these extortionate sums. These bodies (such as the Association of Municipal Corporations, the County Councils Association, and so on) realise that they would in all probability be landed with the task of finding these sums and they know that it would be at the expense of the book funds of their college, school, university and public libraries. Few are happy with the amounts available now.

Librarians came into this fight because one of the alternative ways of

raising the money (the only one before librarians made their opposition known) was by a levy which would be made directly on ever library user. A professional body of librarians could hardly stand by and watch such a destructive blow applied to that free access to libraries which, together with free education, has been one of this country's proudest gifts to the world. Moreover, the extra clerical staff which all libraries would have to employ in order to comply with the scheme would be another useless burden on the ratepayer.

Because of this opposition the Society changed its tune and suggested that the money should come from central government funds. To this the librarians, at any rate in their professional capacity, could have no objection (whatever they thought as private citizens about this way of using taxpayers' money). In practice this alternative will never be used because of Treasury opposition; if the scheme is forced through (and it has many friends, writers themselves) the money must come out of the book funds of libraries.

At times the authors' leaders have made much of similar schemes in foreign countries but in fact there is no parallel scheme in existence. The Scandinavian countries certainly have such a levy but its purpose is to protect their small native literature against being swamped by the publications of the larger countries. No payment is made to British authors through the 'Lending Right' system in Sweden. West Germany has a scheme under consideration, but only for levying upon *commercial* libraries; an Australian scheme proposes to reward only the authors of 'worthwhile contributions to literature'; how would our light fiction writers feel about submitting their work for judgement by that criterion?

In the early stages of the campaign a great deal was heard of the low rewards of authorship and absurd estimates were bandied around about the 'low average income' of authors. Of course this 'average' is quite preposterous unless the term 'author' is adequately defined. A recent Home Secretary is among our greatest writers; many university lecturers are required to publish (or their careers are hindered if they do not publish); thousands write as a sideline. In fact, the number of full-time authors is comparatively low, and their average income is fairly high. In a world where a small number of authors are very rich indeed there is real need for financial support for those serious writers who are struggling to establish themselves, but in this group the Society of Authors is showing very little interest.

In a free capitalist society a publisher is an entrepreneur and chooses what he shall publish, and what he will charge for it. He is free to take his own risks; he may make his fortune, he may be bankrupt. With the huge captive market of libraries to help, he is more likely to do the former and the phenomenal growth, year by year, in the number of titles published in this country does not imply that it is a losing game. Perhaps there is a case for a greater slice of the publishers' profits for the author? Of course many publishers have seen this point arising and have hastened to give their support for the authors' campaign in order to divert attention from themselves. At various stages the schemes have decreed that a proportion of the

money levied out of the public's pocket shall go to the publishers. It is to the discredit of the Society of Authors that it has ever supported this idea. As a recent editorial in the *New Library World* pointed out ' . . . that publishers should seek, or be invited, to participate in the fruits of PLR is a proposal of such breathtaking impertinence as only publishers would be capable of making'.

No one denies that authors should be properly paid, and few people would doubt that the royalties which an author receives on a book which sells three or four thousand copies are often an inadequate reward for the work which has gone into it. Nevertheless the remedy lies where it always has lain—in the hands of the publisher, who is free to fix his own prices. No complicated legislation is needed and no machinery to swallow up nearly 40 per cent of the proceeds in administrative costs. Books are not the only things sold which are subjected to multiple use on a large scale: and it has always puzzled librarians why publishers, alone among the trades involved, need statutory help to enable them to pay those whose product they are selling in a free market.

It is sad that so much energy and ingenuity has been applied to so poor a cause. Even at this late stage the Society of Authors would do well to drop this money-grabbing scheme and devote its undoubted talents to setting up an organisation to take care of the unestablished writer so that he can make his way in the world and his contribution to our culture. Librarians would certainly support such an idea.

[Godfrey Thompson, F.L.A., is Guildhall Librarian and Director of the Art Library, City of London.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A STUDY OF HERBERT MORRISON

Herbert Morrison: Portrait of a Politician. Bernard Donoughue and G. W. Jones. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £6.00.

This is an expensive but a well-written and researched book about an important personality in British politics. It should be issued in a cheaper edition so that the younger generation can learn some of the realities of recent political history. Herbert Morrison dominated London politics for forty years and was deeply involved in national politics for over thirty years. He was courageous, conscientious, incorruptible and industrious to a fault. Partly because of his origin and social background, being the son of a policeman in South London, he added a different dimension to the history of the Labour party and its leadership.

I knew Herbert Morrison, warts and all, because I was, from 1923 to 1926, a Stepney Borough Councillor and member of the Board of Guardians, living at Toynbee Hall; Morrison was then the incarnation of London Municipal politics. Secondly, I was in the House of Commons with him during his most decisive years, before the war, during the war and continuing through the Labour Government—in all 1935-1950. It is not enough to dismiss him, as certain Labour intellectuals have done, as a caucus politician, a party organiser and a public relations expert. These are half-truths.

It must be said straightaway that Morrison, more than any other Labour Minister, understood public administrations and comprehended the relation between Minister and Civil Servant. Secondly it must be stated that he was the ablest Leader of the House of Commons in the 20th century, friendly, firm but flexible. Thirdly, he influenced Labour strategy more than any single person 1935-1950. Finally, he introduced a new circle of men and women into Labour administration and surrounded himself with them; I do not agree that they were mediocre: on the contrary, Morrison had a rather special gift of attracting men of unusual calibre, like Max Nicholson. It would take time and space to elucidate these four points, but the evidence from the book is overwhelming.

What, then, went wrong? In the first place, Herbert Morrison's life was a constant see-saw between London and national politics. His base was secure in London; he was admired or adored by all. But this see-saw both helped and hindered his advancement. Secondly, some of his personal relations were unhelpful. He earned the life-long disapproval, ending in sheer malice, of Ernest Bevin. Relations with Attlee were never more than a polite acceptance of each other. He inevitably fell out with Aneurin Bevan and eventually with the Tribune group. They regarded him as an unreliable 'socialist' and too obviously anti-communist. Thirdly, he never fully grasped *two* vital aspects of public affairs. He fully and freely admitted the *first* defect; his knowledge of economic affairs was limited. At a vital moment, Sir Stafford Cripps and the Treasury (Winchester and Eton) defeated his legitimate ambition to be the supreme commander in planning economic affairs. In the second place, he ill-advisedly accepted the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; here he displayed his least admirable talents. He was a flop.

Let me add a point. Herbert Morrison was not ignorant of foreign countries; he was widely travelled. The truth is that he thought the Foreign Office could be run, rather like the London County Council or the nationalised industries. It is said that Ernest Bevin had a broader grasp of the realities of foreign policy; this

is only partly true. Bevin misunderstood the Middle East and was a failure in the House of Commons. Anyway, Herbert Morrison never made the grade as a successful Foreign Secretary and was never asked to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. He remained as the supreme Home Secretary, Lord President of the Council, Leader of the House of Commons and Deputy Prime Minister until it was too late. Attlee played an ignominious role in these latter years and knowingly dished Morrison's chances for the leadership.

It is now only fair to say that Morrison's biographers have constructed a life-story, very largely from interviews with over 300 people. The narrative runs evenly on, as long as the reader is not continuously directed to the hundred pages of 'Notes'. It is not their fault that about twenty box files were burnt, when the Morrisons moved house in 1960. In my opinion the biographers have done a remarkable job. Not only have they discerned and discovered a human being, namely Herbert Morrison ; they have shed considerable light on the 1931 crisis and on the feuds within the Labour Party. It may be an accident that most of Morrison's colleagues emerge as spiteful, pedestrian or as conspirators. But in fairness their hero had to spend a lifetime justifying the honesty of purpose and political integrity—such are Labour politics.

After reading this memorable book and with all the advantages of hindsight, I wish Herbert Morrison had refused the Foreign Secretaryship and been given his chance in 1950. A large majority of the party would have supported him at this period. He was the architect of the 1945 victory ; he knew the party workers better and drafted more programmes than any Labour politician of the time. He could have been a bridge between the tired and sick leaders of the 1945 Parliament and the rising younger men, the Gaitskells, Bevans and Wilsons, etc. But it was not to be ; he retained the loyalty of the mass of the party till the end, which indeed was a Greek tragedy.

Herbert Morrison was a professional politician who lived and breathed politics. Perhaps his concentration on the machinery of politics tended to narrow his outlook and blunt the edges of his political vision. Only in his retiring years did he enjoy a happy and relaxed private life. Perhaps the absence of a private life seriously affected his inner sense of security and therefore his public image. From Lambeth, where he was born, to Westminster is no distance at all, but this rise of this Cockney boy from the lower-middle class to all but the highest position in the State is a great story.

KENNETH LINDSAY

CHAMPAGNE MEMOIRS

My Young Years. Arthur Rubinstein. Jonathan Cape. £4.50.

Normally one would baulk at the prospect of nearly five hundred pages of memoirs of a man's first thirty years. When that man is still alive at the age of nearly eighty-seven, the prospect becomes still more daunting. But when the author is the pianist Arthur Rubinstein, blessed with virtually total recall right back to childhood, one is, amazingly, left hungry for more. He concludes this book in May 1917, en route for South America, and adds a postscript saying: 'I deliberately decided to draw the curtain here . . . from then on my life changed colour and moved forward at a more steady pace'. One regrets his decision and begs leave to doubt that Rubinstein's life has ever lacked colour or been conspicuous for steadiness or lack of interest.

He was born in Lwow, in Russian Poland, in January 1887 into a typical Jewish middle class family. By the advanced age of three he was showing an uncanny ability to pick out chords and to play the piano by ear, and the family,

realising they might well have produced a prodigy, contacted the great violinist, Joachim, in Berlin. Not long after, the infant Rubinstein was indeed taken to be exhibited to Joachim whose verdict was 'This boy may become a very great musician—he certainly has the talent for it'. Rubinstein himself agrees that this talent, allied to an almost unnatural memory, as witness this book, for he has never kept a diary, was in many ways a handicap to his artistic progress. Playing the piano was just too easy, and life too much fun to be wasted in wearisome hours of practice in search of deeper interpretations of great music. There has always been fire and passion in his performances, yet it is only comparatively recently, in the last quarter-century when most people would be enjoying, or at least contemplating, retirement, that his full pianistic greatness has flowered.

Thus this remarkable book, though it depicts a rapid ascent to fame and success, is more a portrait of a supremely intelligent and engaging playboy than an ascetic musician. Despite the handicaps of his religion and nationality, Rubinstein, once he had quit the heavy academic confines of Professor Barth's tuition in Berlin at the age of sixteen, flitted from capital to capital enjoying life to the lees, invariably spending his fees before they were received, and yet miraculously and at the eleventh hour avoiding the disasters that so often loomed. Nobody, particularly not women, could resist his charm, and even Imperial Russian Ambassadors could be enchanted by his playing and persuaded to produce special diplomatic passports so that he could continue to globe-trot, playing the piano, instead of doing his military service.

But fascinating as was his early life, Rubinstein is essentially a modest and gregarious man, and the book's great merit is the vivid picture it draws of Europe and the United States in those golden, carefree twenty years before the First World War. As his playing of Chopin can evoke a picture of the composer's surroundings, so can one see in clearest detail his life in Paris, Warsaw, Leningrad, New York and London. He knew everyone, and the vignettes are so abundant as to be beyond example—not merely musicians such as Chaliapin, Casals and Stravinsky, but Diaghilev, Sargent, Norman Douglas, Lord Curzon, the Spanish Royal Family—the pages teem with them.

London had a particular appeal thanks to a young American couple, the Drapers, whose house in Edith Grove had a Music Room where any great musician who happened to be in town could usually be persuaded to sing for his supper. Needless to say Muriel Draper was yet another to succumb to Rubinstein's charm, though, as usual, this seemed to heighten the quality of the music-making. It is a rare man indeed who possesses the gift of giving and obtaining pleasure in equal proportions, yet it is this which makes Arthur Rubinstein's memoirs compulsive reading. They are witty, informative and moving, and one puts down this book full of envy for such a capacity for life in another, and with renewed hope and stimulus for one's own.

DAVID FINGLETON

BOOK OF WITCHCRAFT

The Discoverie of Witchcraft. Reginald Scot. EP Publishing. £5. *The Book of Witches.* Oliver Madox Ford. EP Publishing. £3.50. *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.* Sir Walter Scott. S.R. Publishers. £2.10.

A perennial interest in witchcraft and the supernatural generally makes the re-issue of these three books well worth while. All are of equal competence but in themselves extremely different. *The Book of Witches,* first published in 1908, is a readable and discursive study—to use the author's own words—aimed at discovering whence came the witch and how and why; further, Oliver

Madox Ford believes that the existence of the witch is 'necessary for the happiness of mankind' and he condemns those who, disbelieving in her themselves, seek to infect others with their own scepticism. Not everyone would agree with these and other contentions but within the scope of the sixteen chapters, which are in themselves to be regarded as unrelated essays, a great deal of valuable and unusual information is harvested—literary, historical and religious. In fact, as Oliver Madox Ford explains in his Foreword, his intention is to provide an 'ordnance map of witches'.

For the really serious student of witchcraft *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* has considerably more to offer. This 'manual' was first published in 1584 and the present re-issue is based on a reproduction of one printed in 1886 edited by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson. The detail and exhaustive research undertaken by Reginald Scot at a time when doing so involved much personal risk is formidable. His courageous defence of the witch in general displayed a total disregard for his professional advancement and that of his family. A learned man, even for his times, he had gone to direct sources in Latin, astronomy and the Holy Bible and his verdict that the women persecuted for the practice of witchcraft were often innocent had the effect of prompting a whole host of books and writings aimed at discrediting him; one of these was by the future James I of England who promptly ordered the total destruction of *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* while getting to work on his own companion volume on the subject.

Sir Walter Scott had not completed his famous *Letters on Demonology* long before his death in 1832. Although lonely and depressed after the loss of his wife, the 'letters' display characteristic vitality and attention to detail. From a general discussion of demonology from the era of the New Testament to the supernatural beliefs of the Middle Ages, particular instances are provided of Celtic superstition blended with Irish, Welsh and the origins of the Arthurian sagas.

It would be hard to award the final accolade to any one of these three re-issues; taken together they provide the most exhaustively presented material for the study and research on witchcraft at present available.

ROSALIND WADE

FLAVOUR OF THE OLD MUSIC HALLS

Funny way to be a Hero. John Fisher. Frederick Muller. £5.00.

In the last fifty years the growth of three industries has changed the life as we in England knew it. The motor car, the aeroplane and television have, for better or worse, completely transformed our lives.

On the debit side of television's dubious benefits is its killing of the music hall. Acts which had been patiently built over a period of years, even decades, and moved from one town to the next week by week playing to a limited audience suddenly became exposed to the glamour of a performance before millions. The faithful audiences in the music halls discovered all too quickly that instead of leaving the warmth of their hearths and their pots of tea on the hob to traipse in the rain to the local Empire, by turning a knob they could watch it all in the comfort of their home. The audiences became blasé because they could see the top British and American acts denied to them in Barnsley and Accrington. The performers flushed with instant national recognition threw all their best jokes and sketches into the audiences' lap with one desperate heave. Over exposure of their talents hastened their lemming like run. The

halls emptied and gave way to bingo and office blocks. Priestley was right when he wrote of 'Lost Empires'.

Occasionally from the pit comes a shaft of light. A record is put out of Max Miller's act, albeit, in later years, in a pub. George Formby's songs are recorded. Sometimes in a morning when no one is looking the television companies show the films of some of the great comedians, Sid Field, Gracie Fields, Hay, Askey, Formby, the Crazy Gang. Now we have in John Fisher's book a loving record of the acts which were the background of British music hall for fifty and more years.

Save for the Scottish comedians almost every British comedian major or minor is considered. This is a most nostalgic book. There is in every instance an analysis of the act and a brief description of how it worked. But the clever trick worked by John Fisher is that the men and women can and do come to life again. We can see from his writing exactly how jokes and dialogue, not intrinsically funny on paper, could be turned into side splitting events. How a clever comedian with not even good material could, once he had his audience in his power, run and run a joke until he was in complete command of them. There was an interesting display of this or the lack of it on the television the other night when the American reporter George Plimpton performed a stand up night club comic act in Las Vegas. At times he had a tenuous link with the audience, and then just when you thought he was establishing command, he lost them, and the laughter, formerly genuine, became polite and sporadic. This was the talent of the performers in this book. They did not lose their audience. It had the same ritual as a corrida and with Max Miller, Sid Field, Robb Wilton, George Formby there was as with the bullfight only one winner.

John Fisher analyses the styles of the comedians and compares the like acts with each other tracing the influence of say W. C. Fields and Sid Field on Tony Hancock. The link with W. C. Fields through Will Hay is well defined and Fisher points up Hay's nexus with his stooges Moffatt and Marriott to the Marx Brothers. Indeed all the stages of development of the modern comedians are well researched.

In the prologue Chesney Allen writes of John Fisher 'And he has done his homework really well going back over those wonderful years when the only gimmicks that kept those household names going at the top of their profession for decade after decade were sheer talent and arduous basic training.'

In the after word Michael Parkinson writes 'It is a loving analysis of a unique sense of humour.' The sense of humour has sadly passed; at least this book will ensure it is remembered for a little longer.

JAMES MORTON

ARCTIC CONVOY TO RUSSIA

Two Red Stripes: A Naval Surgeon at War. R. Ransome Wallis, D.S.C., M.D. Ian Allan. £2.50.

For sheer courage and endurance under constant attack in bitter weather, the Arctic convoys to Russia can vie with most exploits in the last war. Godfrey Winn wrote an account of one, but Dr. Wallis's experiences with PQ 15, 16, 17 are the most vivid I have read, notably with 16, in H.M.S. *Martin,* which earned him his D.S.C.

When the Russian ship *Starii Bolshevik,* loaded with explosives, was hit by a bomb for'ard and set on fire, she asked for her severely wounded to be taken off. Wallis was given the job with a whaler and boat's crew of four, and both

ships could stop only momentarily for the operation or they would invite attacks from both aircraft and U-boats. As he and his Sick Bay Attendant rowed towards the *Starii* she was burning fiercely, with smoke pouring from her fore-hold, and the Germans making a dead set at her.

To his dismay, instead of slowing down as arranged, she began getting under way again. Several bombs fell between her and the boat as they rowed frantically after her. 'What with gunfire, bombs and the screaming engines of the dive-bombers the row was terrific, but the effect on our rowing was electrical and the whaler surged along as if it were at Henley.' With a last despairing effort they got close enough for their bowman to grab a rope ladder hanging over the ship's side and hang on to it as she gathered speed. Climbing it, Wallis says, was a horror, for it was pulled out at an angle, and the boat was being towed so fast that it bumped alarmingly against the ship's side.

Eventually he reached the deck, to be greeted by three very frightened Russian women, evidently acting as deckhands, who helped to haul the stretchers aboard. Making for the bridge, he met an officer who could speak no English, so by signs got him to slow the speed. All the time the wounded were being lowered overboard the Germans kept attacking the ship, which was now well astern of the convoy. It was a great relief when H.M.S. *Martin* appeared again at speed, letting fly with all her guns, and the wounded could be trans-shipped and hauled aboard.

He found that the *Starii* had been deeply holed by a bomb that had landed on the anti-aircraft gun in the bow and set fire to its ammunition. As she clapped on speed and drew away, belching smoke like a volcano, he expected her to blow up any minute; but, helped by the Free French corvette *Roselys* which drew close and pumped water into her, she regained her station in the convoy and reached Russia with her explosive cargo, after burning and smoking for two days.

Dr. Wallis writes graphically, but without heroics, of the other convoys, and of the quieter side of Navy life elsewhere with salty wardroom humour. When he was serving in H.M.S. *London,* for example, and she put into Freetown, Sierra Leone, among the natives who constantly hung around in canoes was a coal-black negro in 'a black top hat and very little else' who was good at mimicking the various sounds heard in a warship. He sometimes annoyed the P.O. in charge of a working party by piping 'Stand easy', once piped 'Hands to make and men clothes', and, approaching *Vindictive,* called out in official tones: 'You will refit in Gibraltar, and you will leave on Saturday!' Strangely, two days later she actually received a signal ordering her to leave on the Saturday to refit at Gib! How did the mimic know?

Dr. Wallis, now a country doctor in Rutland, recalls Navy life—and death—with acute sympathy that commends it to the general reader and every ship's library.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Terms of Entry (Heinemann, £3.00). 'Britain's negotiations with the European Community 1970-72' is the sub-title of this valuable study by Simon Z. Young, who works in the Library of the House of Commons, being particularly concerned with supplying Members of Parliament with information on international affairs. It is, therefore, natural that Mr. Young should undertake this intricate subject with objectivity, balance and clarity. He confines himself mainly to factual narrative and restrained deductions. 'It

is possible,' he writes, 'both to predict that the effects of entry will not be very great, for good or bad, and at the same time to regard Britain's accession and the continuing debate surrounding it as a major inquisition into the nation's purpose and self-understanding.' After outlining the early exchanges with the Six, he discusses in turn the Community Budget, Agriculture, Industry, Sterling and the Commonwealth. His analysis of the Common Agricultural Policy and Britain's commitments is very useful as well as his discussion of Commonwealth interests. The renewal of the issue on sugar imports from the Commonwealth gives particular interest to Mr. Young's analysis and comments. He is not convinced that the 'bankable assurances' given by the Six to Mr. Rippon in 1971 will be finally honoured. One of the difficulties is that the formula agreed upon can be differently interpreted according to the French or English texts of the Accession Treaty. Mr. Rippon told the Commons that the English text stated that 'it is the firm purpose of the Community to safeguard the interests' of the Commonwealth sugar producing countries: the French version strictly translated can mean simlpy 'take to heart'. Mr. Young considers that the British Government could be obliged, as the very best arrangements available, 'to concede a significant reduction of Commonwealth sugar imports'. He is not, of course, concerned with political repercussions. This book covers a wide field which both pro-marketeers and those against, as well as those without as yet convictions, will find extremely useful.

Documents from Edwardian England (Harrap, £3.65). This is a companion volume to Dr. Donald Read's earlier and well received study of *Edwardian England, 1901-1915*; but it is equally a book in its own right, to be used as such. As in all anthologies, choice is a matter for personal judgment, and readers may well regret omissions and question inclusions. Nonetheless the volume does present, as seen in contemporary writings, the major political, constitutional, industrial and social questions of the period, the ending of the Victorian era and the beginnings of the more socially acceptable welfare state. There are documents and passages which bear a very modern ring. Examples are of course trade union rights and Irish Home Rule. The Protestant Ulster Covenant of September 1912 remains closely relevant today. It is a book which a student of these years will find of value.

King Henry VIII's Mary Rose (Souvenir Press, £3.50). In July 1645 the 700 ton carrack *Mary Rose* sailed from Portsmouth with the British fleet to meet the attacking French. Henry VIII watched from Southsea Castle as the *Mary Rose* inexplicably heeled over and sank in the Spithead waters. In 1965 Alexander McKee, nautical historian and aqualung diver, set out to find her, encased in mud and about fifty feet below the surface. In this fascinating book, Mr. McKee tells the story of the *Mary Rose* during its long life afloat and the recent efforts, invoking great skill and perseverance, to locate and examine the hull, which is in remarkably good condition. Cannon and shot have already been recovered, as well as some Tudor domestic articles; but in effect the hull remains sealed and the contents unexplored. Mr. McKee has ambitious plans to raise the whole ship and place her on permanent exhibition, following the example of the Swedish ship the *Vasa*. Shortage of money seems to be the main obstacle.

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